SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE

THE WAR

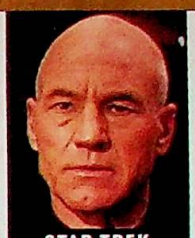
THE SPECIALIST

VAMPIRE

NELL

LITTLE WOMEN

I.Q.


STAR TREK

NO. 237/238 ◆ AUG. 26/SEPT. 2, 1994

Entertainment WEEKLY

PULP FICTION'S SAMUEL L. JACKSON, UMA THURMAN, JOHN TRAVOLTA, AND BRUCE WILLIS

FALL MOVIE PREVIEW

THE INSIDE BUZZ ON QUIZ SHOW, INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE, FRANKENSTEIN, STAR TREK, AND MORE THAN 100 OTHER MOVIES

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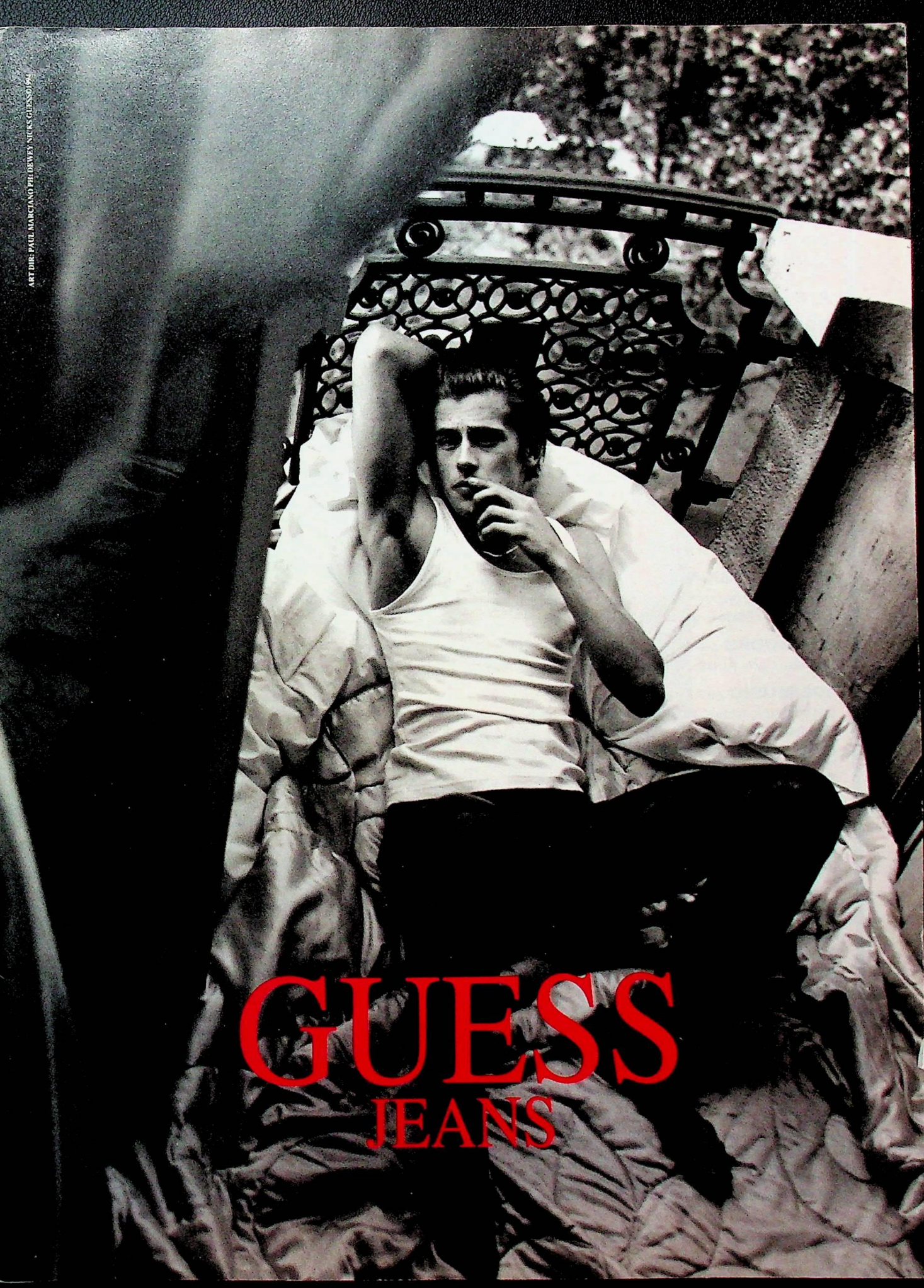
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Entertainment WEEKLY

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1994

NEWS & NOTES

10/Taking 'Stock Who cleaned up at Woodstock '94?...Ten things we learned this summer...Lisa Loeb entertains offers...Brad Pitt nears the peak of stardom...HOT SHEET... and more.

FEATURES

22/COVER Legends of the Fall It can mean only one thing when your multiplex is suddenly filled with provocative movies by important directors: The kids are back in school and grown-ups can go to the movies again. EW's film guide previews more than 100 of this fall's contenders, including looks at Meryl Streep navigating a surly current in *The River Wild*, Sly and a famous Stone (Sharon) in *The Specialist*, Tom Cruise's biting role in *Interview With the Vampire*, and Jodie Foster—no comment—in *Nell*. **PLUS:** The world's earliest Oscar handicap; the EW Poll; a guide to the season's strangest trends.

REVIEWS

90/MOVIES OWEN GLEIBERMAN on *Natural Born Killers*.

96/TELEVISION KEN TUCKER on *My So-Called Life*; also *Wild Oats* and *Seduced by Evil*. **PLUS:** Comedian Q&A; Letterman's libido is showing; Ricardo Montalban goes to *Heaven*.

104/BOOKS DAVID BROWNE on *Faithfull: An Autobiography*; also *Cuba*. **PLUS:** William Gibson's *cyberspace* turns 10.

108/MUSIC JEFF GORDINIER AND NISID HAJARI on the sights, sounds, and—olfactory organs be damned—smells of Woodstock '94; also Amy Grant, Public Enemy, Jeff Buckley, Shawn Colvin, and Patty Loveless. **PLUS:** *Woodstock*'s filmmaker reflects.

114/MULTIMEDIA TY BURR AND CHRIS NASHAWATY on current on-line services; also *Super Street Fighter II* and *Primal Rage*. **PLUS:** *The Mask*'s Mike Werb covers screenwriting software.

118/VIDEO TY BURR on '50s leading men still out front at sixty- (or even eighty-) something; also *Serial Mom* and *Blue*.

DEPARTMENTS

6/Letter From the Chairman A new CEO at Time Inc.
8/Mail Jim Carrey, *The Real World*, Tom Arnold, *The Lion King*.
18/Behind the Scenes Did Hollywood harm a Pacific isle?
20/Style T-shirts featuring old sitcom stars are current hits.
124/Encore Sept. 4, 1967: CBS casts aside *Gilligan's Island*.

Cover *PULP FICTION*: FIROOZ ZAHEDI; *THE WAR*: RICHARD FELBER, *THE SPECIALIST*: RON PHILLIPS; *VAMPIRE*: FRANCOIS DUHAMEL; *NELL*: ANDREW COOPER; *LITTLE WOMEN*: JOSEPH LEDERER; *I.Q.*: FIROOZ ZAHEDI; *STAR TREK*: ELLIOTT MARKS

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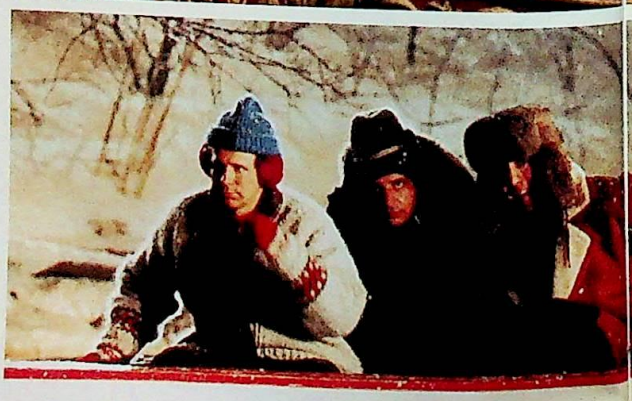
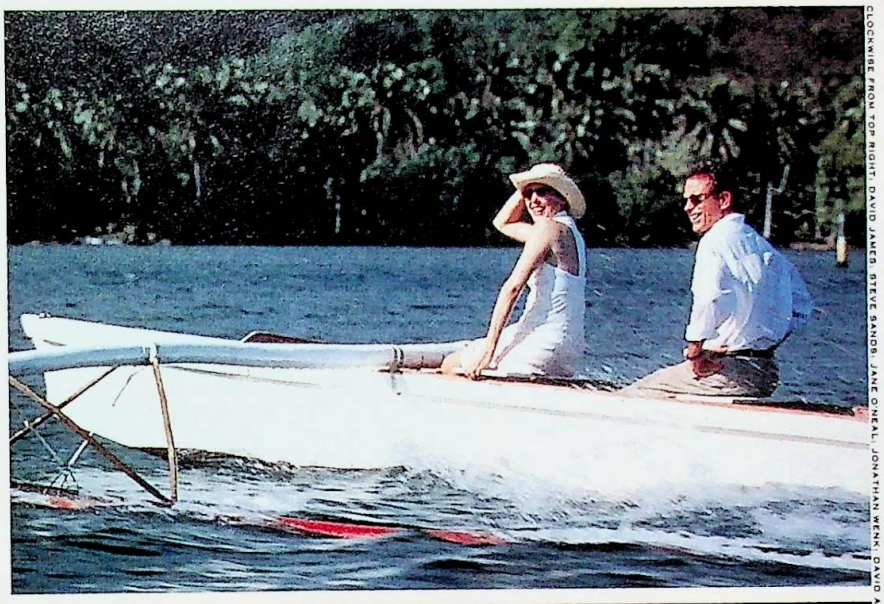
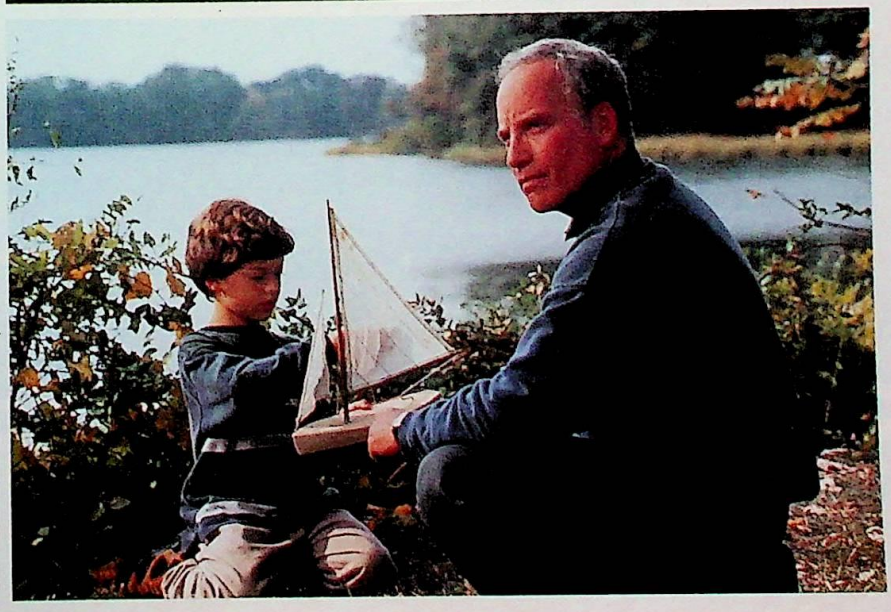




CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: DAVID JAMES; STEVE SANDS; JANE O'NEAL; JONATHAN WENK; DAVID APPLEBY



22

MAINSTREAM EXCESS? ***The River Wild*** **isn't the only fall film we'll be wading to see. There's also (clockwise from top left) Miranda Richardson and Willem Dafoe in** ***Tom & Viv*****; Warren Beatty and Annette Bening in** ***Love Affair*****; Allen Payne and Jada Pinkett in** ***Jason's Lyric*****; Ben Faulkner and Richard Dreyfuss in** ***Silent Fall*****; Dana Carvey, Jon Lovitz, and Nicolas Cage in** ***Welcome to Paradise*****; and Robert Downey Jr. in** ***Restoration*****.**

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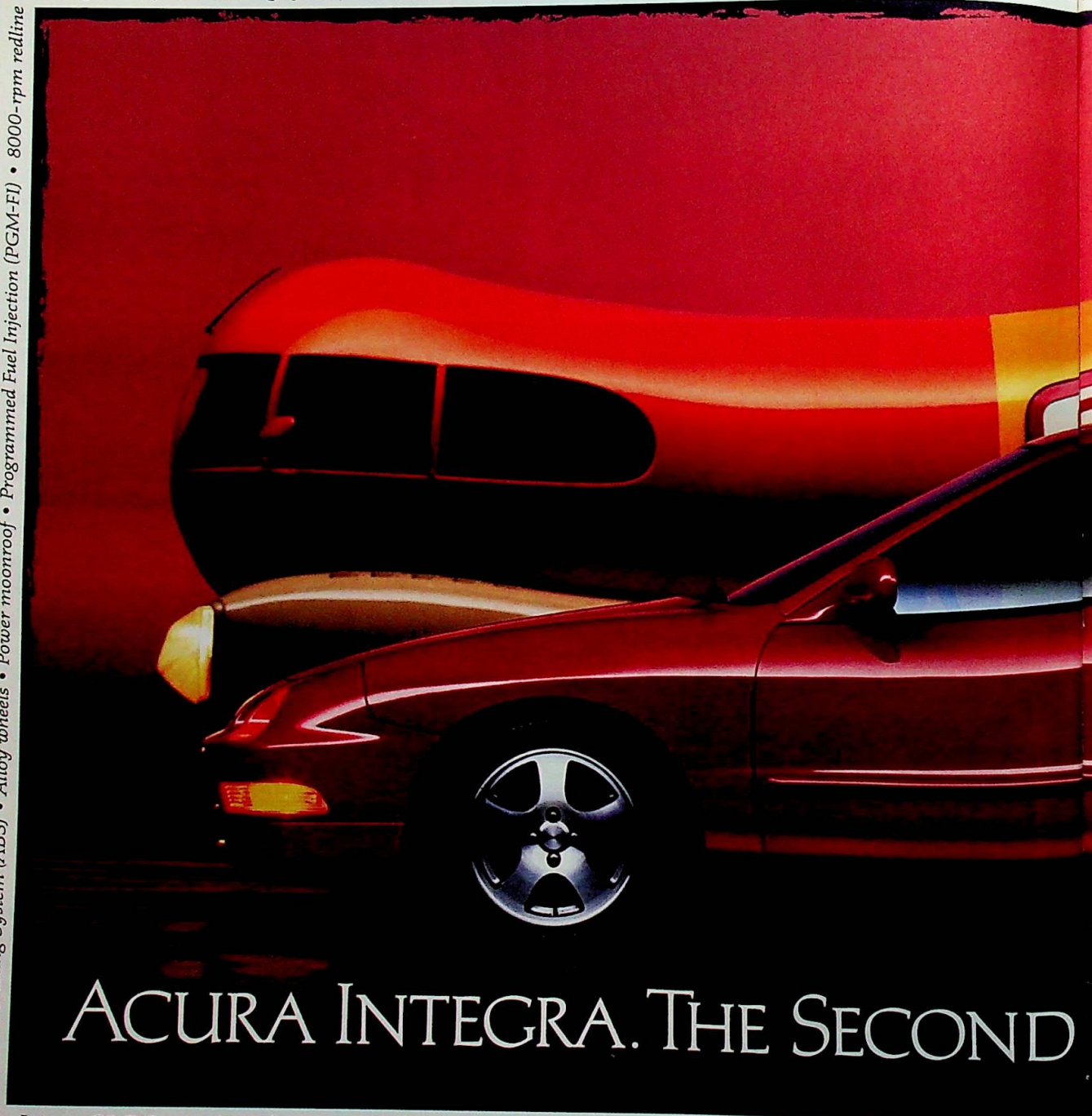

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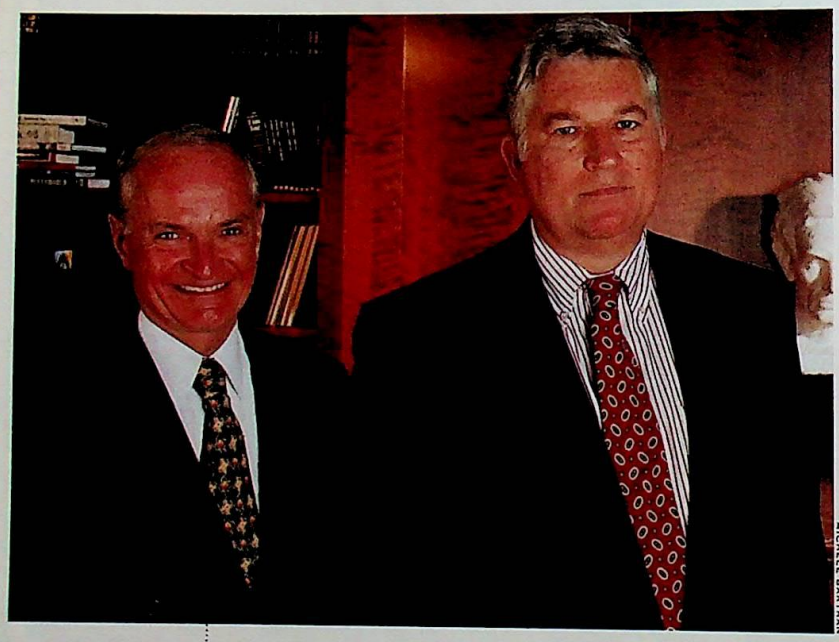
ith tons of goodies. And unlike that other fun car, it's definitely not for weenies. SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE.

ACURA

LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN

To Our Readers



MICHELE BARTRAN

Time Inc., EW's parent, readies for the future with corporate shifts

CAREFUL READERS of our masthead will notice a small typographical change in this issue that in fact signals a major one in Time Inc.'s publishing leadership: The title of CEO moves from chairman Reg Brack to president Don Logan.

Time Inc. is America's largest magazine publisher and one of its largest book publishers, a vital and fast-growing part of Time Warner Inc. around the world. Brack assumed the CEO post for magazines in 1986 and for all of Time Inc. in 1990, and under his energetic leadership, the number of magazines we publish has increased from eight to 24, and revenues rose from $2.1 billion to $3.3 billion last year. He presided over the first successful launch of a weekly magazine in the U.S. in two decades, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY. His record speaks for itself, and he passes the baton far out front: Time Inc.'s earnings from continuing operations for the quarter just ended were at an all-time high.

One of the best things Brack did was bring Don Logan, then the CEO of our Southern Progress subsidiary in Alabama, to New York as president and chief operating officer of Time Inc. in 1992. A mathematician by training, the burly, soft-spoken Logan quickly proved a decisive and imaginative partner as the two men together set about positioning Time Inc. for future growth in both print and multimedia in the electronic age.

I am also happy to have Brack liberated from day-to-day decisions to do more for me and Time Inc. of what he does so well: represent us forcefully and eloquently in a wide variety of public arenas. A winner earlier this year of the magazine industry's highest honor, the Henry Johnson Fisher Award, Brack is the board chairman of the National Urban League, chairman of the Advertising Council, and past chairman of the Magazine Publishers of America. He has maintained Time Inc.'s leadership and performance through a period of momentous change, and he has put the company on a steady course for the future. Don Logan has my mandate to build on these impressive accomplishments as the new CEO, clearly the right man in the right place at the right time.

Gerald M. Levin

GERALD M. LEVIN,
Chairman and CEO, Time Warner Inc.

PASSING THE BATON FAR OUT FRONT: Time Inc. chairman Reg Brack (left) with president and new CEO Don Logan

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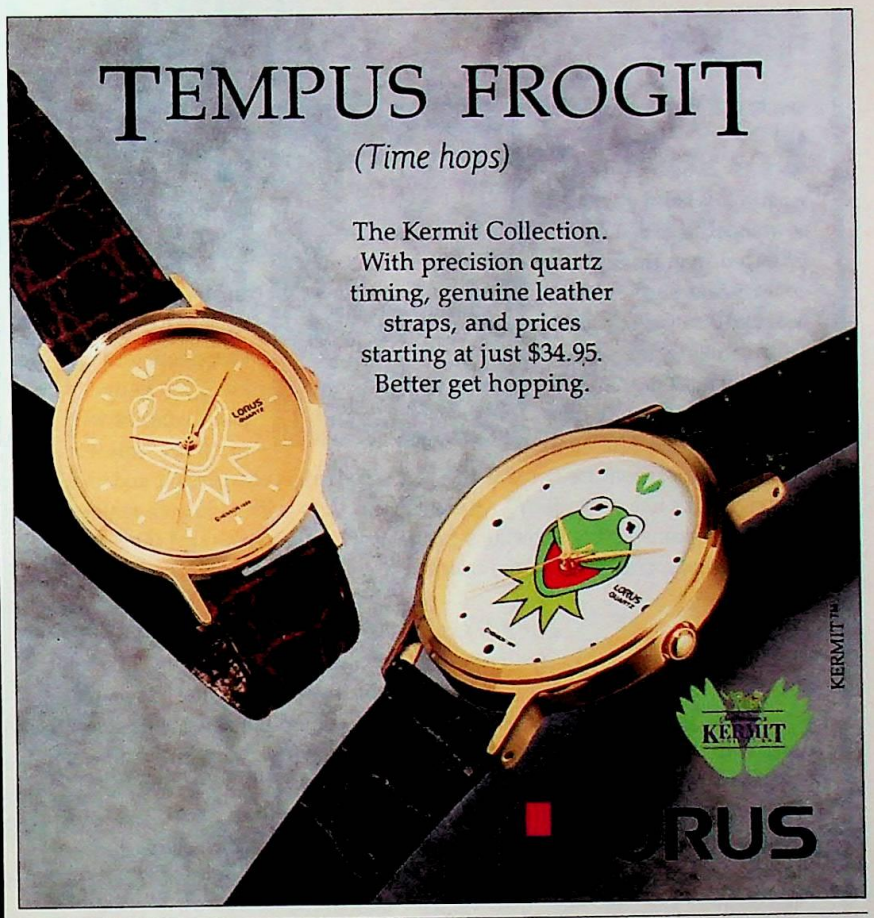

WATCH HERE FOR WHAT TO WATCH.

The CBS guide to the new Fall TV season premieres here in the September 16 issue.

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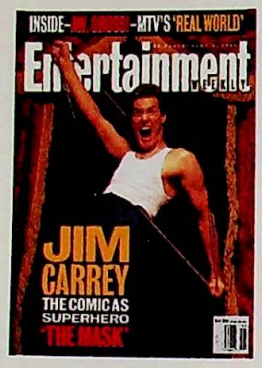
CARREYED AWAY



WHAT A STORY (#234, Aug. 5)! What a guy! It is so wonderful to see such a talented man finally discover great success! I've watched Jim Carrey since he first began appearing on *In Living Color* and always knew that one day I'd be watching him on a much larger screen. As it turns out, I was right. It's not very often I actually finish a magazine article knowing I just learned about a truly sincere and talented person.

JEFF VIALE
San Francisco

I BOW TO your genius for gracing the cover with the adorable Lord Jim's presence. Recently, I realized that Carrey has been hiding heart-pounding good looks behind a mask of gut-busting goofiness. Could you please reveal what I (a romantic admirer) have discovered by printing more photos that portray Jim Carrey as a charming prince instead of an Ace?

AMY LYNN BOOTES
Cincinnati

TV VÉRITÉ

I FULLY ENJOYED the article "Get Real," and I am pleased about the recognition the *Real World* cast has finally received for acting so normal while cameras are in their faces constantly. The show will not be the same without Puck's crazy pranks and comments, but at least we'll get to see glimpses of him from time to time.

CORYELL GERMAN
Montgomery, Ala.

MOHAMMED DESERVES more of a description than just saying that he's a rapper. I was disappointed, to say the least, in the unequal coverage given to this young man. Each and every one of the other members of the *Real World* cast was given a more complete description. To me, Mohammed comes across as a poet and a very bright young man with a great deal of integrity.

ANGELIQUE THOMASON
Burbank

IN THIS Puck-filled real world, it is refreshing and encouraging to find people such as Pedro who are more content with trying to endow the world with knowledge, compassion, and understanding than with trying to make sure the world revolves around them.

G.L. BARSI
Santa Rosa, Calif.

THERE ARE PLENTY of good things about popular culture. Ergo, please provide us no more articles on *The Real World*. The whole thing makes me gag.

MARK RHODES
Wilmington, N.C.

A *REAL WORLD* without Puck will no doubt suck!

MARTHA A. SUDER
Warrington, Pa.

FUNNY? YOU SHOULD ASK

AS HEAD WRITER on both of Tom Arnold's TV shows, I have known for the last two years what everyone else seems surprised to discover—that Tom is genuinely a funny and talented actor ("Tom in the Eye of the Storm"). Too bad the public didn't catch on sooner. Instead of enjoying his performances for free, they'll now have to shell out seven bucks or more.

By the way, *The Jackie Thomas Show* may have been a critical "bomb." But had writer Lisa Schwarzbaum bothered to check, she would know that the show tied for 14th place for the '92–'93 season.

STEVE PEPOON
Chatsworth, Calif.

MIXED UP

HARVARD PSYCHOLOGIST Carolyn Newberger claims that the Disney animated film *The Lion King* used "ethnically mixed actors" for the voices of the evil characters in the movie (News & Notes). Excuse me? Last I heard, Jeremy Irons' character, Scar, was also a bad guy, and Irons is definitely not "ethnically mixed" in any discernible way. Newberger conveniently forgets the fact that the voices of Simba's ma and pa were supplied by Madge Sinclair and James Earl Jones, respectively, both of whom are exceptional actors who are also "ethnically mixed."

SHELLEY KENNEDY
Long Beach, Calif.

THIS POLITICAL CORRECTNESS is really getting on my nerves. EW could do better than to perpetuate the kind of hypersensitive nit-picking Carolyn Newberger espoused.

Movies are for entertainment and escapism—not deep social content. The American public has more gray matter than all these PC-mongers give us credit for, and I expect better from my favorite magazine.

ROXANNE CALDWELL
Brooklyn

I THINK IT'S a silly waste of time to dig through an animated film such as *The Lion King* looking for hidden images. Doesn't a Harvard psychologist have anything more sensible to do with her time?

DAVID PITT
Halifax, Nova Scotia

CORRECTIONS: *In 1965's* The Loved One, *Ayllene Gibbons' son was played by Rod Steiger—not Robert Steiger, as we wrote. In* Benny & Joon, *the role of Benny was played by Aidan Quinn, not Johnny Depp. Depp played the role of Sam, who falls in love with Benny's sister, Joon. We regret the errors.*

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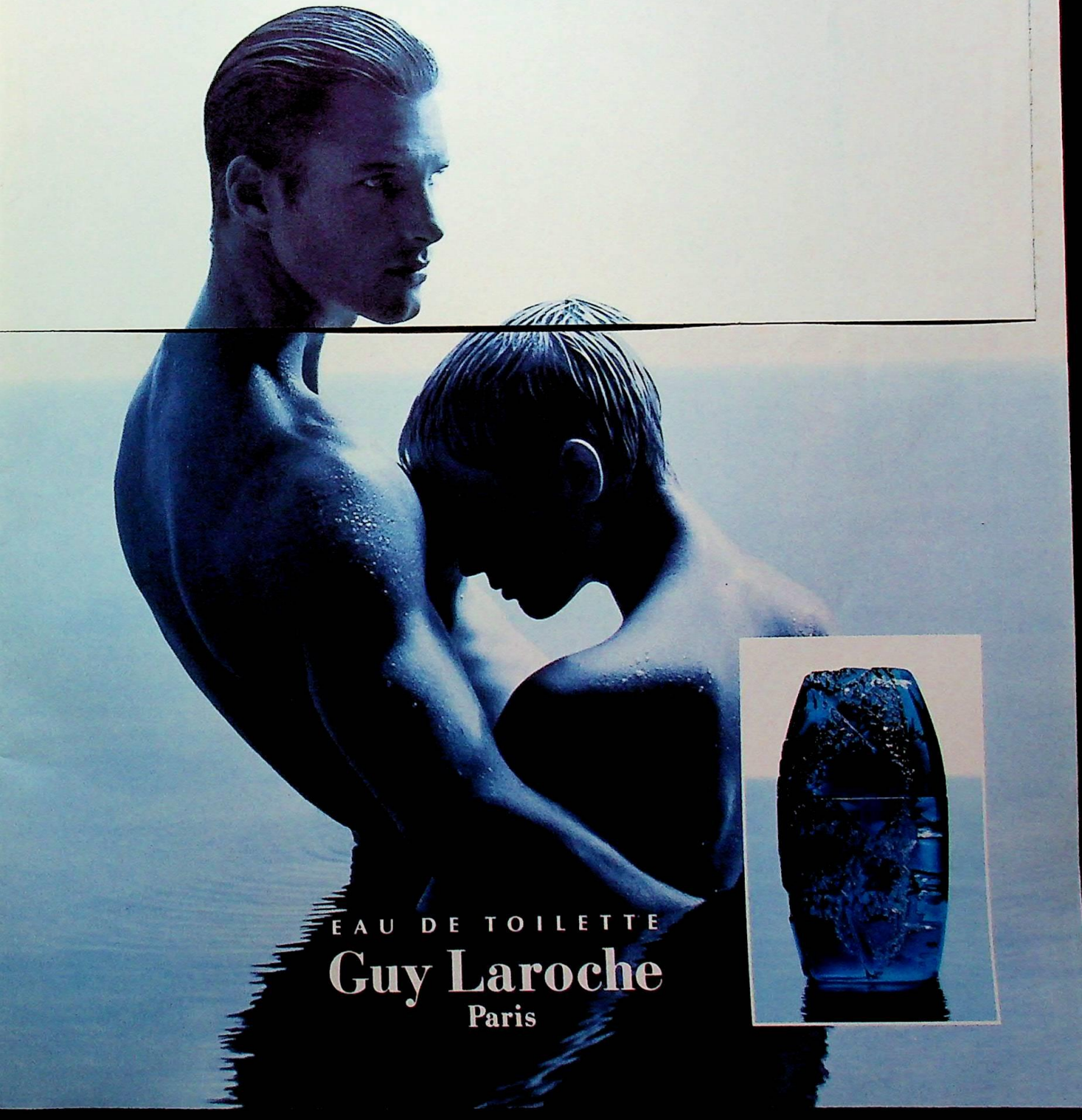

EAU DE TOILETTE

Guy Laroche

Paris

NEWS & NOTES

'Stock Market

Woodstock '94: the aftermath. BY HEATHER KEETS AND JESSICA SHAW

ONE THING I know: Whoever organized this was a buckethead," said one state trooper directing traffic at Woodstock '94 (see review on page 108). The show's promoters, Woodstock Ventures, would likely disagree. They expect to make a "small profit" on this trip back to the garden. But small by whose standards? More than 190,000 tickets were sold (at $135 each), while the profits from pay per view ($5 million–$8 million) and the upcoming CD, video, and film are still to be counted. Other numbers from the much-hyped weekend:

◆ There were no official tallies on how much food was sold, but one vending area grossed $400,000 the first day.

◆ Once vendors shut down on Sunday, everything *but* the 840-acre Winston Farm was for sale. Among the collectibles: Peace Patrol security T-shirts ($100–$500) and Peace & Love pizza boxes ($1).

◆ Despite drug-sniffing dogs, illegal substances made the scene. Pot: $2–$5 a joint. Acid: $3–$10 a hit. Ecstasy: $20–$25.

◆ Then there was cleanup. It will take 150 workers, 50,000 bags, and 20,000 pairs of rubber gloves to collect the estimated 1 million pounds of garbage. Will Saugerties—the New York town that was offered a performing-arts center by the promoters for hosting Woodstock '94—do it again in 2019? "We need a day of rest," says town clerk Eleanor DeForest, "but I'm sure in 25 years we'll be ready." ◆ *(Additional reporting by Sarah A. Young)*

KEN REGAN/ASM RECORDS

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK ELGAR/LONDON FEATURES

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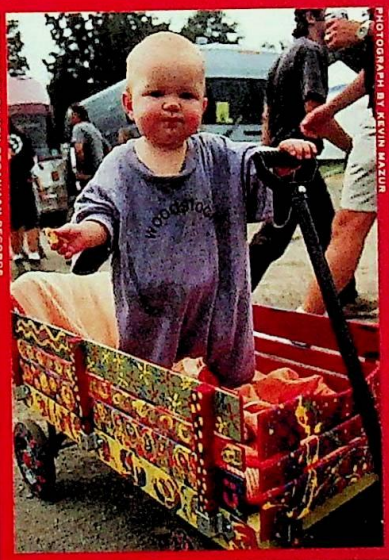
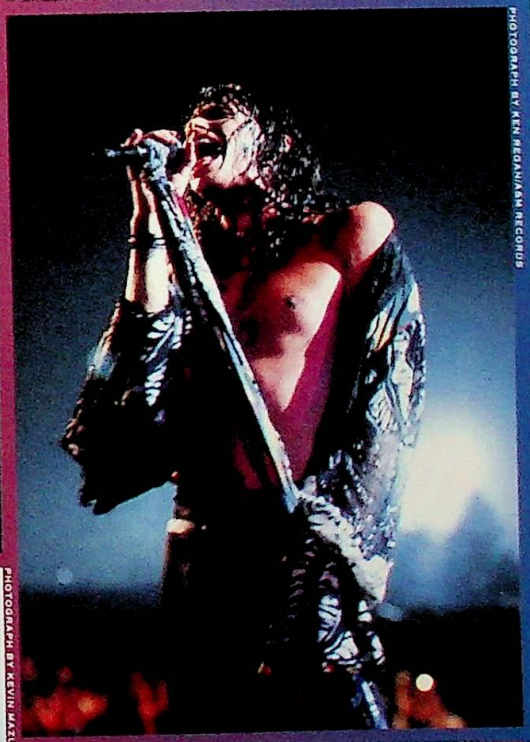


PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN MAZUR

PICTURES FROM AN EXHIBITION: Clockwise from far left, the bad weather didn't dampen the spirits of the estimated 350,000 attendees. Commented one soaked fan: "The mud was tough, but that's what made it special." Salt 'N' Pepa spiced up the night; "Except for the garbage, I would do it again," said a concertgoer of the mounting refuse; Aerosmith's Steven Tyler brought Saturday's festivities to a close; here, Hill and Bill inhale; Blind Melon's Shannon Hoon struck a messianic pose; for one tiny visitor, it's 2019 or bust.



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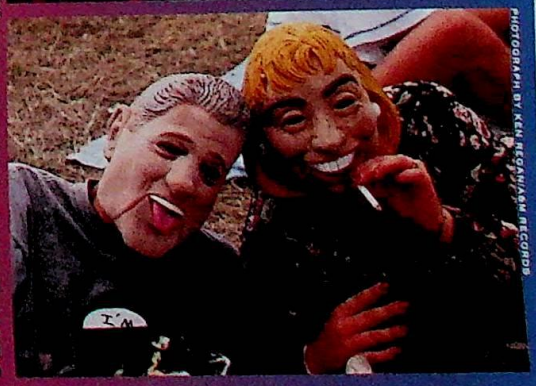


PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN/ASM RECORDS

JIM MULLEN'S

HOT SHEET

What the country is talking about this week...

1 **TOM SNYDER** Some say he's so unhip, he's hip. I say he's so unhip, he's really unhip.

2 ***PRISCILLA, QUEEN OF THE DESERT*** Three lip-synching, disco-diva drag queens tour the Australian Outback. When will they stop making these formula movies?

3 ***BARBRA STREISAND: THE CONCERT*** One time only on HBO. It's not on opposite *Beavis and Butt-head*, is it?

4 **LOVE JONES** A group leading the mini-revival of "cocktail lounge" music. One listen and you'll know why it died.

5 **SIGNED O.J. SIMPSON TRADING CARDS** The perfect dashboard adornment for your white Bronco.

6 ***BLANKMAN*** Damon Wayans becomes a superhero with no powers and an ugly suit. Finally, a movie about Ross Perot.

7 ***IT'S PAT: THE MOVIE*** The short-awaited film stars the sexually ambiguous *SNL* character. The irony? Men and women will both hate it.

8 ***NATURAL BORN KILLERS*** Two serial murderers become huge celebrities and dominate all media. What are the chances of that ever happening?

9 ***MILK MONEY*** A prostitute is hired by 12-year-old boys. Then one fixes her up with his dad. Wasn't that on *My Three Sons*?

10 ***COLOR OF NIGHT*** Bruce Willis, action psychologist. "I know what you're thinking: 'Did he give me five Prozacs or six?'"

11 **MARIANNE FAITHFULL** Her autobiography doesn't list all the rockers she slept with. Only the hundred she remembers.

12 ***M.A.N.T.I.S.*** A man fights crime in a giant bug costume. G.I.V.E. M.E. T.H.E. C.L.I.C.K.E.R.

13 **KELSEY GRAMMER** The *Frasier* star missed a day on the set. Everyone wants more: Eddie the dog told producers he wants to direct.

14 **THE PLAYERS' STRIKE** Build it and they will come. And go.

15 ***CORRINA, CORRINA*** Whoopi Goldberg plays a '60s domestic who wins over her charge. Mary Poppins with 'tude.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

It's the Pitt

INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE doesn't open until November, but the buzz on **Brad Pitt**'s performance as the dark, brooding Louis is already leading studio execs to woo the 30-year-old with offers. And like any actor who has just made the A list, Pitt is being more choosy than Jif buyers. He has already passed on these high-profile films:

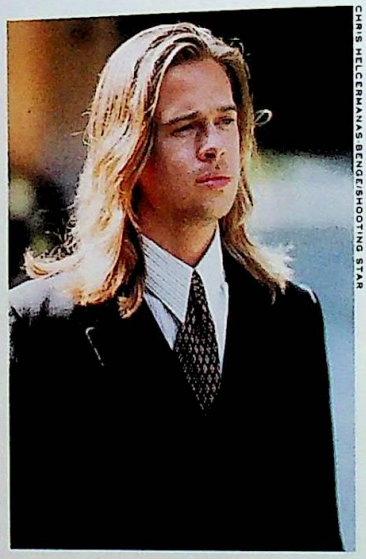
◆ *Model Daughter.* A comedy about a divorced couple fighting for their child's affections.

◆ **Ben Stiller**'s **Rolling Stones** film. Pitt's lack of interest helped nix this Universal project.

◆ *City Hall.* A drama about political corruption in New York.

◆ *Tears of the Sun.* **John Woo**'s action adventure film, set in the Amazon rain forest. It could have done for Pitt what *Speed* did for **Keanu Reeves**.

◆ *Last Dance.* An as-yet-uncast drama about capital punishment.



CHRIS HELCERMANAS BENGE/SHOOTING STAR

ON A ROLE: Pitt weighs his many options

Pitt, who will also star in February's *Legends of the Fall*, is, however, still considering *A Simple Plan* (another Stiller film, this one based on Scott Smith's thriller), about two brothers who find a bag of money and set off on a criminal path, and *Crowded Room*, about a man's battle with schizophrenia, which **Joel Schumacher** (*The Client*) may direct.

What makes Pitt the new "it" boy? Says one studio executive, "He *could* be the next **Tom Cruise**." —*Rebecca Ascher-Walsh and Anne Thompson*

RANDOM QUOTE

Meryl's Choice

"I DIDN'T LIKE the book. But that may just be me. The script is wonderful."
—**Meryl Streep**, *after landing the plum role of Francesca Johnson (opposite costar* **Clint Eastwood**) *in* The Bridges of Madison County

ERIC MOREFT/SIGMA

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THE 10 THINGS WE LEARNED THIS SUMMER

AS WE APPROACH Labor Day weekend, the official symbol of summer's end (if you don't count Jerry Lewis' telethon for muscular dystrophy), it's time again to survey what the entertainment season has taught us. What can you learn from all those blockbuster movies, those page-turning beach reads, those cable-TV shows, and those mind-blowing events? You'd be surprised. Hey, we may have even raised our IQs a few points. Among the things we discovered:

1

Four of a kind beats a full house; a straight flush beats four of a kind.
(*Maverick*)

2

L.A. has a subway.
(*Speed*)

3

Forrest was the last name of the first leader of the Ku Klux Klan.
(*Forrest Gump*)

4

In the 1870s, there was no convenient way to look up an address in New York City.
(E.L. Doctorow's *The Waterworks*)

5

Wavy Gravy is not just a Ben & Jerry's flavor.
(Woodstock '94)

6

Quoting the scriptures is an attention-getter: "And the truth shall make you free." —John 8:32 "An eye for an eye..." —Exodus 21:24
(*The Client*)

7

Even the most hideous ensemble is fashionable if it's Lacroix, sweetie.
(*Absolutely Fabulous*)

8

We no longer need K-Tel—we have movie soundtracks.
(*Forrest Gump*)

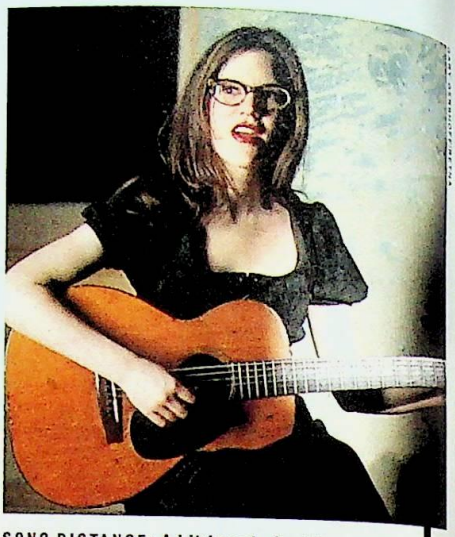
9

A squid is a cephalopod, not a fish.
(*Getting Even With Dad*)

10

***Hakuna matata* is Swahili for "no worries."**
(*The Lion King*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM CARROLL



SONG DISTANCE: A hit boosts Loeb's career

'Stay'-ing Power

WHAT DOES A No. 1 single fetch a singer these days? If you're **Lisa Loeb** and the single is "Stay"—the surprise hit off the *Reality Bites* soundtrack—it's an all-out bidding war. Once Loeb's song began heating up the charts last spring, several major-label execs outdid themselves trying to sign her. "It was funny going to [Lisa's] shows and seeing all these record-company people there," says a spokesman for Geffen Records, which will soon announce it has signed the 26-year-old singer. "Everyone was looking at each other, thinking, 'I wonder how well *they're* going to do?'" In the heat of battle, other labels, including RCA and **Madonna**'s Maverick, lavished the star-to-be with gifts (like clothes and CDs), but the Geffen deal gives her the chance to share a label with the likes of **Courtney Love** and **Sonic Youth**. Loeb is currently holed up in upstate New York, whittling down a repertoire of 30-plus tunes (representing "seven years of writing," says her producer) to a more releasable 10 songs, which may reveal a deeper, darker side to the sweet, wispy-voiced chanteuse. Says a source close to Loeb: "'Stay' is as sweet as we're going to get." —*Dave Karger*

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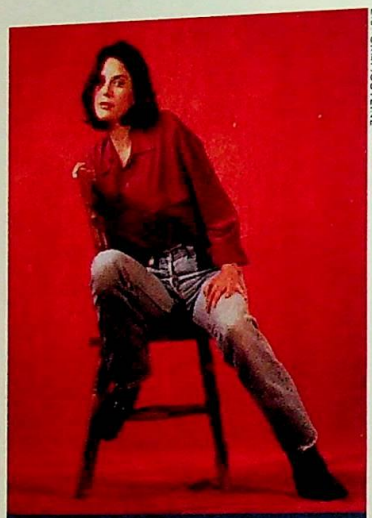
FLASHES

TERI (SANS) CLOTH: Where's Superman when you need him? **Teri Hatcher** (*Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*) could have used some help from the Man of Steel—or at least his cape—when she found herself in a compromising position while filming *Heaven's Prisoners* at the Nottoway Plantation in White Castle, La. Hatcher, who plays a sexy villainess in the erotic thriller (due out in December), was disrobing for a nude scene when a tour group unexpectedly cruised by the set. "I'm completely nude and I walk by the window," she explains, "and all of a sudden there are all these 70- to 80-year-olds staring in. I had to finish the shot and they just laughed and laughed." Hatcher has no hard feelings about the surprise sneak preview: "I'm just glad I didn't give anybody a heart attack." —*Jessica Shaw*



E.J. CAMP/OUTLINE

JUST GRIN AND BARE IT: Hatcher

MICHAEL O'NEIL/OUTLINE

STAR SEARCH: Branagh

KNIGHT MOVES: According to a recent trade report, **Kenneth Branagh** is a shoo-in for the role of a young Obi-wan Kenobi in **George Lucas**' next *Star Wars* movie. Only problem is, nobody told Branagh. "It's news to me," says his agent, Clifford Stevens. He notes, however, that if Branagh *were* offered the role, the actor—who is currently directing *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*—might be receptive to the idea. "I hope there is [some truth to it]," says Stevens, "it's an interesting project." But a spokeswoman for Lucas says it's unlikely that any casting choices will be made soon: "George hasn't even written the script yet." —*Frank Spotnitz*

POOL MOLL: After her recent high school reunion in DeKalb, Ill., **Cindy Crawford** wandered into the Box Office Brewery (without **Richard Gere**) for some private time with an old friend. The combination bar-brewery-restaurant seemed like the perfect locale to avoid the gossip snoops. Little did she know that reporters from the DeKalb *Daily Chronicle* were having their own little get-together at the Box Office that night. One spotted Crawford and approached her, but not for a quote. "One of my coworkers asked Cindy if she'd like to play pool," says *Chronicle* staffer Bob Regan. She said yes. "We shot a quick game," says Regan. "She was an average player." But he says he awoke the next day in awe of his model encounter: "I was wondering, 'Did this really happen? Did I really play pool with Cindy Crawford?'" —*Cindy Pearlman*

PUCK UP: What's the sure route to fame these days? Appear on TV picking scabs and shooting snot rockets. **Puck**, the undomesticated San Francisco bike messenger who's been stirring up MTV's *Real World*, recently flew to New York to star in "Handouts," a video by the up-and-coming punk band **Black Train Jack**. Howie Abrams, director of A&R at Roadrunner Records, says he spotted Puck on the tube and knew he'd found his man. "I hate to admit it, but I do watch *The Real World* religiously," Abrams says. The video features Puck doing what he loves: riding a bike. Or, shall we say, *punishing* a bike. "The record company guy, he let me use a mountain bike," Puck recalls. "He's like, 'God, just don't break it, man.' I'm like, 'It's a bike and I'm rough. So if I break it, it's on you.'" Puck's time in the limelight isn't over. He signed with Prima Management and is a contender to be a new Calvin Klein model. —*Jeff Gordinier*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN HARDING

HITTING THE TRAILS: Puck

ETC.: And now, for the sequel we've all been waiting for: *The Breakfast Club 2*. "I have a huge desire to return to those films," says writer-director **John Hughes**, recalling his 1985 high school hit. "I had originally wanted to do three [*Breakfast Club* sequels]. I figured I could do one every 10 years with the same people." Hughes says one sequel script was completed long ago, and the original Brat Packers all "want to do it."

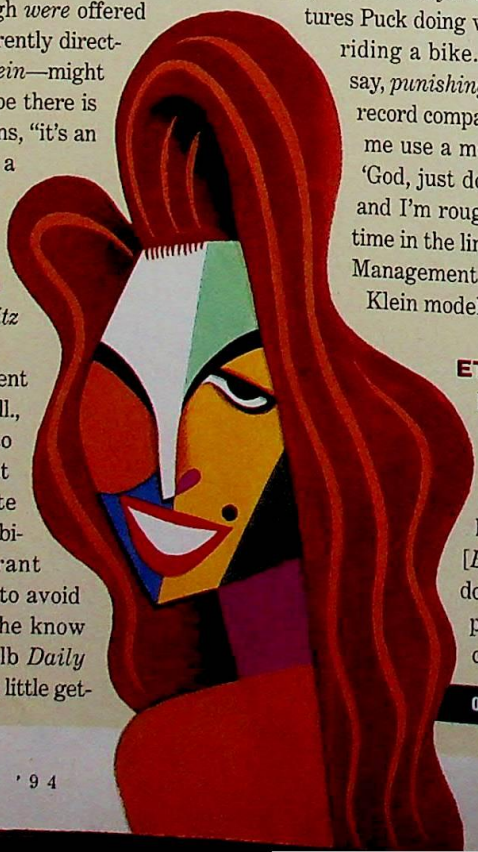
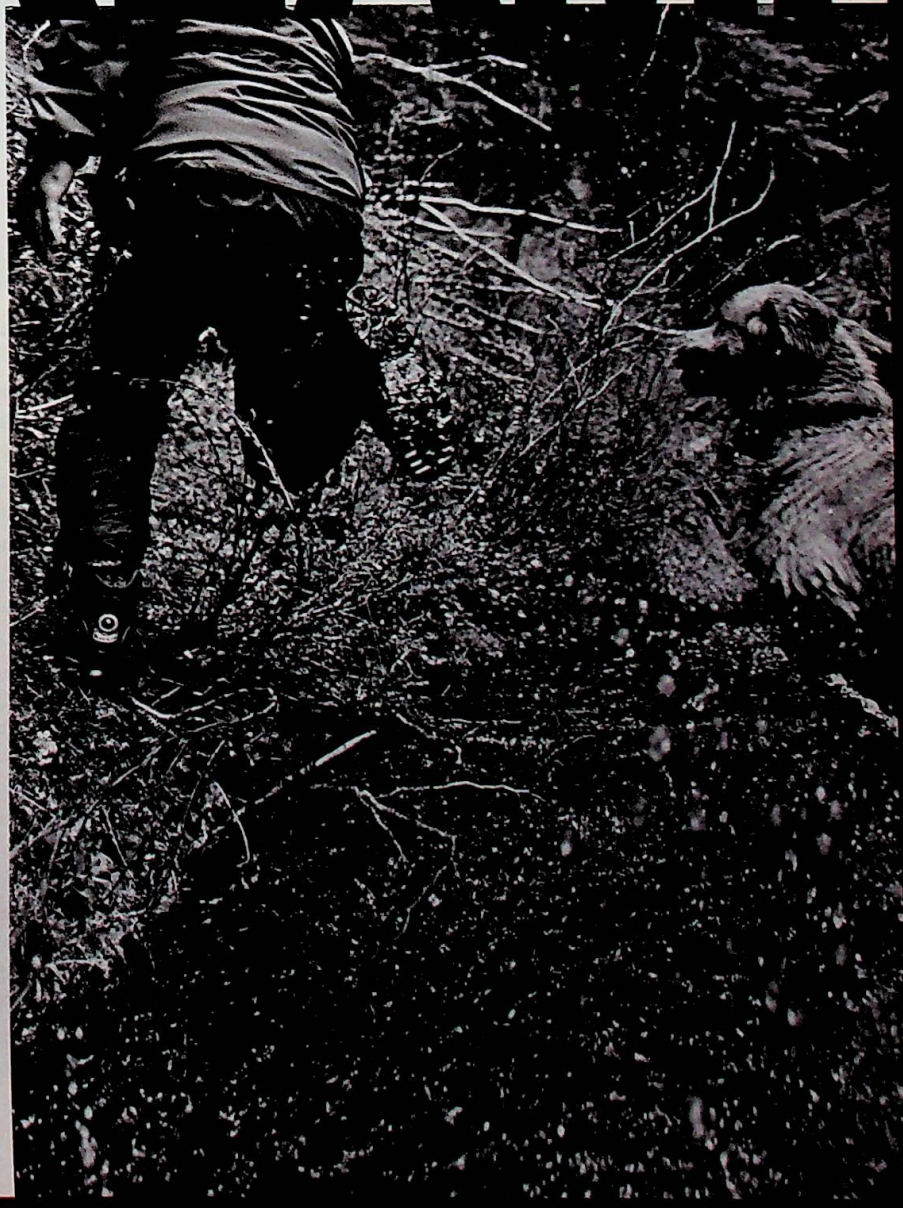


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COWLES

ON CUE: Crawford

OUR BOOTS CAN HANDLE A MOUNTAIN STREAM.



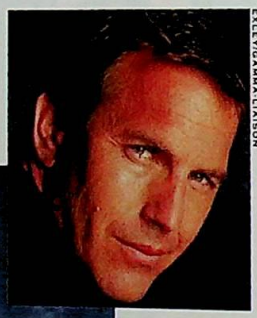
BEHIND THE SCENES

Costner's Easter Epic

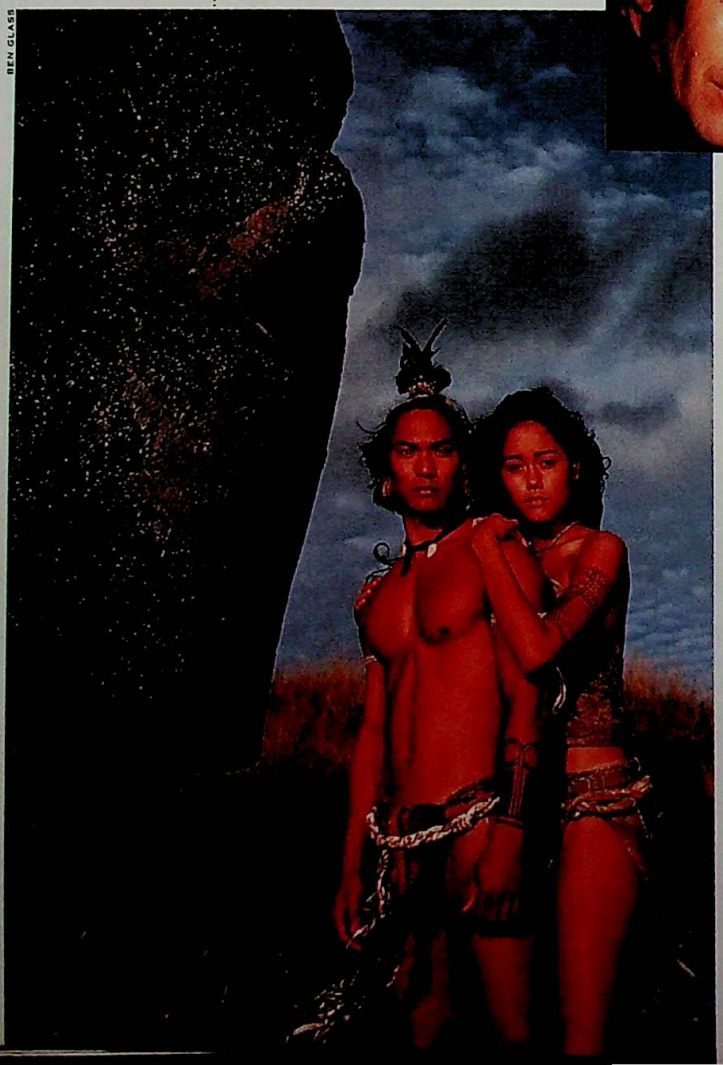
BY FRANK SPOTNITZ

Anthropologists and filmmakers squabble over the making of 'Rapa Nui'

EASTER ISLAND, the small volcanic rock 2,220 miles west of Chile, has survived epidemics, invaders, and colonialism. But can the isle—known in Polynesian as Rapa Nui—survive Hollywood? Last year, the 2,100 natives shared their South Pacific perch with 175 cast and crew members filming *Rapa Nui*, a Romeo and Juliet–style Polynesian love story coproduced by Kevin Costner, directed by Kevin Reynolds (*Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*), and starring Jason Scott Lee (*Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story*). It was Costner's sensitivity to Native Americans on *Dances With Wolves* that helped persuade the Chilean government to grant permission to film on the location. But now islanders are charging that the $20 million Warner Bros. production (due Sept. 9) has turned the island's economy and society topsy-turvy. Although islanders hired by the company were well paid by local standards—an estimated $25 a day—the production's presence, says Maori actor Pete Smith, sent the cost of living into the stratosphere. Tricia Allen, a University of Hawaii doctoral candidate in anthropology who visited the island during the shooting, claims the production promoted social problems, such as increased alcohol consumption among the young; and damaged archaeological sites, including contributing to the collapse of an ancient stone house and scratches on one of the famous *moai*—the roughly 800 looming stone heads that define the island's barren landscape. "Whoever gave them permission to shoot this film was not thinking very clearly," says archaeologist Georgia Lee, who publishes the only newspaper about the island, the *Rapa Nui Journal*. "This has had a horrendous impact."



EXLEY/GAMMA-LIAISON



BEN GLASS

PARADISE LOST? Disputes dog the Costner production, which stars Lee and Sandrine Holt (below)

Director Reynolds admits some ancient sites were marred, but he insists none of the damage was significant and that all of the harm was done by islanders—despite the crew's best efforts to stop them. "We would try to tell the local people you can't touch [the *moai*] while we're shooting, and they'd say, 'What do you mean? I live on this island.' And then we're blamed if they do." And Sergio Rapu, a former governor of the island who now heads the Institute for Polynesian Studies at Brigham Young University's campus in Hawaii, rejects claims that the islanders were exploited as "paternalistic and colonialist."

Although the movie wrapped more than a year ago, the controversy is far from settled. Already Rapu is saying that if *Rapa Nui* is a hit—a clip from the movie received enthusiastic applause when it screened at last April's ShoWest convention—the filmmakers have a moral responsibility to help prepare the locals for a potentially damaging influx of tourism. Reynolds is having none of that. "It's not gonna happen," he says. "If they don't want the tourists, they can ban them." ◆ *(With Jeff Gordinier and Albert Kim)*

CAN YOURS HANDLE THE CHICAGO WATER SYSTEM?

MAKEUP & GROOMING: BILLY ERB; HAIR: MAVEL FOR TRILISE

STYLE

'Happy Days' Are Here Again

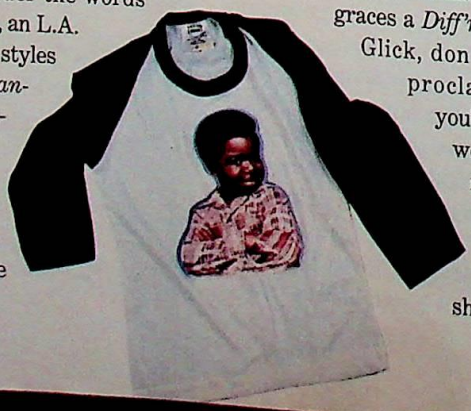
How to relive lost '70s youth? With T-shirts devoted to kitsch classics

CALL IT THE REVENGE of the generation that did its homework to *CHiPs* and *The Bionic Woman*. From the snowboarding slopes of Colorado to the Port-A-San lines at Lollapalooza, X-slackers who grew up in the '70s and early '80s are donning baggy T-shirts emblazoned with the likes of Kojak, Richie Cunningham, and the Brady Bunch.

Merchants have been quick to oblige this trend. Sessions, a rock duds catalog, hawks a shirt with Brady housekeeper Alice under the words "Anyone for Flapjacks?" Fuct, an L.A. company, offers skateboarding styles with morphed images from *Planet of the Apes* and *Jaws*. Meanwhile, Manhattan clothing store Na Na proudly stocks *Charlie's Angels* and *Saturday Night Fever* shirts. "That was the stuff we wore when we were growing up," says Na Na assistant manager Doreen Younglove, 25. "I idolized Donny and Marie, and Farrah Fawcett-Majors."

And vintage tees that somehow escaped the trash can are particularly coveted. Ira Glick, the 25-year-old owner of Total Impact Shirts in Toronto, scored authentic novelty shirts from local headshop owners. "*Battlestar Galactica*, *Star Wars*, and *Saturday Night Fever* are huge sellers," he says. "The shirts are a terrific icebreaker."

Would Gary Coleman, whose gnomish face graces a *Diff'rent Strokes* shirt sold by Glick, don the tee? "I'd wear it," proclaims Coleman, 26. "If you're proud of yourself, you wear yourself." Guess that means that in 20 years, the Olsen twins will be sporting their tot likenesses with no sense of shame. —*Michele Romero*



COLEMAN: STEVE FREEMAN

THE COTTON CLUB: Shows like (top left) *CHiPs*, *Charlie's Angels*, *Wonder Woman*, *The Bionic Woman*, and (inset) *Diff'rent Strokes* are resurfacing on tees

 PHOTOGRAPH BY MARC BAPTISTE

THE AIR KRAKATOA BOOT

IS WATERPROOF.

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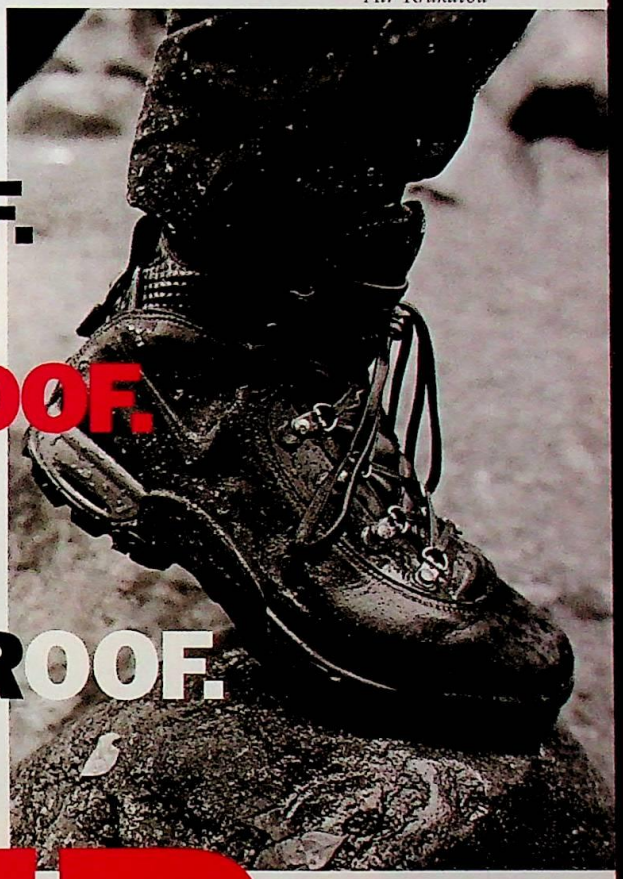
P.S. IT'S WATER-PROOF.

Air Krakatoa



ACG MEANS ALL CONDITIONS GEAR AND ALL CONDITIONS MEANS ALL CONDITIONS.

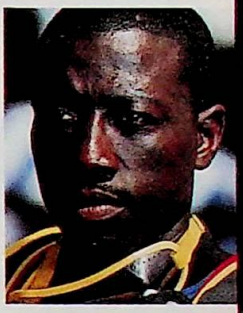
ACG NIKE

AFFAIR
TERMINAL
VELOCITY
PULP FICTION
INTERVIEW
STAR
TREK
PRÊT-A-PORTER
CUT
KUPER

LEGENDS OF THE FALL

122 DAYS, 114 MOVIES. HERE'S EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW TO LAUGH, LOVE, GASP, SHED A TEAR—AND SURVIVE.

THEY WERE MERELY human, or just a writer's fancy, but when we hear their names—Ty Cobb and Jesse James, Einstein and Frankenstein, Jean-Luc Picard and Dorothy Parker—we can't help imagining lives larger than our own. Legends we call them, and this fall's movies echo their feats and horrors, real, imagined—and reimagined. We'll contemplate health with the crackpot cereal king Kellogg and death with the seductive undead Lestat. We'll try the gauzy goldfish bowl of Paris fashion and the iron bonds of friendship between two convicts. A contract killer will live by the Bible. A scion of learning will be disgraced. There will be visits to modern Miami and bygone New England and 24th-century parts unknown, the cross-dressing camp of a '50s B-movie master, and the tall tales of childhood dreams. Even the names on the marquee will be legendary (though some are more newly minted than others). Hepburn. Newman. Beatty. De Niro. Streep. Foster. Cruise. And one day you may look back on a newcomer's performance in this mythmaking season and say, "I remember when...."



FACTORS: (FROM TOP) MOORE IN *DISCLOSURE*, SNIPES IN *DROP ZONE*, DEPP IN *ED WOOD*, CULKIN IN *RICHIE RICH*, STREEP IN *THE RIVER WILD*, NEWMAN IN *NOBODY'S FOOL*

MOORE: BRIAN HAMILL; SNIPES: BRUCE W. TALAMON; DEPP (2): SUZANNE TENNER; CULKIN: JOEL D. WARREN; STREEP: MELISSA MOSELEY; NEWMAN: MELINDA SUE GORDON

ILLUSTRATIONS AND TYPOGRAPHY BY PETER KUPER

THE RIVER WILD

STARRING MERYL STREEP, KEVIN BACON, DAVID STRATHAIRN. DIRECTED BY CURTIS HANSON.

EVEN THOUGH both he and Meryl Streep came shiveringly close to a watery death on camera, Kevin Bacon calls *The River Wild* "much more of a thriller than an action movie." He's thinking of the film's tense human triangle: Streep as a rock-muscled river rafter, Strathairn as her somewhat estranged husband, and Bacon as a perilously attractive bad boy rocking their boat. "Most people think of her as cerebral, tasteful, intellectual," says director Hanson of his Oscar-winning star. "The degree to which she plunged into [her role] was amazing. She just got deeper and deeper into it." Deeper than she'd planned: When Hanson discovered that a wave on Montana's spectacular Kootenai River had knocked a camera out of position late one day, he asked Streep to go out and do the scene just one more time. "She hit a hole in the river, it sucked the raft in, the oar caught, and Meryl was just *ejected*," says Arlene Burns, her rafting tutor. "She took a quarter-mile swim in freezing white water." Fished out by a kayak rescuer, she had bruises to go with her blistered, duct-taped hands. "She was mad at

CURRENT AFFAIR: THE HYPER-CEREBRAL STREEP STRETCHES HER ACTING MUSCLES ON AN ICY-COLD RIVER IN MONTANA

NEIL LEIFER

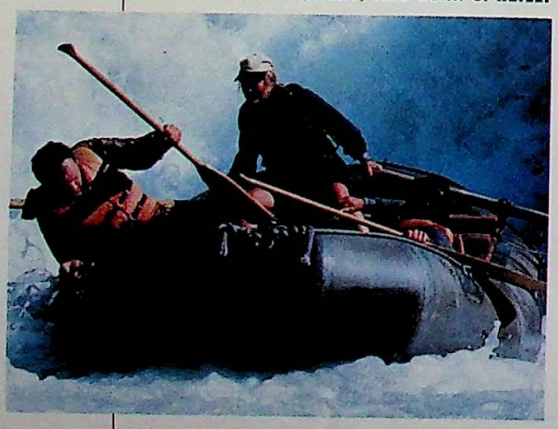
me, but she got over it," says Hanson.

In fact, Streep defended Hanson when Universal started fretting about the progress of what may be the most ambitious river movie ever made; the director was noted for the indoor suspense of *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*, not for marshaling a filmmaking army in the Montana wilderness. Streep's loyalty kept the moneymen at bay (an ex-Universal employee puts the studio's gamble at $45 million) and won Hanson the right to keep shooting rafting scenes well into November, when the temperature dropped to 29 degrees. There were some major dues for the crew to pay. Scenes routinely required 25 takes, and actors had to hop onto helicopters as many times a day to get back to each scene's starting point on the river.

The toughest of the bunch, by common consent, was Streep. "I was astounded by her fitness, and her exponential daily improvement," says Burns. The last day of shooting, she rowed 24 miles on tough class four rapids. "This character is closer to the real Meryl than anything she's done," says Hanson. Her quintessential trait, according to the director: "Ballsy courage." (*Sept. 30*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** At 45, Streep is approaching the age when even the most revered actress faces a shortage of substantial roles. Not only could her career use a smash hit—which *The River Wild* could be—but her bold new role could make her big in foreign markets, where action speaks louder than words.

VESTED INTEREST: STREEP TANGLES WITH RIVER RATS BACON (RIGHT) AND JOHN C. REILLY



STARRING RALPH FIENNES, JOHN TURT

QUI

URRO, ROB MORROW, PAUL SCOFIELD. DIRECTED BY ROBERT REDFORD.

Z SHOW

THEY WERE DAYS of sweetness. Eisenhower was President, Elvis was king, the baby boom was in full flower, and the bright young families of this Golden Age had made *Twenty-One* one of the hottest TV game shows of the day. America had no reason to suspect it was being duped.

But duped it was—and shocked in 1958 when, in its second year, *Twenty-One* was revealed as a sham. "People just couldn't believe it," says Morrow, who plays investigator Richard Goodwin. "It had a significant impact on the slow journey towards skepticism in this country." Which is why *Quiz Show*, says screenwriter Paul Attanasio, "is not a period movie. It's really much more about how we are today."

Quiz Show is told from three points of view. Fiennes, the brutal commandant of *Schindler's List*, stars as Charles Van Doren, a Columbia University teacher and the son of academic aristocrats who became the champ of *Twenty-One*—and a national hero—by seeming to ace a series of tough, *Jeopardy!*-style queries. (Producers actually fed him the answers.) Turturro (*Barton Fink*) is Herbert Stempel, a nerdy ex-champ from Queens who got bumped off the show by the more debonair Van Doren—and decided to blow the whistle.

Completing the trio is *Northern Exposure*'s Morrow as Goodwin, whose 1988 book, *Remembering America: A Voice From the Sixties*, provided the seed for the script. *Quiz Show* was developed by director Barry Levinson, but when he was unavailable to direct, Redford stepped in. Turturro is effusive—for him—in his praise for the director. "It's a good movie," he offers. "I rarely ever say that."

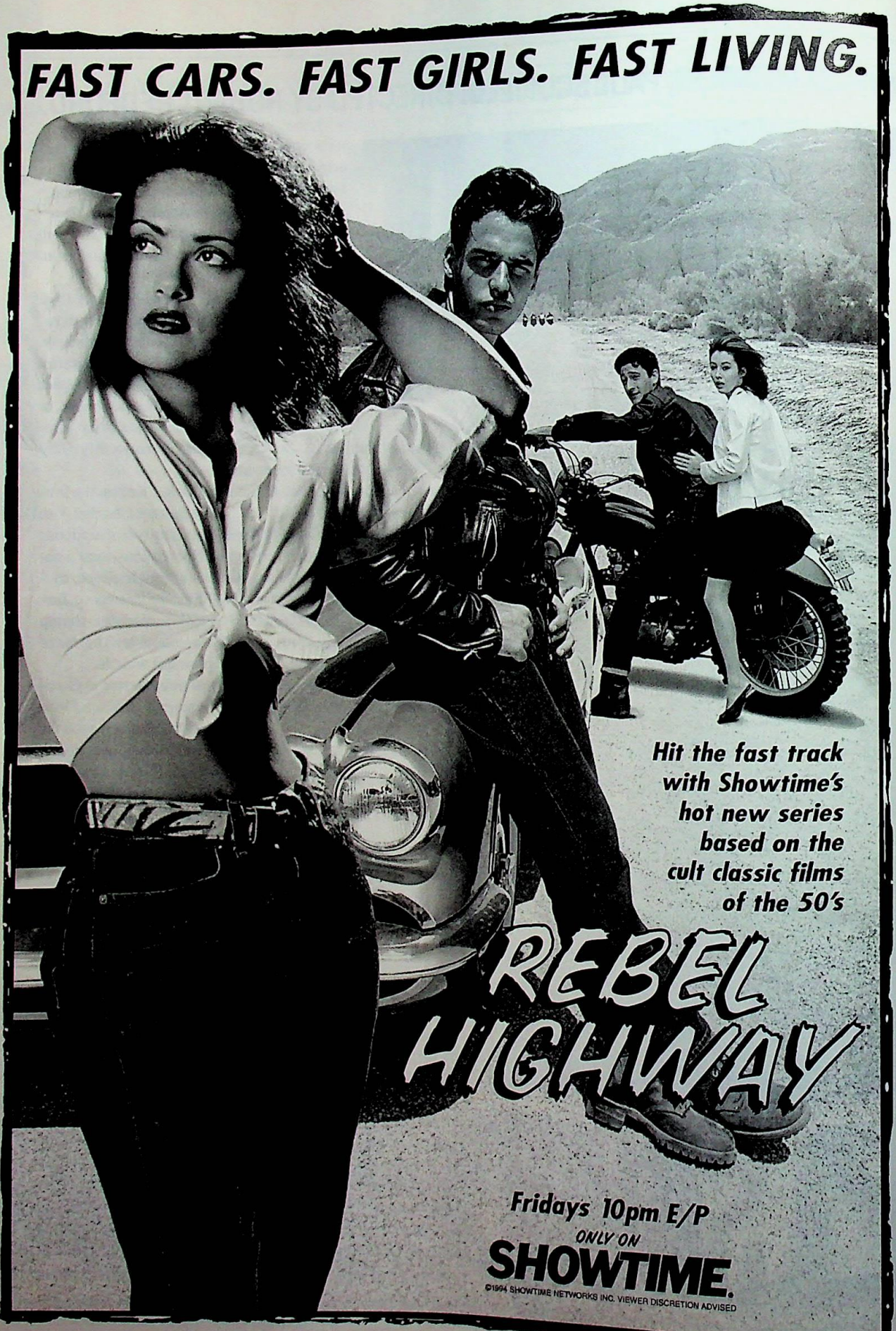
ANSWER MAN: FIENNES AS CHARLES VAN DOREN, THE EGGHEAD WHOSE PART IN A TV-SHOW SCAM TURNED HIM FROM HERO TO PARIAH

But not an easy movie. Attanasio tinkered with the script for nearly four years. "You didn't have any surefire movie moments," he says. "You didn't have sex or violence or stuff that any hack can put on the screen." What he *did* have were resonant American themes—the lure of wealth and fame, the little guy who stands up for himself, the amorality of the corporation, the tragedy of a corrupted hero—and three compelling characters. "It doesn't just become this treatise," says Morrow. "It's about people."

Many of those people are still alive. Turturro met Stempel to nail his high-pitched warble. Morrow got Goodwin's accent and cigar-chomping style by hanging out with him in Massachusetts. But Fiennes never met Van Doren. The flaxen-haired scholar has kept his life steadfastly private since 1959. (*Sept. 14*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** There's everything to gain. Critical faves like Fiennes and Turturro could become bona fide stars. Morrow could smooth his segue into movies. And Redford, who won an Oscar for *Ordinary People*, just might take his second home.

RIVER: MELISSA MOSELEY; QUIZ SHOW: BARRY WETCHER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JEAN D'ARMES: VAN DAMME IS COUNTING ON *TIMECOP* TO CATAPULT HIM TO ARNOLD-SIZE SUPERSTARDOM

TIMECOP

STARRING *Jean-Claude Van Damme, Mia Sara, Ron Silver.* **DIRECTED BY** *Peter Hyams.*

THIS TIME, Jean-Claude Van Damme is confident. The $28 million *Timecop*, he proclaims, is the movie that will catapult him to Schwarzeneggerian stardom. "It's the first time in my career I'm proud of a film, honest to God," says the Belgian butt-kicker. "If I'm working with the same type of director again, and the same type of story, I have a chance to have a big career." If Van Damme sounds impatient, it's understandable. After 13 films, including John Woo's blistering *Hard Target*, the big breakthrough still hasn't happened. That may change with his role as Max Walker, a sci-fi constable who hops from decade to decade rounding up time-traveling crooks. His hardest target: a reptilian politico (Silver) trying to buy his way into the White House with old (really old) money. Despite the action-packed concept, Hyams (*Outland*) is hoping viewers take to Van Damme's romantic side. That's not a typo. "[He's] a very charming, very funny, and very sweet guy," offers Hyams. "Steven Seagal is not a handsome guy, and Arnold Schwarzenegger is this huge kind of *thing*. Jean-Claude, though, is a very attractive guy." (*Sept. 16*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A more upscale career for Van Damme, who hopes to use this time-travel vehicle to leave his past behind.

THE NEW AGE

STARRING *Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Adam West, Patrick Bauchau, John Diehl.* **DIRECTED BY** *Michael Tolkin.*

I USED TO LIVE right off Melrose," says Tolkin of L.A.'s terminally trendy shopping district. "I witnessed the birth, success, and death of the street." Which made it the perfect site for the hip-to-the-zeitgeist author of *The Player* to mount a cautionary tale about the spiritual bankruptcy of the '80s. The story is told through one of this season's nastier pairs: an ex–talent agent (Weller) and his graphic-designer wife (Davis, who won the role after Isabelle Adjani left in a salary dispute). The two try to save their sinking fortune, marriage, and souls by opening a boutique. (The fake store, a few blocks from the popular industry haunt The Ivy, attracted would-be shoppers when the cameras weren't rolling.) "After *Naked Lunch* [in which they also costarred], Judy and I have begun calling ourselves the Astaire and Rogers of dysfunctional couples," says Weller. Like their characters, they had to work with limited resources, but the film's reported $7.5 million budget didn't stop them from acquiring the necessary accoutrements of style: Weller's pal Donna Karan let him select wardrobe off her racks.

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JUDY, JUDY, JUDY: DAVIS WITH *NEW AGE*-IST RACHEL ROSENTHAL IN MICHAEL TOLKIN'S SCATHING COMEDY

TIMECOP: JOSEPH LEDERER; *NEW AGE*: K.C. BAILEY

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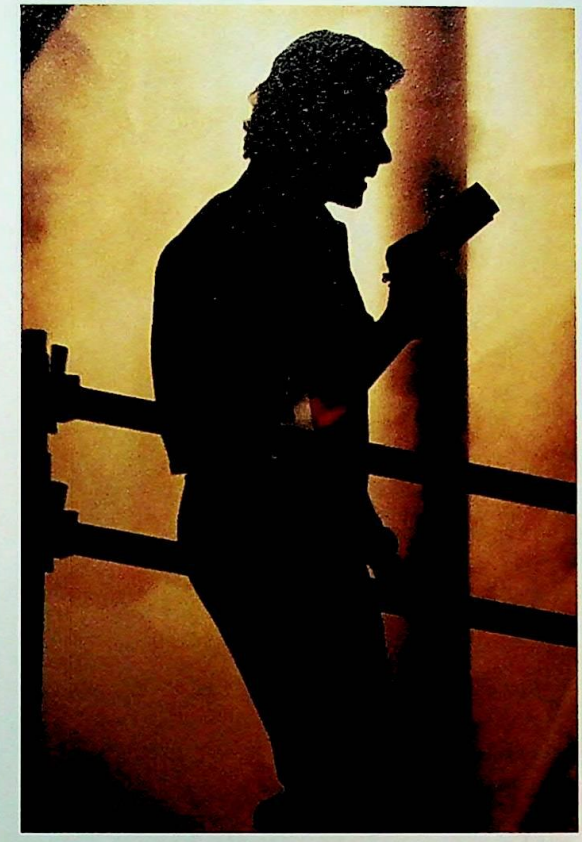

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TERMINAL VELOCITY

STARRING *Charlie Sheen, Nastassja Kinski, James Gandolfini.* **DIRECTED BY** *Deran Serafian.*

A SKYDIVING TEACHER (Sheen) takes a mysterious stranger (Kinski) out for her first lesson, only to watch as she free-falls to her death—or so it appears. Before you know it, *Velocity* is acquiring momentum from Russian spies, political intrigue, a romance, and a bag of gold. "It's a popcorn movie, but in its own sort of simple way, it says something," says Serafian. And what it's saying is *expensive*: Action sequences upped the budget to an estimated $50 million and gave Sheen's and Kinski's doubles plenty of camera time. Kinski may not have done her own tricks, but she was well prepared for her character's interior life. "I spent a lot of time in Russia, and met quite a few women working as spies," she says. "They seem normal, but basically, their everyday lives are training."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** The *Platoon* star's bankability as a viable action hero depends on the movie's success.

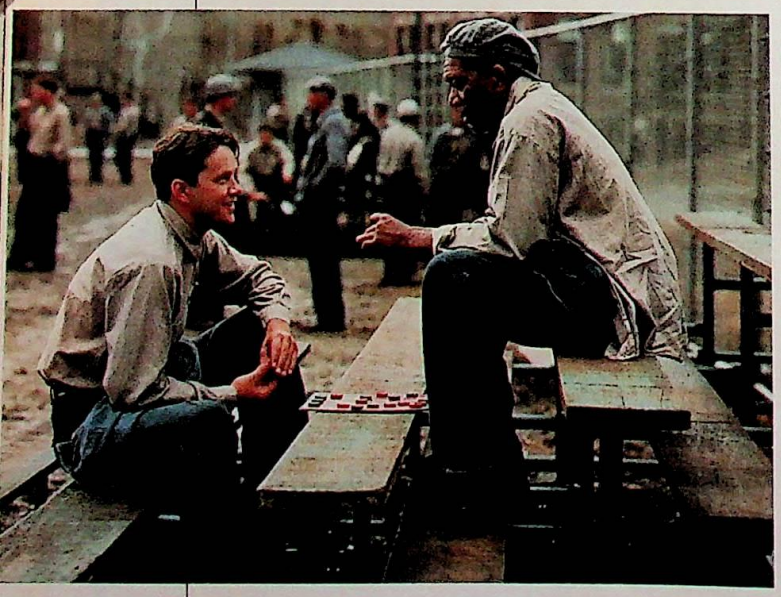
CHUTE TO KILL: SKYDIVER SHEEN FALLS FOR MYSTERY WOMAN KINSKI IN THE THRILLER *TERMINAL VELOCITY*

SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

STARRING *Tim Robbins, Morgan Freeman.* **DIRECTED BY** *Frank Darabont.*

LIKE *Stand by Me*, which came from the same 1982 collection, this Stephen King tale forgoes things that go bump in the night for more down-to-earth horrors—in this case, jail terms. *The Shawshank Redemption* begins in 1946 and follows a 20-year friendship between two cons, a quietly brainy banker (Robbins) and a lifer (Freeman) who smuggles coveted goods into prison. Although King saw Freeman's character, Red, as an Irishman, Darabont cast Freeman for his "innate earthy wisdom, without being sanctimonious." Plus, "he laughs really well," a skill that came in handy for a scene (later cut) in which Red brays for two minutes in his cell. Other than that, there was little hilarity in the Ohio reformatory that doubled for Maine's Shawshank State Prison. The 67-day shoot felt like a life sentence to some. "There's not one good radio station," says Robbins. "When you drive over the hill and that Cleveland station disappears, it's all prepackaged, Top 40, music-of-the-mall mentality." (*Sept. 23*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Darabont, who wouldn't sell his script unless he was allowed to direct it, needs to prove he was the best man for the job.



CHECKER MATES: ROBBINS AND FREEMAN AS LONGTIME PRISON BUDDIES IN *THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION*

WHAT HAPPENED WAS...

STARRING *Tom Noonan, Karen Sillas.* **DIRECTED BY** *Tom Noonan.*

NEW YORK PLAYWRIGHT Noonan barely made it to the Sundance Film Festival. His two-person play about an awkward date was shot in 11 days for $300,000, and patched together just 12 hours before the Sundance deadline—which was fortunate, since his directorial debut won both the festival's screenwriting and Grand Jury prizes, as well as a reported six-figure distribution deal with Goldwyn. Costar Sillas (*Simple Men*) immediately shot into the big leagues, landing the starring role on CBS' fall

SHAWSHANK: MICHAEL WEINSTEIN; VELOCITY: BOB MARSHAK

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detective drama *Under Suspicion*. But Noonan, who's acted in some of Hollywood's biggest boondoggles (*Heaven's Gate, Last Action Hero*), doesn't ache for blockbuster budgets: "If I'm going to ask for millions of dollars, I'd have to feel incredibly confident that my little idea was worth it," he says. "And it's hard for me to imagine that anything I had to say was worth that much." (*Sept. 9*)

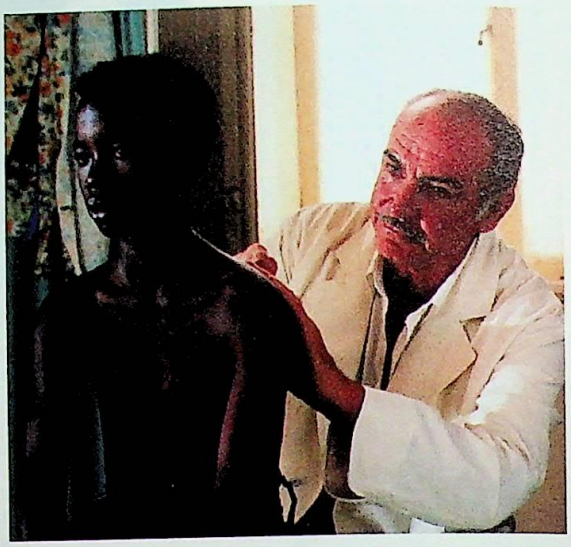
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Art-house respect.

A GOOD MAN IN AFRICA

STARRING *Colin Friels, Sean Connery, John Lithgow, Diana Rigg, Louis Gossett Jr., Joanne Whalley-Kilmer.* **DIRECTED BY** *Bruce Beresford.*

"MY CHARACTER thinks his situation is hell and he'll never get out of it, so he might as well have sex and drink himself to death," says Friels of Morgan Leafy, a mid-level diplomat pinned under a bureaucratic boss (Lithgow) at the British Embassy in a fictional West African capital. Scripted by hot British novelist William Boyd, the comedy spears corrupt statecraft and the shoddy Leafy, who bungles things so badly (two of his girlfriends are married to business associates) that he must bribe the one good man in Africa, Zen-calm golfer Dr. Alex Murray (Connery). Says producer Mark Tarlov: "It's sort of like *A Fish Called Wanda* meets Graham Greene." (*Sept. 9*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Credit for a save. According to Friels, preview audience confusion over the plot's twists and turns generated an extra round of editing.



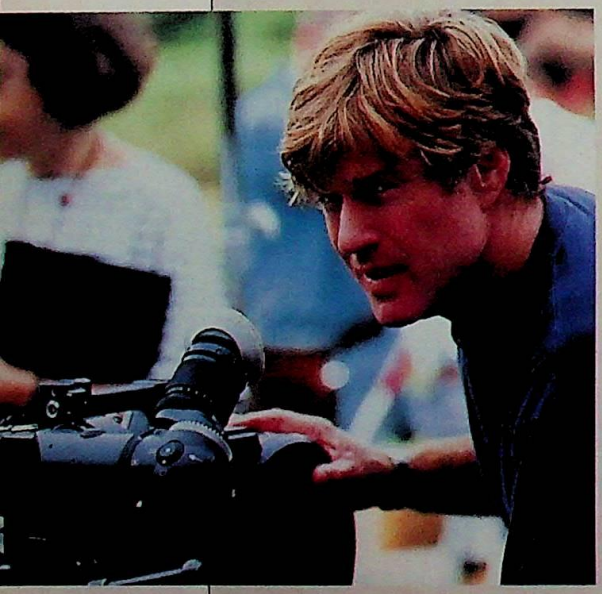
DOCTOR-PATIENT BOND: CONNERY'S GOLFING PHYSICIAN FINDS THE CONDITIONS BELOW PAR IN *AFRICA*

TRIAL BY JURY

STARRING *William Hurt, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, Armand Assante, Gabriel Byrne.* **DIRECTED BY** *Heywood Gould.*

A JUROR IN A Mafia murder trial faces the dilemma of whether to convict or acquit a ruthless criminal when the Mob threatens her 7-year-old son's life. It's a catchy

OSCAR WATCH



FIRST HUNCH: When the Academy Award nominations are announced next February, the makers of *Forrest Gump* may discover that life really *is* like a box of chocolates. Second hunch: At this point, it's probably unwise to bet on the first hunch. Oscar mavens know that no matter what's been released so far, the real contest is only now beginning. Last year, 15 of the 20 acting nominations and four of the five Best Picture nods went to films released after Labor Day.

That's why the film industry is looking to *Quiz Show*, directed by Robert Redford (left), to inaugurate the guessing-game season; word is particularly good on the performances of 1993 nominee Ralph Fiennes as contestant Charles Van Doren and 72-year-old Paul Scofield (a 1966 winner for *A Man for All Seasons*) as his father.

Also in contention: first-time director Frank Darabont's Stephen King adaptation, *The Shawshank Redemption*, and Academy darling Meryl Streep, rowing in the suspense thriller *The River Wild* for her 10th nomination overall and eighth in the so-far-underpopulated category of Best Actress.

AFRICA: UBERTO ADAGIO; REDFORD: BARRY WETCHER

Toni Braxton (La Face) 00420

Stone Temple Pilots: Core (Atlantic) 00981

Salt-N-Pepa: Very Necessary (Next Plateau/London) 01595

Snoop Doggy Dogg: Doggystyle (Interscope) 01692 ♯

Zinman: Góreckl, Symphony No. 3 (Nonesuch) 00110 ℄

R.E.M.: Automatic For The People (Warner Bros.) 00121

Garth Brooks: The Chase (Liberty) 00141

Red Hot Chili Peppers: What Hits!? (EMI) 00144 ♯

AC/DC: Live (Atlantic) 00201

Neil Young: Harvest Moon (Reprise) 00208

Phil Collins: Serious Hits...Live! (Atlantic) 00324

Steely Dan: Aja (MCA) 00409

Brooks & Dunn: Hard Workin' Man (Arista) 00857

Cecilia Bartoli: If You Love Me — Arie Antiche (London) 00862

Ugly Kid Joe: America's Least Wanted (Mercury) 01204 ♯

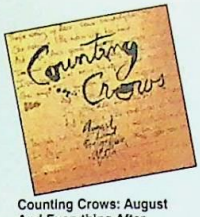
Sting: Ten Summoner's Tales (A&M) 01334

Dwight Yoakam: This Time (Reprise) 01360

Frank Sinatra: Sinatra And Sextet: Live In Paris (Reprise) 01407

Patty Loveless: Greatest Hits (MCA) 01514

Kiss: Alive 3 (Mercury) 01515



Counting Crows: August And Everything After (Geffen) 02409

Ace Of Base: The Sign (Arista) 02354

Little Texas: Big Time (Warner Bros.) 01567

Guns N'Roses: The Spaghetti Incident (Geffen) 01570 ♯

The Beavis & Butt-Head Experience (Geffen) 01571 ♯

Blackhawk (Arista) 01588

Elton John: Duets (MCA) 01609

Shal: Right Back At Cha (Remix) (Gasoline Alley/MCA) 01610

Jodeci: Diary Of A Mad Band (Uptown) 01615 ♯

Souls Of Mischief: 93 'Til Infinity (Jive) 01624

Spice 1: 187 He Wrote (Jive) 01626 ♯

The London Philharmonic Orchestra: Symphonic Music Of Yes (RCA Victor) 01685

A Blitz Of Salt-N-Pepa: The Hits Remixed (London) 01822

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Randy Travis: This Is Me (Warner Bros.) 03171

The Smithereens: A Date With The Smithereens (RCA) 02737

A Tribute To Miles (Qwest/Reprise) 02741

John Scofield & Pat Metheny: I Can See Your House From Here (Blue Note) 02744

Sammy Hagar: Unboxed (Geffen) 02745

Suzy Bogguss: Greatest Hits (Liberty) 02748

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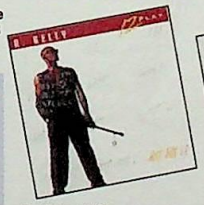

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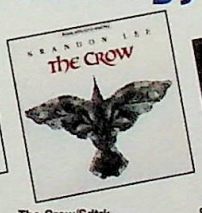
ZZ Top: Antenna (RCA) 02391

Ramones: All The Stuff (And More), Vol. I (Sire) 02045



The Crow/Sdtrk, (Atlantic) 03173

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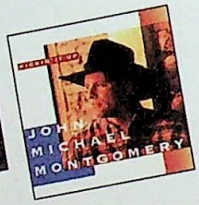

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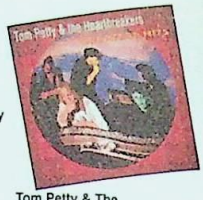

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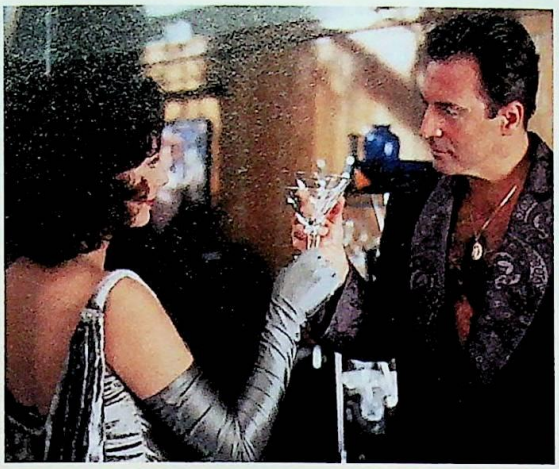


GLASS ACT: WHALLEY-KILMER'S JUROR MEETS WITH MOB BOSS ASSANTE IN THE THRILLER *TRIAL BY JURY*

concept for a courtroom drama—catchy enough, in fact, for two different movies. Early this year, Columbia spent $1.5 million for a novel called *The Juror*, only to realize that its plot was similar to *Deadlock*, a script the studio had dumped a few years ago. Put on the fast track by its new owner, Morgan Creek, *Deadlock* became *Trial by Jury*. Gould rewrote the plot-hook–filled screenplay, which pits a former cop–turned–Mob hire (Hurt) against a U.S. attorney (Byrne). "I wanted to highlight the reality of the American justice system," the director says, "which is not so much a matter of right versus wrong but of lawyers in competition with one another." (*Sept. 9*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** The future of fictionalized courtroom dramas in an era when television is already full of real ones.

THE PROFESSIONAL

STARRING *Gary Oldman, Jean Reno, Natalie Portman, Danny Aiello.* **DIRECTED BY** *Luc Besson.*

IN THE FIRST American thriller from the French director of *La Femme Nikita*, a French hit man (Reno) tries to vanish by becoming a little fish in a big, scary pond: the streets of New York. But while avoiding his nemesis (Oldman), he befriends a waif (Portman) who becomes his undoing. "No weapons, no army can destroy him," says Besson, "only this perfect innocence." If that sounds *un peu sentimental* for a thriller, this movie represents a truce between French filmmaking and Hollywood style in other ways: There *is* a big action climax, but it's shot *inside* an apartment building. "It's 350 shots in 12 minutes," Besson says. "I like to use the normal settings that everyone knows—bathroom, kitchen, corridors. It's scarier." (*Sept. 30*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** An American career for Besson if he can score a mainstream success.

SLEEP WITH ME

STARRING *Meg Tilly, Eric Stoltz, Craig Sheffer.* **DIRECTED BY** *Rory Kelly.*

THE ONLY THING we could afford was witty dialogue," quips Stoltz of this under–$3 million ensemble experiment, in which six writers were each assigned a crucial scene and actors with a knack for improvisation helped fill the spaces in between. The result is a droll comedy about three buddies whose friendship is tested

PARTY POOPER: DEA BOSS OLDMAN (LEFT) DINING WITH LITTLE ITALY BIGSHOT AIELLO IN *THE PROFESSIONAL*

JURY: GAIL HARVEY. PROFESSIONAL: PATRICK CAMBOULIVE

SEPTEMBER

when two (Stoltz and Tilly) decide to wed and the third (Sheffer) discovers he's in love with his best friend's wife. Tilly calls the process that led to *Sleep* "guerrilla commune filmmaking," and actors shooting from the hip produced at least one direct hit: Quentin Tarantino's scene-stealing soliloquy on homoeroticism in *Top Gun*.

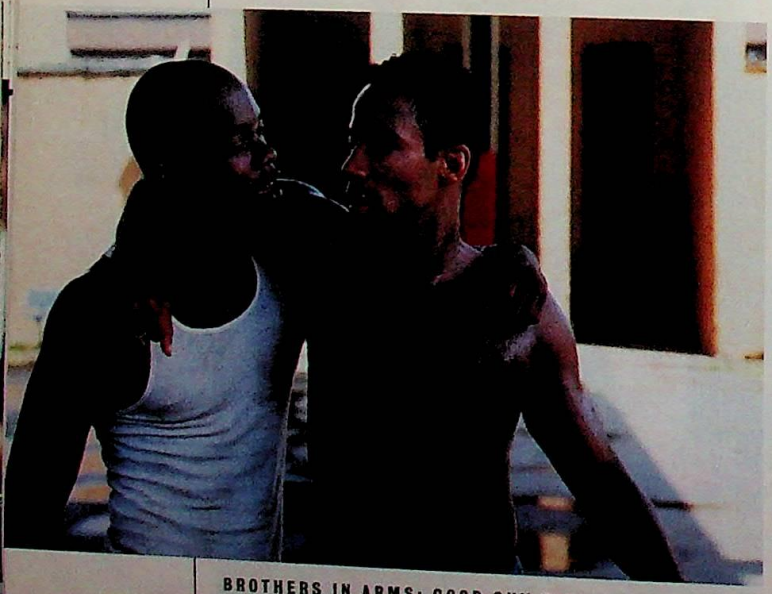
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For MGM, *Sleep* was too cheap to pose any risk. The real danger: too many cooks.

JASON'S LYRIC

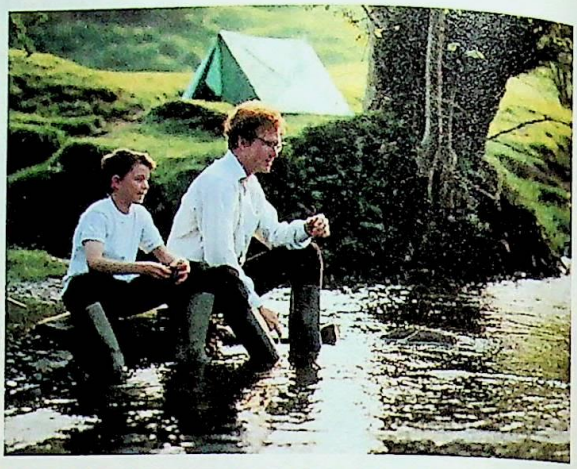
STARRING *Allen Payne, Jada Pinkett, Forest Whitaker, Bokeem Woodbine, Suzzanne Douglas, Eddie Griffin, Lahmard J. Tate.* **DIRECTED BY** *Doug McHenry.*

IS HOLLYWOOD ready for a black *Romeo and Juliet*? After watching the MPAA slap an NC-17 on what he calls a "passionate love story in an urban wasteland"—the rough Houston neighborhood where this family drama takes place—McHenry thinks not. "The violence didn't bother them," he says. "They were uncomfortable [with] sexual intimacy between African-Americans," specifically some moments McHenry has since toned down to earn an R rating. But there's plenty of adult material left in the often brutal movie, which explores the effects of a father's tragic death on his sons—Joshua (Woodbine), a jailbird/gang member, and Jason (Payne), a gentle appliance-store clerk. McHenry hopes *Jason* will win the respect of young moviegoers. "I'm attempting to put a role model out there," he says. "He's not a rapper, a gangster, or an athlete. He's an everyday guy." (*Sept. 30*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A directing career for sophomore McHenry, who's better known as a producer (of the last two *House Party* films and *New Jack City*).



BROTHERS IN ARMS: GOOD GUY PAYNE (RIGHT) TRIES TO KEEP WOODBINE FROM HITTING BOTTOM IN *LYRIC*



BACHELOR FATHER: HURT, AS A WELSH POSTMASTER, HANGS OUT WITH ADOPTED SON MILES IN *SECOND BEST*

SECOND BEST

STARRING *William Hurt, Prunella Scales, Jane Horrocks, Keith Allen, Christopher Cleary Miles.* **DIRECTED BY** *Chris Menges.*

WILLIAM HURT returns to the role of a thoughtful, soft-spoken type, this time as Graham Holt, postmaster of Pilleth, a quiet Welsh village near the English border. A 40ish bachelor who feels life is passing him by, Holt seeks to overcome his own stunted upbringing by adopting a son. What he gets is a 10-year-old London scamp (Miles) who, despite his urban-nightmare past, still worships his loutish natural father. A showdown between the two men beckons.

Hurt's Radnorshire dialect was rounded out with assistance from a farming neighbor of British director Menges. In exchange, the actor helped feed the farmer's sheep and deliver the season's new lambs. How was Hurt as a hired hand? "Excellent," reports Menges. "He's pretty strong, which is what you've got to be." (*Sept. 30*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Not a whole lot. By Menges' own admission, it's a "tiny story."

A SIMPLE TWIST OF FATE

STARRING *Steve Martin, Gabriel Byrne, Catherine O'Hara, Laura Linney, Stephen Baldwin.* **DIRECTED BY** *Gillies MacKinnon.*

IT DOESN'T SOUND like typical Steve Martin fare—a mother dies in a snowstorm, leaving her toddler to wander into the house of a stranger (Martin) and transform the man's reclusive and miserly life. But Martin wrote the script, which gets even heavier when a shady politician (Byrne) claims to be the child's father. Nonetheless,

LYRIC: STEVE SCHOR; SECOND BEST: CLIVE COOTE

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"Heads, I'll have a great-tasting imported beer."

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You win. Who says nothing's perfect.

SEPTEMBER

Twist's makers insist that it has funny moments; it's just that, as costar O'Hara puts it, Martin is "serious about his comedy." Scottish director MacKinnon (*The Playboys*) was apprehensive about dealing with rowdy Yanks. "I thought that when I came to America, the actors would start acting up," says MacKinnon, who made a preemptive strike by coordinating his own practical joke, which involved Martin, a bagpiper, and a jig. Well, maybe you had to be there. Or from Scotland. (*Sept. 2*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Not much; Disney is planning a quiet release for this offbeat oddity.

BLUE SKY

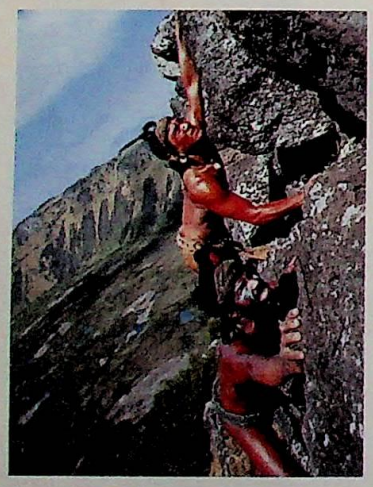
STARRING *Jessica Lange, Tommy Lee Jones, Amy Locane, Chris O'Donnell.* **DIRECTED BY** *Tony Richardson.*

BLUE SKY may have been one of the 10 films orphaned by Orion's 1991 bankruptcy, but its tale about a military scientist (Jones) tortured by his wanton wife (Lange) is firmly rooted in screenwriter Rama Laurie Stagner's own family drama. Like Jones' character, Stagner's military scientist father was institutionalized in 1963 and diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic. She recalls the devastation of seeing the father she revered "literally foaming at the mouth and stitching wallets." During the 1988 Writers Guild strike, Stagner mined those painful memories, and hints dropped by her now 68-year-old dad, and wrote *Blue Sky* on spec, a gamble that paid off in May 1990 when Richardson (*Tom Jones*) began filming. Though some say Jones' *Fugitive* Oscar makes *Sky* well worth the wait, others feel some trepidation: "Oh, please," wails former *Melrose Place* actress Amy Locane, 22, "I look like I'm *10*!" (*Sept. 16*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Honorable epitaphs for Orion and Richardson, who died in November 1991 after completing this film.

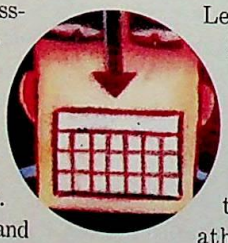
BIG BAD MAMA: *BLUE SKY*'S OUT-OF-CONTROL LANGE TAKES LOCANE (LEFT) AND ANNA KLEMP ON A WILD RIDE

ALSO IN SEPTEMBER

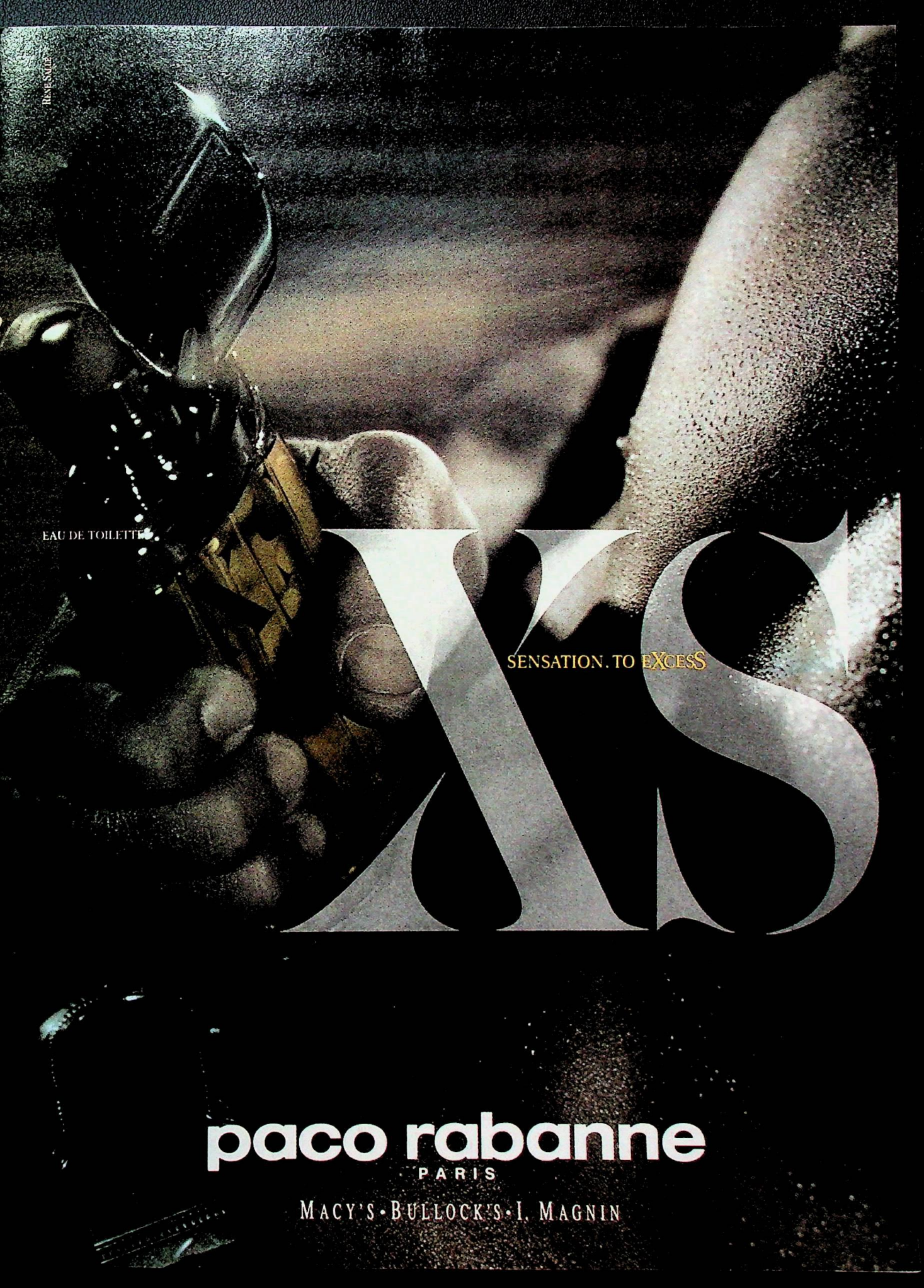


BOOTED FROM its original release date in August, **The Next Karate Kid** (the fourth film in the series) sees Noriyuki "Pat" Morita teaching a new generation to wax on, wax off.

Another summer holdout, **The Scout**, throws wild pitcher Brendan Fraser into the majors. Making her big-screen debut, k.d. lang stars as a woman in Alaska who passes for a man in **Salmonberries**. **The Glass Shield** teams Michael Boatman (*China Beach*) and Lori Petty as officers out to expose LAPD corruption. The Stillers (Ben, Jerry, and Anne Meara) help move along **Heavyweights**, a comic battle between a weight-loss camp and a fitness camp. Mysterious beauty Phoebe Cates dupes 19th-century English villagers into thinking she must be the Javanese **Princess Caraboo**. It's time for androgyny in Julia Sweeney's feature-length *Saturday Night Live* sketch, **It's Pat**. An unparalleled box office success in Germany, **Making Up!** pokes fun at romance. In **Rapa Nui**, Jason Scott Lee (left top) plays a prince fighting for love and a dynasty on 16th-century Easter Island. Deception rules **Great Moments in Aviation** as a group of travelers, including Jonathan Pryce and Vanessa Redgrave, bond on a transatlantic cruise. Winner of Best Director at Cannes, Nanni Moretti's **Caro Diario** (*Dear Diary*) documents the Italian director's daily life in Rome. In 1930s Latin America, Marcello Mastroianni overcomes a town's prejudice to fall for a dwarf in **I Don't Want to Talk About It**.



SKY: CLIFF LIPSON; RAPA NUI: BEN GLASS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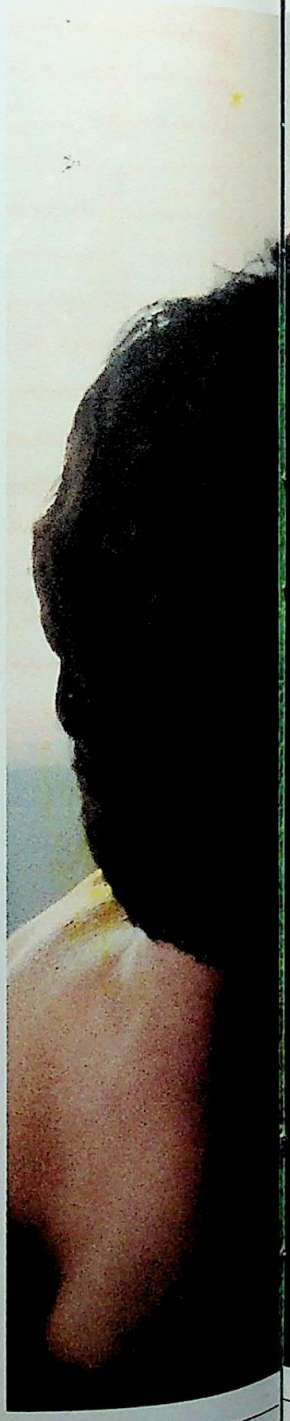
THE SPEC

STARRING SHARON STONE, SYLVESTER STALLONE, JAM

Or, *Mad Bomber Strikes Again. Speed* lit up the box office and *Blown Away* bombed this summer, and here's yet another movie about some quick-witted, short-fused villains. This time, Stallone stars as an explosives expert hired to help Stone wreak revenge on the Cuban-American mafia types (Steiger and Roberts) who murdered her family when she was a little girl. Woods shows up as Stallone's old nemesis (or the Tommy Lee Jones role for all you *Blown Away* fans). ◆ Has the world had enough blowups for one movie year? No, says Llosa, directing his first big-budget assignment. Besides, "all our explosions take place in a movie that wants to have a lot of sensuality," he says, "a lot of mood, a lot of atmosphere, and basically, character relationships." This means that, yes, Stone and Stallone do ignite on screen. But lest Llosa sell the film short, he adds, "I mean, you'll see explosions, don't get me wrong." ◆ One of the movie's more memorable blowups shakes the walls of Miami's swank Fountainbleau Hotel, which the production team re-created in the form of a seven-story replica. In a surgical strike, Stallone's character blasts a glassed-in, terrace-like suite overlooking the ocean out of the building, "like an elevator gone mad," says Llosa. ◆ Many insiders



SPARKS FLY: STONE'S SIREN AVENGER AND STALLONE'S BOMB EXPERT WORK UP A BIT OF STEAM IN *THE SPECIALIST*

RON PHILLIPS

CIALIST

ES WOODS, ROD STEIGER, ERIC ROBERTS. DIRECTED BY LUIS LLOSA.

OCTOBER

expected the Miami set itself to be explosive, given the reportedly mercurial temperaments of Stone, Stallone, Steiger, Woods, and Roberts—and the director's inexperience with big American movie stars. A Peruvian TV and film producer-director, Llosa was discovered by American junk auteur Roger Corman only four years ago, and his only major credit until now was last year's *Sniper*, starring Tom Berenger. "It's true that all these people have reputations for being difficult," he concedes. He compensated by having his crew hyper-prepared by the time the stars arrived. "If [the cast] saw any kind of hesitation from the director, they would eat me alive," he says. "I did a lot of homework."

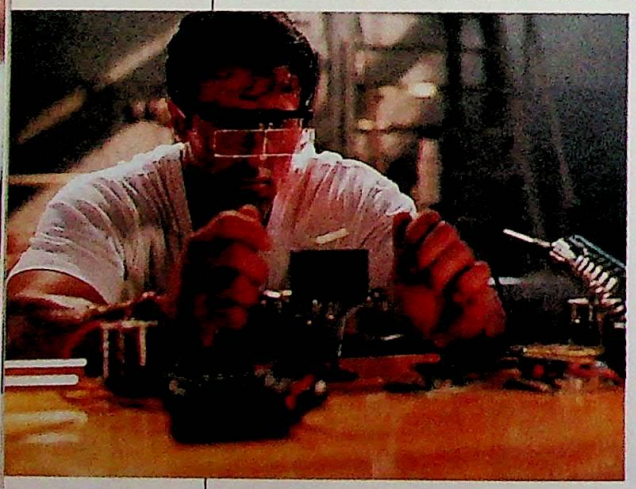
He says that Stallone and Stone "were good friends and that made things a lot easier." That was especially important when the two stars began filming the love scenes. "When they had to be naked in front of the camera and making love and all that," says Llosa, "they really went for it in a professional way."

But isn't Stone a lot, uh, taller than her love interest?

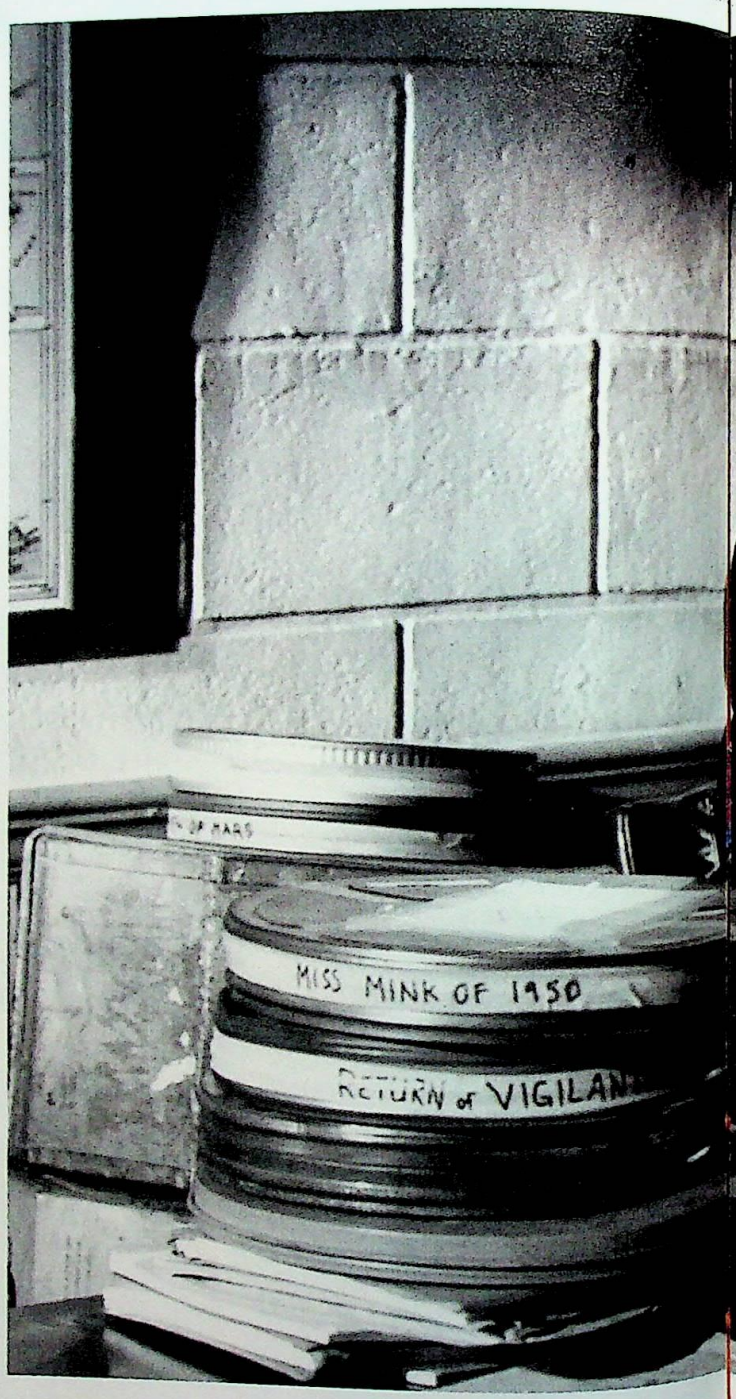
"When you see them together," says Llosa, who's mastering Hollywood diplomacy, "it doesn't stand out." (*Oct. 7*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Though the world expects—and forgives—a flop from Stallone about every other year, Stone could use a hit to retain her two-year-old *Basic Instinct* heat.

BOMB PREVENTION: PYRO MASTER STALLONE HOPES THAT *THE SPECIALIST* WILL EXPLODE



STARRING JOHNNY DEPP, MARTIN LANDAU,



ED WO

SARAH JESSICA PARKER, PATRICIA ARQUETTE. DIRECTED BY TIM BURTON.

OOD

ONLY A SINGULAR and powerful Hollywood director could ignite a bidding war over a film about the man once voted "worst director of all time." But in April of '93, with Tim Burton intent on shooting the Ed Wood story in the same glorious black and white that Wood used in such surpassing '50s schlock as *Glen or Glenda* and *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, Columbia bailed, and at least three major studios began vying for the peculiar prize. (Disney prevailed.) "If directors of Tim's stature don't stand up for their vision, then nobody can," lauds Patricia Arquette, who plays Wood's wife, Kathy.

As in their previous collaboration, 1990's *Edward Scissorhands*, Burton and Depp find both pathos and humor in the title character. Wood, who died in 1978, liked to relax at home in something comfortable, like his wife's sweater. But *Ed Wood*, which covers four years in the mid-'50s when the director made his landmark films, doesn't mock the man's private or professional choices. "I think Ed was as much an artist as anyone in the industry," says Depp. "With what he had available—which was not a lot of money, and not the greatest actors—he made good films. He stayed true to himself."

It took practice for Depp to be true to Wood. "I'd get home, put a slip on, some high heels, hang out," he recalls. "Wearing bullet bras, garters, the whole shebang has given me newfound respect for women and profound respect for transvestites. It takes serious commitment for a man to really want to dress as a woman."

***ED*-IFYING ROLE: WEARING WOMEN'S LINGERIE GAVE DEPP (IN WOOD'S OFFICE DUDS HERE) "PROFOUND RESPECT FOR TRANSVESTITES"**

How did Depp look? "Lovely, he's got a great pair of gams," says Arquette, who's behind the Depp-in-a-dress concept. "It's nice—one of the most beautiful, wanted men in the world exploring and expressing something that's not everyone's idea of manliness. And it's a good laugh."

Always a friend to misfits, Wood employed his fellow cross-dressers (Bill Murray portrays stock player Bunny Breckinridge, who spends the movie longing for a sex change) and neglected actors, like Bela Lugosi (Martin Landau), whose morphine addiction made other work scarce in the '50s. Lugosi's name still helped Wood raise capital, and unlike the rest of his troupe, the man who was Dracula could act. "Most of the others could barely say their names without bobbling, including Wood's girlfriend, Dolores Fuller [Parker]," says Landau, whose portrayal has insiders buzzing about an Oscar. "If there was a train wreck three inches away, she'd look as if she'd been lobotomized, and as if she'd done it herself." (*Oct. 7*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** *Batman* director Burton could be crowned the new King Midas if his man-in-a-dress does even a quarter of the business of his $250 million man-in-a-cape.

STALLONE: RON PHILLIPS

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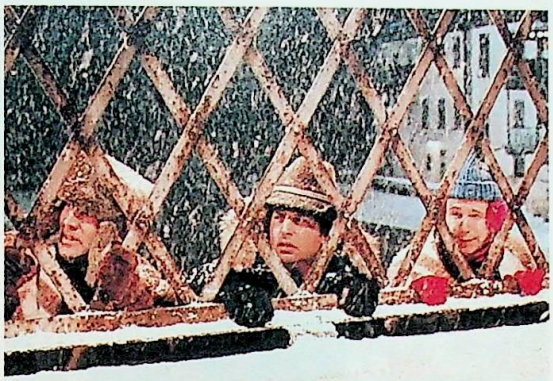


TROUBLE IN *PARADISE*: LOCALS WARD OFF A BANK HEIST BY BROTHERS GRIM—CAGE, LOVITZ, AND CARVEY

WELCOME TO PARADISE

STARRING *Dana Carvey, Jon Lovitz, Nicolas Cage.* **DIRECTED BY** *George Gallo.*

ANY FLICK that casts Carvey, Lovitz, and Cage as brothers gets bonus points for chutzpah. The three play the Firpos, nudnick hoods from New York City who mastermind a Christmas Eve bank heist in a Pennsylvania cow town called Paradise—only to be thwarted by the locals' over-the-top geniality. "*Midnight Run* meets *It's a Wonderful Life*," is how Carvey describes it.

Filmed last winter in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, the production endured the region's coldest weather in decades—but still had to import a reported 25 tons of potato flakes to simulate a yuletide blizzard. And speaking of flakes: Lovitz, *Saturday Night Live*'s pathological liar, who plays another compulsive fibber in the film, sees *Paradise* as a career breakthrough. "I'm not doing a character," he says. "It's pretty much my own voice and personality." Yeah, that's the ticket.

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Of the three amigos, Cage is hot compared with the full-time comics; Carvey needs to prove there's life outside *Wayne's World*; Lovitz still has some explaining to do for *Mom and Dad Save the World*.

PULP FICTION

STARRING *John Travolta, Samuel L. Jackson, Bruce Willis, Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Rosanna Arquette, Amanda Plummer, Eric Stoltz, Christopher Walken, Harvey Keitel.* **DIRECTED BY** *Quentin Tarantino.*

A TRIPTYCH OF brutal (and often brutally funny) tales of thugs, drugs, and dumb lugs, *Pulp Fiction* is riding a wave of good buzz that began last spring when it took the Palme d'Or at Cannes. It's already being flagged as a career-resuscitator for Travolta, who impressed Tarantino by beating him in a *Welcome Back, Kotter* board game. "Quentin gave me my job back," says the actor, who plays a philosophically inclined hit man. "I've *never* been surrounded by so many good actors." And in a nod to *Saturday Night Fever* fans, Travolta even takes to the dance floor to do a stylized twist with drug-addicted gangster's moll Thurman. On the set, Tarantino, a walking film encyclopedia, had a film reference for every occasion: To get Travolta and Thurman in the mood for their pas de deux, he showed them a scene from Jean-Luc Godard's *Band of Outsiders*, and a screening of an old Aldo Ray film inspired Willis' boxer's buzz cut. "Bruce is the only major star," claims Tarantino, "who actually *looks* like those actors from the '50s." (*Oct. 7*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Career boosts for everyone involved, and probable punishment for the TriStar exec who made the foolish decision to put this $8 million film into turnaround last year (Tarantino went to Miramax instead).

NOBODY'S FOOL

STARRING *Paul Newman, Melanie Griffith, Jessica Tandy, Bruce Willis.* **DIRECTED BY** *Robert Benton.*

SURE HANDS at work: Updating his charming ne'er-do-well roles from *Hud* and *The Hustler*, Newman plays Donald "Sully" Sullivan, a hard-luck construction worker

HEAVY HITTERS: CANNES FAVE *PULP FICTION* DREW WORLD-CLASS KUDOS FOR GUNMEN TRAVOLTA (LEFT) AND JACKSON

PARADISE: JONATHAN WENK; FICTION: LINDA R. CHEN

trying to reunite with the son he abandoned long ago; Benton returns to the kind of story that won him Oscars for *Places in the Heart* and *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Keeping up with these old pros (Newman is 69, Benton, 61) was a concern for cast and crew. For Griffith, who plays Toby, Sully's love interest, it was her second chance to act with Newman. "When I was 17," she says, "he told me, 'If you want to be an actress, you better study.' So to work with him now, I was petrified. But he was so helpful." Others didn't fare so well. Cinematographer Roger Deakins was replaced by John Bailey mid-shoot. "I would prefer not to talk about that, since they're both friends of mine," says Benton. "We didn't lose any days, and the transition between their styles is seamless." (*Oct. 7*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Besides Oscar chips for Newman and Benton, there's Willis. His unbilled performance as Sully's sometime boss and Toby's husband could add to the actor-of-substance aura he'll carry from *Pulp Fiction*.

RADIOLAND MURDERS

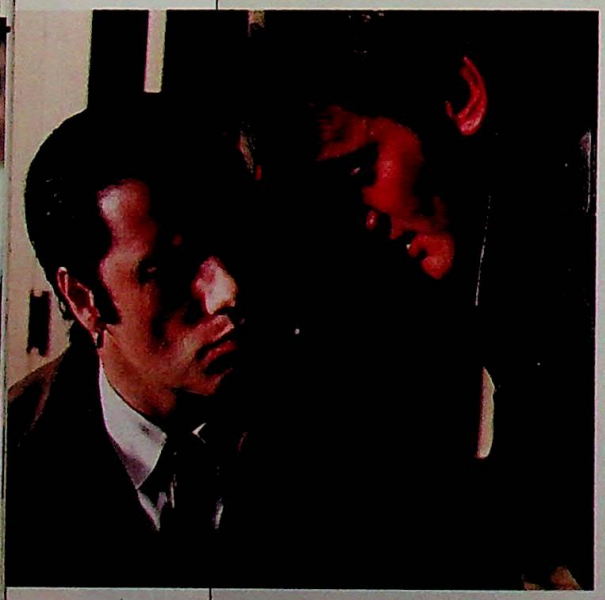
STARRING *Brian Benben, Mary Stuart Masterson, Ned Beatty, Mel Smith.* **DIRECTED BY** *Mel Smith.*

TAKE *The Larry Sanders Show*, set it in 1939, sprinkle liberally with corpses, and you have *Radioland Murders*, a comedy-thriller that marks *Star Wars* czar George Lucas' return to producing feature films. Masterson (*Fried Green Tomatoes*) is the harried assistant to a live radio show, fighting with a soon-to-be-ex-husband (Benben of HBO's *Dream On*) and an unseen murderer. According to Benben, director Smith (*The Tall Guy*) encouraged improvisation—no easy feat, Benben says, "when you're running in and out of rooms and hanging off buildings." But it wasn't getting smacked with doors and dangling from ledges that he minded most: "Frighteningly, I wear women's clothing—it's pretty scary to see. I don't think I'm optimally attractive." (*Oct. 21*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** *Star Wars* 4, 5, and 6, so be nice; if Lucas doesn't like the reception he gets, another long retreat could be in store.

HOOFS AND MOUTH AT EASE: BENBEN AND HIS CHORUS PROVIDE A LIGHT INTERLUDE IN *RADIOLAND MURDERS*

OSCAR WATCH



WHEN YOU'RE looking for an Oscar nomination, it helps to have one or two on your résumé already, and October will see a handful of one-time voter favorites seeking to up their career totals. Woody Allen already has 16 nominations (10 for writing, five for directing, and one for acting) to his credit, and if the Academy is in a forgiving mood, he could improve the tally with the period comedy *Bullets Over Broadway* (actresses Dianne Wiest and Jennifer Tilly could also be recognized for their supporting roles). Other repeaters might include seven-time nominee Paul Newman and six-time writer-director nominee Robert Benton, teaming up for *Nobody's Fool*, and Anthony Hopkins, looking for his third Best Actor nomination in four years for *The Road to Wellville*. But the real October surprise could come from a newcomer, Quentin Tarantino (left, with his star John Travolta), whose violent and comic *Pulp Fiction* will arrive with both good omens—the top prize at Cannes, a roster of great performances, all but certain critical raves—and high hurdles, chief among them the kind of bloodshed that can turn off older Oscar voters.

RADIOLAND: KEITH HAMSHERE; FICTION: LINDA R. CHEN

THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE

STARRING *Anthony Hopkins, Bridget Fonda, Matthew Broderick, John Cusack, Dana Carvey, John Neville.* **DIRECTED BY** *Alan Parker.*

BY THE TURN of the century, America's obsession with what went into its collective mouth was in full bloom, and one of the leading faddists was none other than cornflake baron John Kellogg himself. T. Coraghessan Boyle captured the feeding frenzy in his 1993 satirical novel. Now Alan Parker (*Mississippi Burning*) has transformed Boyle's story into what he calls a "crazy project." Surrounded by gizmos and gadgets that test their muscles, digestive tracts, and mental well-being, the early-20th-century cereal-and-health-spa king (Hopkins) and his clients (Fonda and Broderick) slowly lose their sanity. "I've been through so many things in this movie," the poked, prodded, and electrocuted Broderick says of the farce. "There's a scene where I have to give a stool sample. I fake vomit twice. They can't embarrass me anymore." As for casting Hopkins as an eccentric buck-toothed American, Parker says, "He's getting away from his repressed British roles. His accent is a cross between Teddy Roosevelt and W.C. Fields, with a bit of John Huston thrown in." (*Oct. 21*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A larger readership for cult fave Boyle, and a chance for Broderick and Fonda to gain footholds as serious—and marketable—comedic actors.

MURDER IN THE FIRST

STARRING *Christian Slater, Kevin Bacon, Gary Oldman, Embeth Davidtz.* **DIRECTED BY** *Marc Rocco.*

TOM CRUISE and Charlie Sheen were among the many stars attached to *Murder in the First* while it was in development. But almost everyone was intimidated by the grim intensity of this real-life drama about Henri Young (Bacon), who in 1941, after three years of solitary confinement in Alcatraz, killed an inmate who snitched on him. In his defense, an idealistic Ivy League lawyer (Slater) argued that the infamous prison turned Young into a murderer through its inhumane treatment.

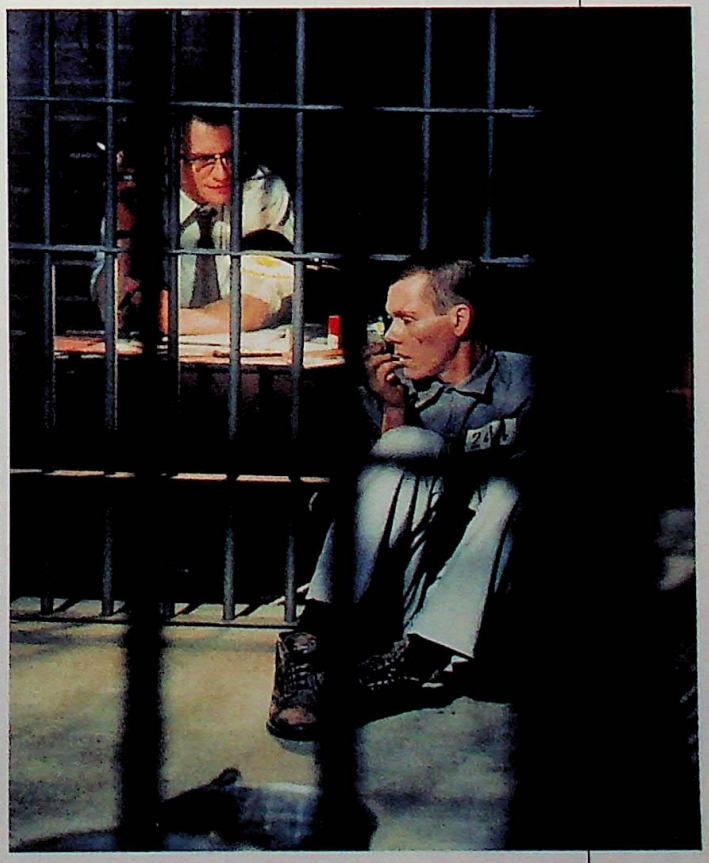
Even though Bacon was ready for the "most rugged" project of his career, nobody was prepared for Jan. 17, when an all-night shoot on a San Fernando Valley soundstage was interrupted at 4:31 a.m. by the 6.8 Northridge earthquake. A broken arm was the worst injury suffered that morning, but the endless aftershocks made the subsequent dungeon sequences even more torturous. "I was naked and shackled to the walls and covered in dirt and water," Bacon recalls. "I had live bugs crawling on my head, a poisonous spider almost bit me on the ass, and live rats were chewing on my leg." Well, not quite: Bacon's calf was covered by a five-inch-long silicone appliance slathered with peanut butter. But, admits Rocco, "Kevin was certainly vulnerable, to say the least."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Heavy-duty dramatic roles for Bacon if this or *The River Wild* catches on.

STARGATE

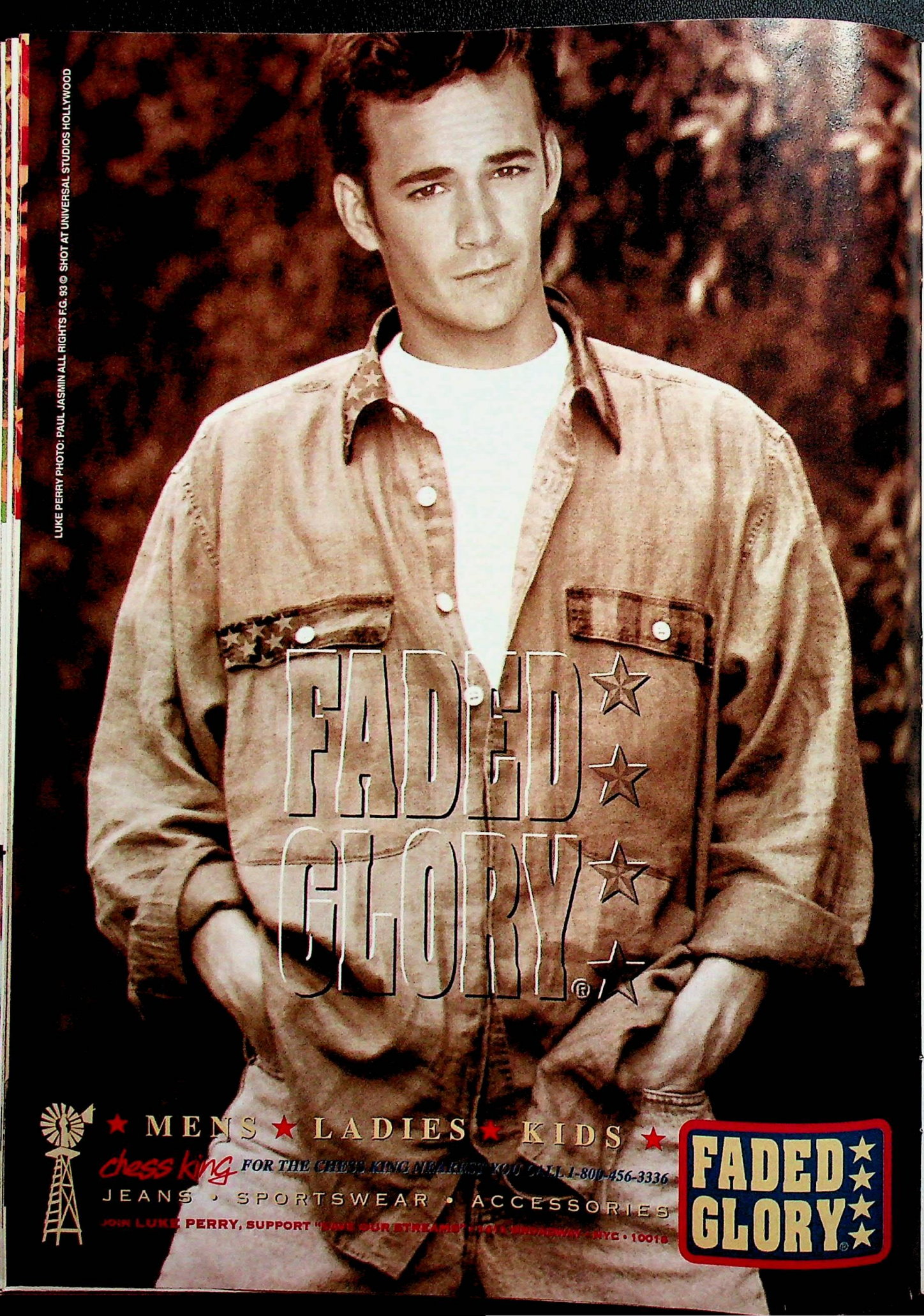
STARRING *Kurt Russell, James Spader, Jaye Davidson.* **DIRECTED BY** *Roland Emmerich.*

FOR A WHILE, *StarGate* looked a lot like *Heaven's Gate*. With a swollen budget (Russell alone snagged $7 million) and no American studio to finance it, the $55 million sci-fi epic—a bizarre convergence of *Cleopatra* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—seemed doomed to join the list of silver-screen fiascos. But Team *StarGate* pressed ahead. Carolco chief Mario Kassar and Canal Plus covered costs by striking deals with everyone from Fruit of the Loom to Zippo lighters to come up with a host of *StarGate* tie-ins. Director Emmerich, shooting in Arizona instead of Morocco, used digital tricks and



***FIRST* DEGREE BURN: SLATER'S LAWYER TRIES TO HELP BACON'S MISUNDERSTOOD CON BEAT A BUM MURDER RAP**

ANTHONY FRIEDKIN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PYRAMID *GATE*: SPADER AND MILI AVITAL FIND THAT ONE OF THE GREAT WONDERS IS OUT OF THIS WORLD

dummies to cut the need for extras. What was all the fuss about? Writer and coproducer Dean Devlin calls it "an old-fashioned space opera." Russell and Spader—a colonel and an Egyptologist—get zipped to another world, where they discover why the ancient pyramids of Egypt were built—and do battle with a ruler played by *The Crying Game*'s gender-jumping Jaye Davidson. Says Emmerich of the actor and his role, "He has this aura of specialness around him."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A landfill's worth of *StarGate* action figures if the film doesn't work.

LOVE AFFAIR

STARRING *Warren Beatty, Annette Bening, Garry Shandling, Kate Capshaw, Katharine Hepburn.* **DIRECTED BY** *Glenn Gordon Caron.*

SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE may be the most expensive trailer ever: Beatty had wanted to remake 1957's *An Affair to Remember*, which starred Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr (and was itself a remake of 1939's *Love Affair*), for 20 years before it moved Meg Ryan to tears on screen last year. "It's a movie I've always thought I'd enjoy doing," he says, "an old-fashioned, classic story. It's sentimental. It's not the most *complicated* movie ever made."

Even so, Beatty went through many drafts from three screenwriters before starting filming with *Moonlighting* writer-director Caron at the helm. In this updated version of *Affair*, Beatty and wife Bening are a hunky TV sportscaster and perky stress-management consultant who meet cute on a Qantas 747 bound for Australia (Hepburn plays Beatty's aunt). After the pair lands midroute on a Pacific atoll, they board a ship for the rest of the trip, fall in love, and yes, there's a pivotal scene atop the Empire State Building. "I wanted to have fun," says Beatty, who parries reports that during filming he exercised his notorious perfectionism, demanding many takes. "Sometimes," he states wryly, "film is the cheapest thing on the set."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** The 57-year-old star's continuing status as a romantic leading man, and a possible new career for Shandling, who plays his best friend.

I LIKE IT LIKE THAT

STARRING *Lauren Vélez, Jon Seda, Griffin Dunne, Rita Moreno.* **DIRECTED BY** *Darnell Martin.*

NEW LINE Cinema was willing to make her movie for $2 million, and mentor Spike Lee was going to executive-produce for Universal, but onetime N.Y.U. Film School student Martin had something bigger in mind for the rambunctious comedy-drama inspired by her Bronx upbringing. "I wrote a good script," she says. "I didn't want to make a bad movie." Martin eventually got the payday she had in mind when Columbia offered her a budget of $6 million and a chance to make the film her way. When star Vélez first read the script—about a feisty Puerto Rican contending with her randy husband, unruly children, judgmental mother-in-law, transvestite brother, and lecherous music-executive boss—she recalls, "I thought it was about a family having problems. [But] it comes across with a strong message about a woman being independent and commanding respect." The film's strongest feminist statement may have been made behind the scenes; when cameras rolled, Martin, a former music-video director (and former camera assistant

AND BEATTY MAKES THREE: THE PRODUCER, WITH BENING, BELIEVES IN *LOVE* THE THIRD TIME AROUND

STARGATE: CLAUDETTE BARIUS; *AFFAIR*: DAVID JAMES

EW MOVIE POLL

TINSELTOWN, meet the heartland. According to a nationwide Gallup poll commissioned by ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY, 91% of Americans have never heard of hotter-than-hot director Quentin Tarantino, whose upcoming black-comic *Pulp Fiction* is the talk of Hollywood. (Of those few who say they have heard of Tarantino, 10% believe he's a soccer player.)

Think America loves Tom Hanks because he makes us laugh? Think again: His last three films were among moviegoers' most mentioned weepies. Sure, you can bank on some things—the nation's favorite actress has held the title for four years now—but from popcorn consumption to comedians' careers, tastes keep changing, as this latest accounting shows.

Who is your favorite actress working today?

1. Julia Roberts
2. Meg Ryan
3. Meryl Streep/Susan Sarandon/ Michelle Pfeiffer

The hearts of 35- to 44-year-olds are with Ryan. Among men, Pfeiffer takes second place.

Who is your favorite actor working today?

1. Mel Gibson
2. Tom Hanks
3. Harrison Ford
4. Kevin Costner
5. Clint Eastwood/ Arnold Schwarzenegger

Women pick Hanks, while men salute Ford, but Gibson's across-the-board appeal prevails—and all three beat last year's leader, Eastwood.

Do you think the career of any of the following actors is in decline?

EddieMurphy 56%
Billy Crystal.....39%
Macaulay Culkin.....36%
Julia Roberts.....19%
Kevin Costner.....14%

The lessons here? Don't make sequels to box office smashes, and avoid puberty at all costs.

Do you plan to see Tom Cruise in *Interview With the Vampire*?

Definitely/probably 38%
Probably not/definitely not.....58%

Bad news for Cruise? Not really: 56% of moviegoers under 24—and almost two thirds of frequent moviegoers—say they won't miss it.

Which of the following movies are you most excited about seeing?

Tim Allen's *The Santa Clause*...36%
Star Trek: Generations.....26%
1995's *Mission: Impossible*.....15%
1995's *The Brady Bunch Movie*...8%

Do you think Pierce Brosnan is a good choice to play James Bond?

Yes.....65%
No.....10%

Encouraging results for the next 007—but only among those who have heard of him. The bad news: 43% said, "Remington *who*?"

Have you ever sneaked in to see a movie without paying?

Yes.....19%

Multiplex-going Easterners are slipperiest (26%), and yes, Southerners lead in decorum (only 13% sneak).

In the past year, what movies made you cry?

1. *Forrest Gump*
2. *The Lion King*
3. *Schindler's List/Philadelphia*
5. *Sleepless in Seattle/My Life*

Do movies move everyone to tears? No way: 68% of men and 41% of women kept their eyes dry all year.

Do you agree with the following? "I'd go to the movies more often if...

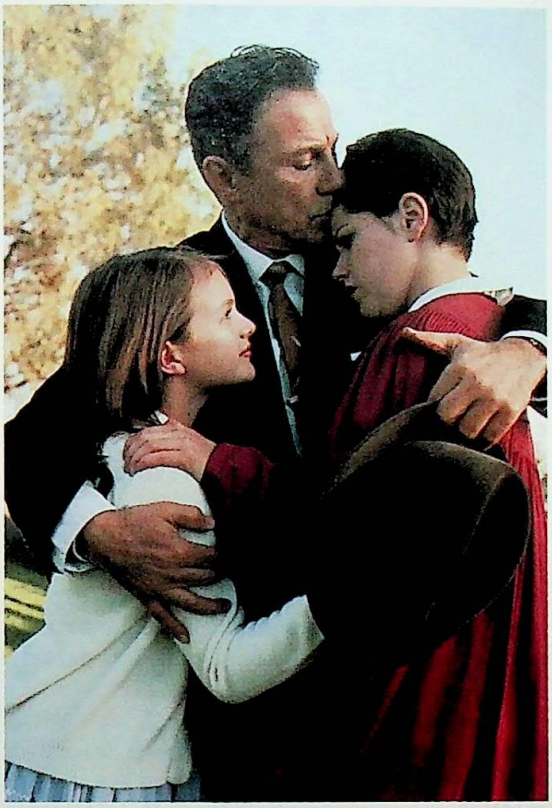
"they didn't cost so much." 78%
"there were more interesting and enjoyable movies." 71%
"there were less explicit sex." ...49%
"there were less violence." 49%

Compared with one year ago, how much popcorn are you buying when you go to the movies?

More popcorn.....5%
About the same amount.....45%
Less popcorn.....26%
Never did buy popcorn 13%

Last April's reports that most movie popcorn is high in saturated fat reached 75% of Americans; 14% say they've stopped buying the stuff.

From a telephone survey of 607 Americans ages 15 to 60 conducted for ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY *July 29–31 by the Gallup Organization. Sampling error is ±4.4%.*



EMBRACEABLE TWO: *CRIMES*' SISTERS MOSS (LEFT) AND BALK UNITE WITH ONCE DEADBEAT DAD KEITEL

to Lee) became the first African-American woman ever to direct a major-studio feature. (*Oct. 14*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Role-model status (and bigger films with bigger budgets) for the talented Martin.

IMAGINARY CRIMES

STARRING *Harvey Keitel, Fairuza Balk, Kelly Lynch, Vincent D'Onofrio.* **DIRECTED BY** *Anthony Drazan.*

UNTIL KEITEL signed on in September 1993, this drama about a fast-talking hustler saddled with two daughters after his wife's death languished in development hell. Even with Keitel interested, Interscope abandoned the project. But Morgan Creek decided to gamble on the under–$10 million adaptation of Sheila Ballantyne's semiautobiographical 1982 novel. "I had difficulty figuring out what it would be like to have a dominant father figure because I was raised by my mom," says *Gas Food Lodging*'s Balk, 20, who plays the emotionally scarred older daughter. "So I told Harvey I needed him to be like a father for me on and off the set." He complied and, she adds, "he still is that way." (*Oct. 14*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Bragging rights for Morgan Creek if it can prove that rival Interscope goofed.

DROP SQUAD

STARRING *Eriq LaSalle, Vanessa Williams, Nicole Powell.* **DIRECTED BY** *David Johnson.*

BRUFORD JAMISON JR. is an ad exec who, in climbing the corporate ladder, leaves his soul on the bottom rung. Enter the Deprogramming and Restoration of Pride Squad, an organization bent on returning the wayward Bruford to his African-American roots. "It's a drama with humor," says cowriter-director Johnson. If that sounds like Spike Lee turf, it's no accident; as executive producer Lee butted heads with Johnson on everything from casting (star LaSalle says Lee didn't want him because he once rejected a part in *She's Gotta Have It*) to final cut. "The released version has a Spike feel to it," says Johnson. "But I can't bitch about it—he got us into the dance." (*Oct. 21*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Johnson sums it up: "We've got Spike's name and whether that's a positive or a negative, we've got nothing to lose."

SILENT FALL

STARRING *Richard Dreyfuss, John Lithgow, Linda Hamilton, Ben Faulkner.* **DIRECTED BY** *Bruce Beresford.*

MEDICAL SCIENCE hits the trail of a grisly double murder—but no, there's no bloody glove. There is, however, a witness: the victims' son, an autistic 9-year-old boy. The case brings child psychologist Jake Rainier (Dreyfuss) and his touchy-feely therapy out of retirement and head-to-head with rival Dr. Rene Harlinger

BEYOND THERAPY: DREYFUSS' SOFT-TOUCH DOC (WITH FAULKNER AND HAMILTON) UNCLOAKS *FALL*'S SECRETS

CRIMES: LOREY SEBASTIAN; *FALL*: JANE O'NEAL

(Lithgow)—"an irritant," says Lithgow, whose "clinical and bloodless" bag of tricks is mostly full of drugs. But director Beresford (*Driving Miss Daisy, Tender Mercies*) says it's youngster Ben Faulkner who shines brightest here. Faulkner's imitations of autistic children landed him the role, and his lack of previous drama instruction didn't hurt: "I've gone through hell trying to direct kids who've been in drama classes," says Beresford. "It just doesn't work."

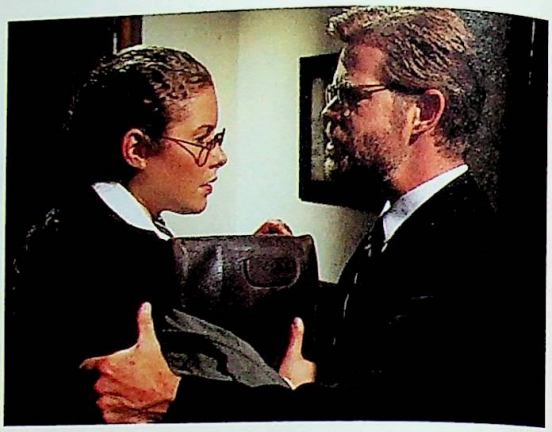
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Gold stars for Warner Bros.' marketing force if they can attract moviegoers to a complicated saga of dueling therapies.

BULLETS OVER BROADWAY

STARRING *John Cusack, Dianne Wiest, Chazz Palminteri, Jennifer Tilly, Tracey Ullman, Mary-Louise Parker, Rob Reiner.* **DIRECTED BY** *Woody Allen.*

ALLEN LEAVES behind his angst, his handheld camera, and his exes (Mia Farrow *and* Diane Keaton) for a Prohibition-era farce about organized crime and disorganized theater people, his broadest comedy since 1984's *Broadway Danny Rose*. Cusack is a hungry 1920s playwright making his Broadway debut; Wiest is the grand, foghorn-voiced star; Tilly is the squeaky ingenue, forced on the production by its mobster backer; Palminteri is her bodyguard, whose unexpectedly keen story sense saves the production. Allen's camp has high hopes for *Bullets*; producer Jean Doumanian says the film even has a T-shirt–friendly breakout line: Wiest's hilariously overwrought mantra, "Don't speak!"—which she says whenever Cusack attempts to profess his love for her. "I think the public is going to catch on to 'Don't speak! Don't speak!'" Doumanian says. "It's fun to say.

STAR-CROSSED LOVE: WIEST'S LEADING LADY STEPS ON PLAYWRIGHT CUSACK'S LINE IN ALLEN'S *BULLETS*



CLUTCH PLAY: EISENSTADT AND MACY COME TO GRIPS WITH SEXUAL HARASSMENT IN THE MOVIE OF *OLEANNA*

Like in *Wayne's World*, they said, '*Not!*'" (*Oct. 14*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** After slightly disappointing domestic returns on his last few efforts, Allen needs to prove himself marketable again—which for him means a gross greater than $25 million.

OLEANNA

STARRING *Debra Eisenstadt, William Macy.* **DIRECTED BY** *David Mamet.*

IT'S EITHER a perfect or perfectly awful date movie. *Oleanna*, adapted from Mamet's controversial play, pits a college professor (Macy) against a floundering student (Eisenstadt) in a sexual-harassment case that makes Bill Clinton and Paula Jones look like teens caught dancing too close. That's because the *did-he-or-didn't-he?* issue is a frame for a bigger picture: "This is really about power," says Eisenstadt, who stepped in when Mamet's wife, actress Rebecca Pidgeon, became pregnant. "It's [also] about education and what bulls--- it is." Fans of Mamet's machine-gun dialogue and plainclothes pugilists won't be disappointed. "This thing is an angry, raw wound of a play," says Macy, whose character is pushed into a literal fight for his life. "There are no punches pulled."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A chance to trump a higher-profile, higher-voltage sexual-harassment drama, Michael Crichton's *Disclosure*, by reaching theaters first.

PONTIAC MOON

STARRING *Ted Danson, Mary Steenburgen, Cathy Moriarty.* **DIRECTED BY** *Peter Medak.*

JUST AS DANSON and Whoopi Goldberg hit it off while making *Made in America*, he and Steenburgen fell in love while filming this Vietnam-era comedy-dra-

OLEANNA: JOHN SEAKWOOD; BULLETS: BRIAN HANELL

ma on Southwestern locations last winter; the romance stayed off screen, though. *Pontiac* tells the story of an eccentric teacher (Danson) who, distraught over his crumbling marriage, takes his son and sets off on a symbolic race with the Apollo 11 lunar mission—with his agoraphobic wife (Steenburgen) in pursuit. Danson also served as executive producer, which gave him twice the clout to veto a wig for his character; after sporting strange shoulder-length attachments in *Getting Even With Dad*, he goes au naturel, proudly baring his bald spot. "They made a hairpiece exactly like my hair [for] the stunt double and I saw it on the wig stand," says Danson. "It's cute, man. I don't care what anybody says." (*Oct. 21*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** If Danson doesn't sell tickets, he'll become an example of what David Caruso *shouldn't* do.

THE PUPPET MASTERS

STARRING *Donald Sutherland, Eric Thal, Julie Warner.*
DIRECTED BY *Stuart Orme.*

LET'S SEE: A government official, played by Sutherland, discovers that alien creatures are taking over the bodies of humans. He must find a way to stop the invasion or else the rapidly multiplying alien parasites will rule the Earth. Sound familiar? "We're aware that this movie is going to feel derivative of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*," says *Puppet* producer Ralph Winter. "But our story is based on [sci-fi master] Robert Heinlein's 1951 novel, which was written five years before the first *Body Snatchers*. We're doing *the* original material." British director Orme makes his fea-

MARSHA BLACKBURN

NO STRINGS ATTACHED: THAL (LEFT) AND WARNER SEEK THE ALIEN ENEMY WITHIN IN *PUPPET MASTERS*

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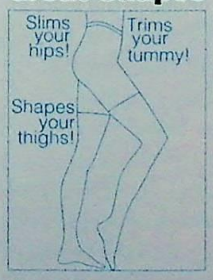
Great Shapes



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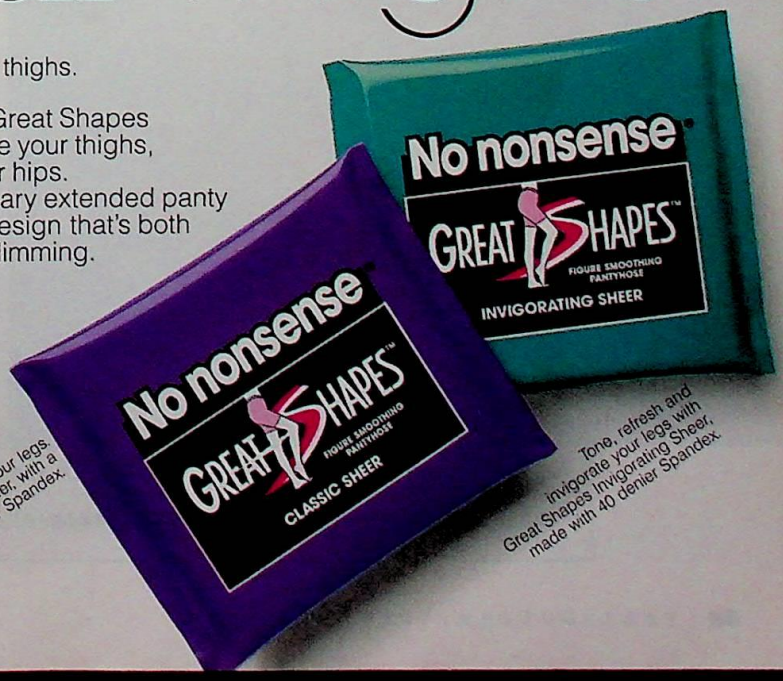

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ture debut with this low-profile thriller. Low-profile, that is, except in Des Moines, where the crew filmed for a few days. "Iowans liked that it was the place the aliens selected," says Winter. "They liked that very much." (*Oct. 21*)

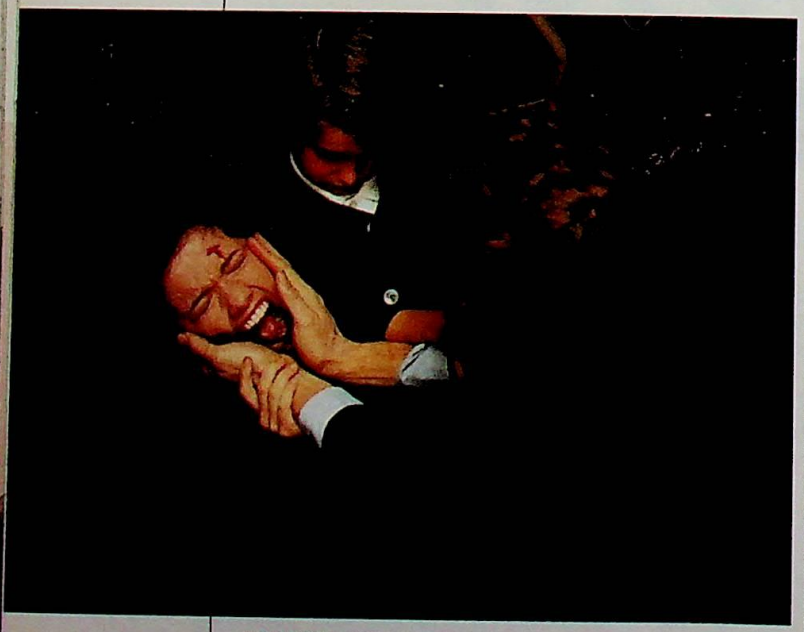
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A chance for leading-man-in-the-making Thal to top his résumé with something other than the embarrassing *A Stranger Among Us*.

NEW NIGHTMARE

STARRING *Robert Englund, Heather Langenkamp, Wes Craven, Miko Hughes.* **DIRECTED BY** *Wes Craven.*

NEVER MIND that Freddy Krueger was supposed to have hung up his razor-tipped gloves after wrapping the sixth visit to Elm Street, 1991's *Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare.* When New Line beckoned, series creator Craven—who hadn't directed an installment since the 1984 original—obliged with an especially twisted vision, *Wes Craven's New Nightmare.* As the director tells it, "No longer constrained by the films, Freddy decided to cross over into *our* reality through Heather Langenkamp," who played Nancy in *Nightmares* one and three. The result: a creepy life-mirroring-art conceit that has Langenkamp, Craven, and Englund playing themselves. "Wes really enjoys the mixing of dreams and reality," says Langenkamp. "Even during shooting, when *Entertainment Tonight* was coming, we rigged things to go terribly wrong," as if Freddy was trying to keep the film from being made. Hmmm...can an eighth installment, *Freddy Gets Fresh With Mary Hart*, be far behind? (*Oct. 21*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A chance for this cobwebby franchise to rise from the dead and walk among moviegoers again.



FREDDY'S *NOT* DEAD: LANGENKAMP AND SCREEN SON HUGHES ARE BEDEVILED BY A RECURRING *NIGHTMARE*

FORTUNE HUNTER: TOMEI GOES TO ITALY FOR LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER (DOWNEY) IN *ONLY YOU*

ONLY YOU

STARRING *Marisa Tomei, Robert Downey Jr., Bonnie Hunt, Fisher Stevens, Joaquim De Almeida, Billy Zane.* **DIRECTED BY** *Norman Jewison.*

WHAT A DIFFERENCE an Oscar makes. Director Jewison (*Moonstruck*) reports that before Tomei won the gold for *My Cousin Vinny*, TriStar was "a little reluctant" to give her Diane Drake's million-dollar script (then known as *Him*, a title the studio dropped because it sounded too religious). To play the almost-betrothed Pittsburgh schoolteacher who flies to Italy in search of a mystery lover that a fortune-teller promised her years before, "they wanted Geena Davis or one of the more established stars," recalls Jewison, "but when [Tomei] won, they figured she could star—the old Hollywood story." Complete with a very lucrative happy ending; Tomei, who reportedly earned $250,000 for *Vinny*, commanded $2 million for this role. With Downey (*Chaplin*) as the shoe salesman who pursues her, and *Melrose Place*'s Grant Show as the Adonis who comes between them, cameras were ready to roll—then *Melrose* producer Aaron Spelling decreed he couldn't free Show to travel to the film's Italian locations. "It was terrible," says Jewison, who quickly drafted *Orlando*'s Billy Zane to fill the part. "I guess [Spelling] hates movies." (*Oct. 7*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Jewison wouldn't mind if *Moonstruck* struck twice, while the clock's ticking for Tomei and Downey to prove they can carry big films.

NIGHTMARE: JOSEPH VILES; ONLY YOU: EMILIO LARI

HOOP DREAMS

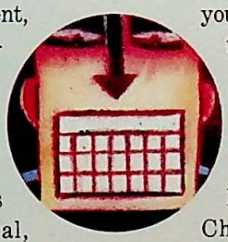
STARRING *William Gates, Arthur Agee.* **DIRECTED BY** *Steve James, Frederick Marx, Peter Gilbert.*

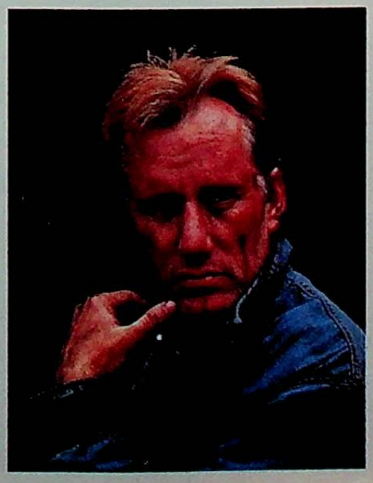
WHAT COULD THREE white guys with cameras have to say about the black urban experience as seen through the prism of basketball? "Families with love, the dad who leaves and comes back, and the dedication inner-city families have to get ahead," says codirector James. Winner of the Audience Award at Sundance last winter, *Hoop Dreams* distills five years in the lives of Gates and Agee, who were two of Chicago's most promising eighth-grade basketball players when the filmmakers met them in 1987. Tailing them at home, on playgrounds, and at St. Joseph, the prestigious prep school that gave them partial scholarships—and former NBA all-star Isiah Thomas his start—James found Agee and Gates possessed of "all the elements of success." Which made him wonder what they would be if they couldn't turn pro. "Both said, 'a lawyer,'" recalls James. "The sad thing is, to them, that's just as farfetched." (*Oct. 14*)

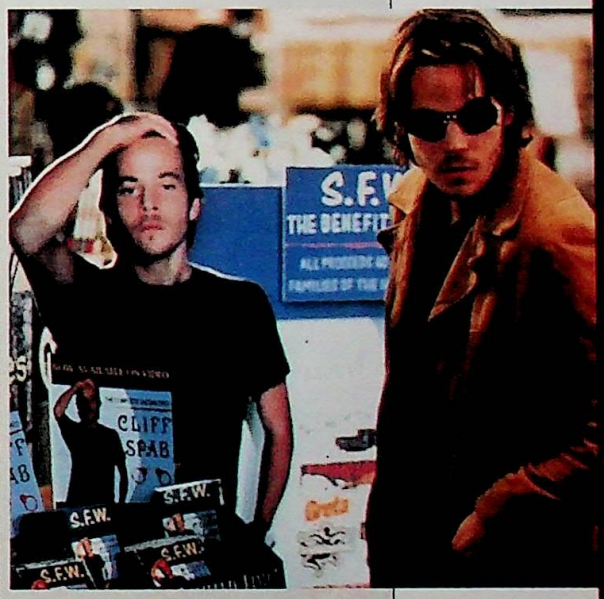
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** With a remake deal from TNT for a TV movie, this theatrical release is gravy.

ALSO IN OCTOBER

RIGHT NOW there are almost twice as many movies scheduled for release in October as there are in November. The number is sure to deflate, but for the moment, distributors' fear of November's big releases has October packed to bursting, as this list shows. **Clerks**, a trophy winner at last winter's Sundance Film Festival, chronicles the NC-17–rated (for now, at least) conversations of a mini-mart employee and his best friend, a video-store clerk. In **Across the Moon**, Christina Applegate and Elizabeth Peña become friends while their boyfriends are in jail. James Woods (below) and Kathy Bates play a dirt-poor couple who can't stand their lives (or each other) in **Curse of the Starving Class**, based on the Sam Shepard play. Trailer-park snobbery keeps young lovers Martha Plimpton and Patrick McGaw apart in **The Beans of Egypt, Maine**. Louis Malle directs **Vanya on 42nd Street**, based on David Mamet's gloss on Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, with Julianne Moore, Wallace Shawn, and Brooke Smith. Cops Dan Aykroyd and Rosie O'Donnell go undercover at Dana Delany's fantasy sex resort in **Exit to Eden**, a comedy about sexual experimentation. **Squanto: A Warrior's Tale** celebrates the Native American warrior who survived slavery and shipwreck and went on to help the Pilgrims in Plymouth. Trolls with the voices of Dom De Luise and Cloris Leachman clash over the sanctity of trash in the animated **A Troll in Central Park**. When twentysomethings Stephen Dorff (right), Reese Witherspoon, and Jack Noseworthy get held hostage in a convenience store, their prevailing reaction to the ensuing media hype is **S.F.W.** (So F---ing What). **Little Giants** pits Rick Moranis against Ed O'Neill as peewee-football coaches. A ruthless Linda Fiorentino scams her husband out of drug money and moves to a small town to begin a new, equally nasty life in **The Last Seduction**, by *Red Rock West* director John Dahl. *Surviving the Game*'s Rutger Hauer and F. Murray Abraham reteam for **Nostradamus**, about the 16th-century French prognosticator (September release on the West Coast). Billed as the Chilean *Dog Day Afternoon*, **Johnny 100 Pesos** finds black comedy in the attention the South American media gave to a failed heist. In his only film appearance as an actor, the late Miles Davis jazzes up **Dingo** as a musical icon who inspires a boy living in the Australian outback.







DORFF: WREN MALONEY

INTERVIEW WITH THE V

STARRING TOM CRUISE, BRAD PITT, ANTONIO BANDE

WHEN IT WAS FIRST published, Anne Rice's seductive and hypnotic *Interview With the Vampire* swept away the cobwebs that had long enshrouded vampire lore: Her creatures of the night weren't creaky old ghouls shrinking at the sight of silver crucifixes but late-18th-century romantic rebels drunk on immortality. Hollywood quickly grabbed the movie rights—then spent 18 years trying to figure out what to do with them. ◆ Producers like Julia Phillips (*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*), directors like John Boorman (*Deliverance*), writers like Frank DeFelitta (*Audrey Rose*) and Michael Cristofer (*The Witches of Eastwick*), and stars from John Travolta to Jon Voight to Cher all bloodied themselves on the project. "People had tried to treat it as a metaphor for one thing or another—drug addiction or AIDS," says writer-director Neil Jordan (*The Crying Game*), who finally broke the curse for producer David Geffen. "But you didn't have to make it allegorical. What's unique about the book is that it's told from the monster's point of view. Not even *Bram Stoker's Dracula* was told [by] Dracula." ◆ Jordan felt that the roles of Louis, the heartsick plantation owner, and Lestat, the mesmerizing aesthete

OPEN WIDE: CRUISE (HERE WITH KIRSTEN DUNST) IS TAKING A SHOT AT FILM IMMORTALITY WITH HIS PORTRAYAL OF LESTAT

FRANCOIS DUHAMEL

AMPIRE

RAS, CHRISTIAN SLATER, STEPHEN REA. DIRECTED BY NEIL JORDAN.

who converts him to vampirism, "had to be played by the best young Hollywood actors. That's what [vampires] are, with their glamour, indestructability, and eternal youth." But while Rice's fans applauded the choice of Pitt to play Louis, the author howled when good-guy Cruise was cast as the Byronic six-footer Lestat. "I wanted a great actor of appropriate voice and height," said Rice, who had once advocated Rutger Hauer. Counters Jordan: "The popular image of Tom has very little to do with what he actually is. There's a savagery to Tom that's never been on the screen before."

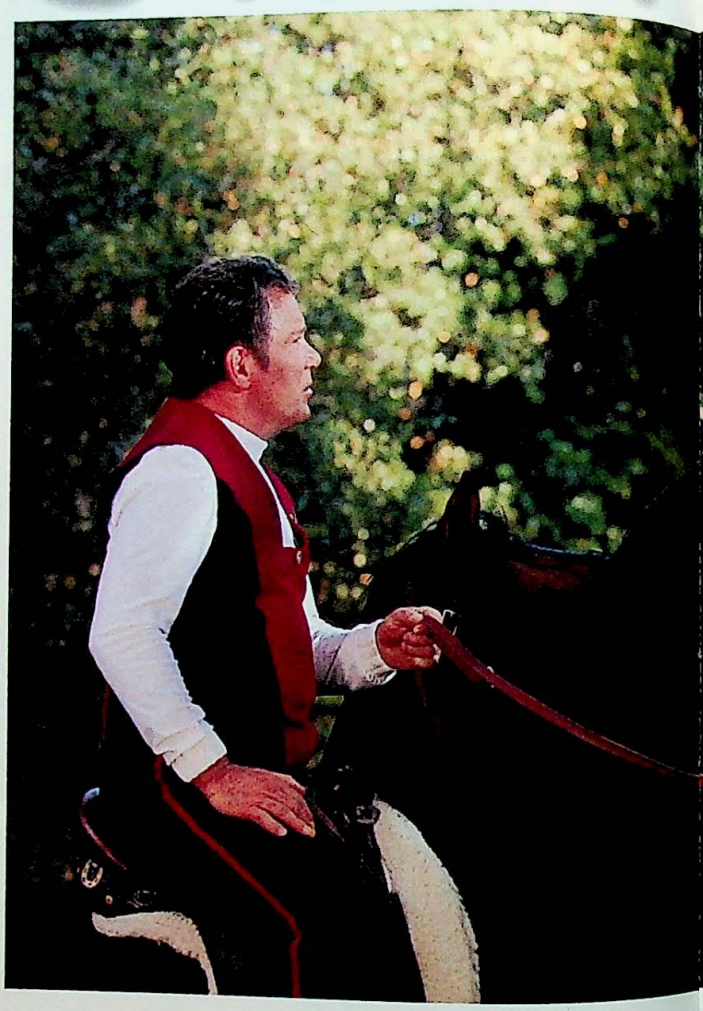
Shooting last fall in New Orleans, the $50 million production fought to keep a low profile (though bootleg footage made its way onto *Hard Copy*). "We were in our own little bubble, as if we were fighting in Vietnam," laughs Jordan. "It forced us to concentrate on the whole dark world of these vampires Anne had created." And his colleagues claim that nobody concentrated harder than Cruise. "When I went to New Orleans, I didn't see that he was under any kind of pressure," says Banderas (*Philadelphia*), who plays Armand, the ancient but beautiful vampire who wrestles with Lestat for control of Louis. "Maybe he had it inside his stomach, but he wasn't putting it out....Tom wants to be perfect all the time." (*Nov. 18*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For Jordan, a second shot at becoming a Hollywood heavy hitter. For Cruise, a chance to drive a spike through the heart of anyone who thinks his acting lacks bite.

HEMO-GOBLIN: THE CHOICE OF WHITE-BREAD

CRUISE HAD DIE-HARD RICE FANS STEAMING

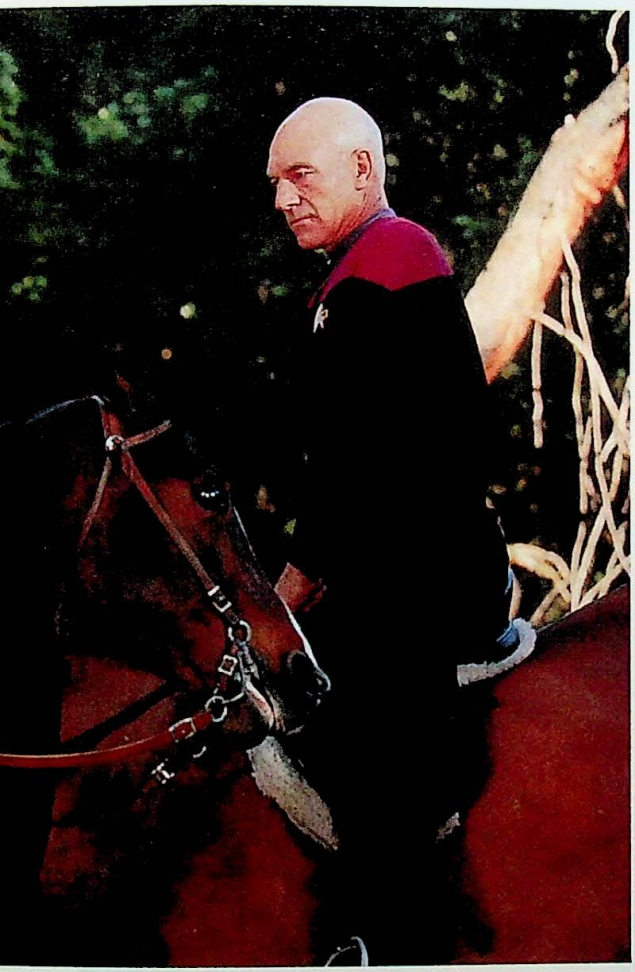
STAR



GENERA

STARRING PATRICK STEWART, WILLIAM SHATNE
JONATHAN FRAKES, MICHAEL DORN, LEVAR BU
WHOOPI GOLDBERG, JAMES DOOHAN, WALTE

TREK:



ATIONS

R, MALCOLM MCDOWELL, BRENT SPINER,
RTON, GATES MCFADDEN, MARINA SIRTIS,
R KOENIG. DIRECTED BY DAVID CARSON.

KIDS OF ALL AGES delight in those comic-book hypotheticals like "What if Superman fought the Hulk?" or "Could Darth Vader kill the Terminator?" But this one might give even Data fits: Who's the better captain, Kirk or Picard?

The premise behind the question—that the two commanders of the starship *Enterprise* could somehow be brought together—drives *Generations*, the seventh *Trek* feature film (although to emphasize the new start, it won't be numbered in the title) and the first to employ the cast of TV's *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Using what Paramount publicists call "a unique astronomical phenomenon bridging different time frames," the 23rd-century Kirk (Shatner) runs into the 24th-century Picard (Stewart), an encounter that Stewart solemnly calls "historic." It's certainly the biggest celestial meeting since Jupiter was introduced to the Shoemaker-Levy 9 comet.

The plot is standard issue: A villainous alien (McDowell) threatens to destroy the universe, and Picard, Kirk, and crews must stop him. Thrown in for good measure is a personal tragedy for Picard and an emotion chip for the android Data (Spiner). It's all pure *Trek*. As Sirtis, who plays empath Deanna Troi, notes: "If it's not broke, why fix it?"

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS: SHATNER AND STEWART WILL JOIN PHASERS AGAINST AN ALIEN BAD BOY IN THE SEVENTH *STAR TREK* MOVIE

Trekkies asked the same question in May when Paramount, sure that *Next Generation*'s future lay on the big screen, pulled the plug on its high rated series. Even cast members were apprehensive. "Why couldn't we have carried on?" asks Sirtis. "Just because it's successful on TV doesn't mean a movie's going to be."

To ease the transition from the veteran crew to the new, producer Rick Berman also signed on Doohan (Scotty) and Koenig (Chekhov), but two officers bowed out: DeForest Kelley (McCoy) and Leonard Nimoy (Spock). "Both felt they had made a suitable departure in the last film," says Berman, who admits that the real purpose of having the old crew aboard is to wrap up the 23rd-century saga, something the film does with a, um, *minor* plot development. "You know," says McDowell nonchalantly, "I get to do away with Captain Kirk." An Englishman who says he has never seen either TV series, McDowell was impressed with the way Shatner took the death of a character he has played for nearly 30 years: "He was fairly jolly about the whole thing."

"I thought it was a really brave thing to do," says Sirtis. But it's easy to be brave when it's sci-fi. "Kirk's death writes the final chapter of that era," Berman says, then adds, "but in *Star Trek*, people *do* have a habit of coming back." (*Nov. 18*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For Paramount, a new franchise. For Trekkies, a new panel discussion at the next convention.

VAMPIRE: FRANCOIS GUIHAREL; TREK: ELLIOTT MARKS

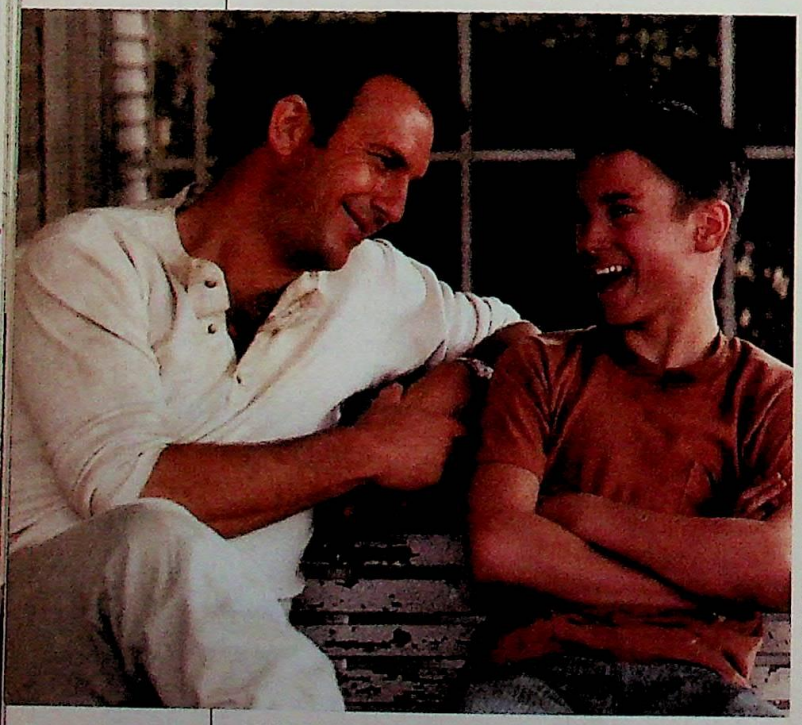
NOVEMBER

THE WAR

STARRING *Elijah Wood, Kevin Costner, Lexi Randall, Mare Winningham.* **DIRECTED BY** *Jon Avnet.*

IN THIS EARLY-'70S coming-of-age story about a young boy (Wood) and his twin sister (Randall), Kevin Costner takes a backseat to the child stars as an embattled Vietnam vet who fights to find work and prevent his kids from running wild. "There was an element of a father trying to tell his son and daughter about a traumatic experience," says director Avnet (*Fried Green Tomatoes*), but *The War* is primarily a kid's-eye-view tale about maturing in an era when childhood and innocence were still considered one and the same. "We, as a society, have come to accept that 12-year-olds murder people," says Avnet. "This film is set in an atmosphere where punching someone in the face still hurts." Never more so than in the film's finale, a no-holds-barred (and heavily allegorical) war for a tree house. As for the real South Carolina oak that had to withstand pounding assaults, Avnet says he hired a specialist to ensure that "we left it in better condition than [when] we started." In other words, no plants were harmed during the making of this film. (*Nov. 11*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A chance for the well-liked Wood to prove that a non-Culkin kid can carry a film, and a chance for Costner to put some space between himself and *Wyatt Earp*.



LIFE DURING WARTIME: VIETNAM VET COSTNER AND BE-LEAGUERED SON WOOD IN THE RITE-OF-PASSAGE TALE *WAR*

JACK COZY: NICHOLSON'S SMILE CAN'T LAST IN *GUARD*, WHICH EXPLORES THE DARKEST FEARS OF FATHERHOOD

THE CROSSING GUARD

STARRING *Jack Nicholson, David Morse, Robin Wright, Anjelica Huston.* **WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY** *Sean Penn.*

ALTHOUGH THE once-volatile Penn has left behind the agitating glare of publicity for the quiet riot of directing movies, he is not without his demons. He says the inspiration for *The Crossing Guard*—about a drunk driver who kills a little girl—came from the nightmares that accompanied fatherhood (he and his companion, *Forrest Gump*'s Robin Wright, have two children, Dylan, 3, and Hopper, 1). The film takes place just after the driver (Morse, formerly of TV's *St. Elsewhere*) is released from prison so consumed with guilt that he plans to kill himself. Nicholson, a friend of Penn's, plays the girl's father, a jewelry store owner who has become almost paralyzed with rage. (Huston, Nicholson's former flame, plays his ex-wife.) The two men "kind of become each other's only hope for release," says Penn. "I'm always interested in people who know how they're destroying their lives, who are smart enough to know what they're doing, and it doesn't help them." (*Nov. 11*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Penn's reputation. His first directorial effort, 1991's *Indian Runner*, got a lukewarm, if forgiving, reception. After this film, Hollywood and the critics are likely to call his new career hot—or frozen stiff.

FRANKENSTEIN

STARRING *Kenneth Branagh, Robert De Niro, Helena Bonham Carter, Tom Hulce, Aidan Quinn, Ian Holm.* **DIRECTED BY** *Kenneth Branagh.*

THE FIRST TIME CARTER (who plays Elizabeth, fiancée to Branagh's Dr. Frankenstein) met the magnetic De Niro, he was already in makeup as the gruesomely

WAR: RICHARD FELSER

scarred Creature of *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*. "It was a shock," she recalls. "I had an instant emotional reaction." So did Francis Ford Coppola right after his *Bram Stoker's Dracula* hit big in 1992: He asked Branagh (*Much Ado About Nothing*) if he'd do the same for *Frankenstein*, returning the story to its gothic-romance roots. But the director and star says the $45 million Coppola-produced project, shot in England and the Swiss Alps, differs from *Dracula*: "It's much more frenetic." Carter says Branagh's energy infected the entire production. "The first day I had to get used to the fact that the director was in a funny costume," says the actress best-known from Merchant Ivory films (*Howards End, A Room With a View*). "But it was very liberating, actually. He was very open about letting us watch the video playback, which got you out of an actor's self-obsession." (*Nov. 4*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** While De Niro will be judged against the terrifying standard set by Boris Karloff, Branagh will have to compete with *Dracula*'s other heir, the likely box office monster *Interview With the Vampire*.

RE-REANIMATOR: BRANAGH PLAYS THE GOOD BAD DOCTOR IN A REMAKE OF THE CLASSIC HORROR FILM *FRANKENSTEIN*

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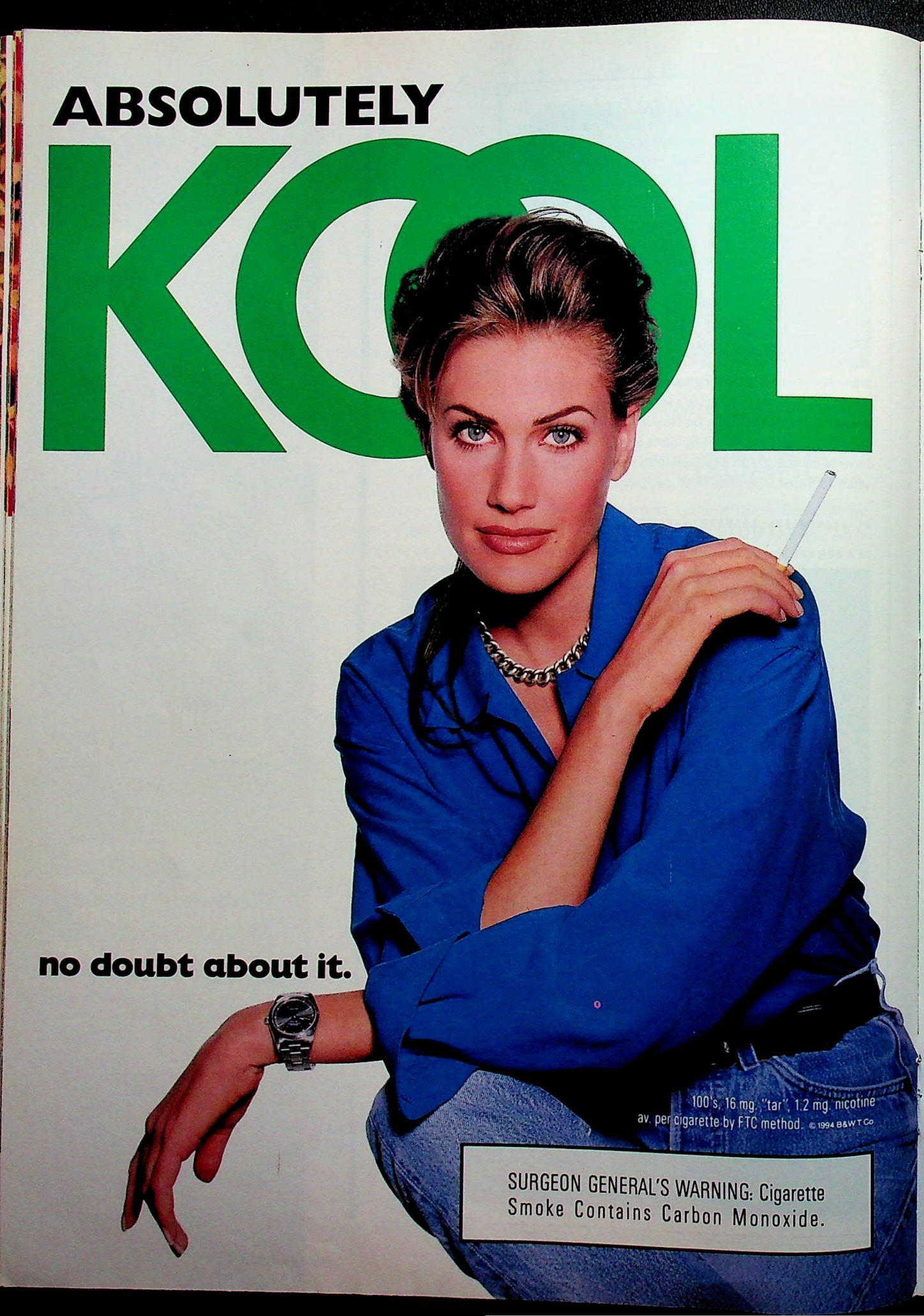
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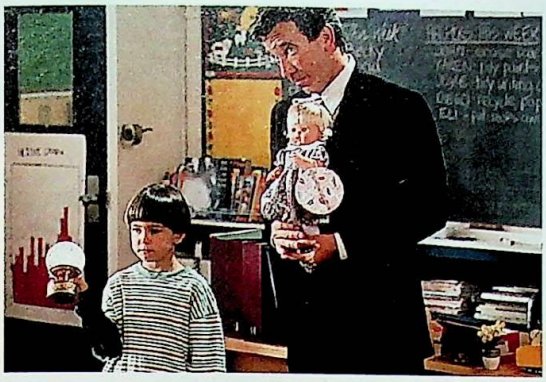

YULE TIME: ALLEN BONDS WITH SON LLOYD IN THE CUDDLY CHRISTMAS FANTASY *THE SANTA CLAUSE*

THE SANTA CLAUSE

STARRING *Tim Allen, Eric Lloyd, Judge Reinhold, Peter Boyle.* **DIRECTED BY** *John Pasquin.*

THE FIRST FILM for Tim Allen, star of TV's *Home Improvement*, stretches his small-screen image in a big way: He plays a bitter divorced dad who's emotionally rescued by donning a Santa suit he finds in his yard. Presto! He gains 100 pounds and a beard, finds himself running St. Nick's North Pole office, and wins back his son's love. When Allen took the *Santa* script, written by two stand-up comic pals, to Disney, company president Jeffrey Katzenberg said, "This doesn't need many rewrites at all." Presto *change-o*! Pasquin, Allen's TV director, cut its darker, *Scrooged*-like humor to focus on a warm father-son fantasy. "That's more important than all the horses--- special effects," says Allen, referring to the movie's computer graphics of North Pole City. One unintended effect was the heat rash Allen got from a 16-hour session in his massive fat suit. "I was an angry Santa," he says, but he vows the results will make audiences go ho-ho-ho. (*Nov. 11*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** All Allen has to do is prove he can be somebody other than his tool-toting TV self, and more flicks will follow this relatively low-budget debut.

MRS. PARKER

STARRING *Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, Matthew Broderick, Stephen Baldwin, Jennifer Beals, Martha Plimpton.* **DIRECTED BY** *Alan Rudolph.*

SHE WAS PROBABLY the quickest, wittiest woman who ever lived," says star Leigh, whose throaty imitation of Dorothy Parker will have some viewers whispering, "What'd she say?" But this $7 million re-creation of the famed circle of wits who drank at New York's Algonquin Hotel in the late '20s and '30s has more than mordant quips. The true centerpiece of *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle* isn't the literary roundtable but the unrequited romance between the chain-

PARKER HOUSE ROLE: LEIGH GIVES BALDWIN A TASTE OF THE SHARP TONGUE HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

SANTA: ATTILA DORY; PARKER: JOYCE RUDOLPH

Sure, landing a TV movie or guesting on a talk show would be nice. But Michele Smith is happy to be known for that fraction of a second in which an airbag deploys and maybe she's helped save a life.

Michele has been one of our safety engineers for eight years now. Even before there was a Saturn car, there were Saturn people like her. Designing. Testing. Thinking. Then testing some more.

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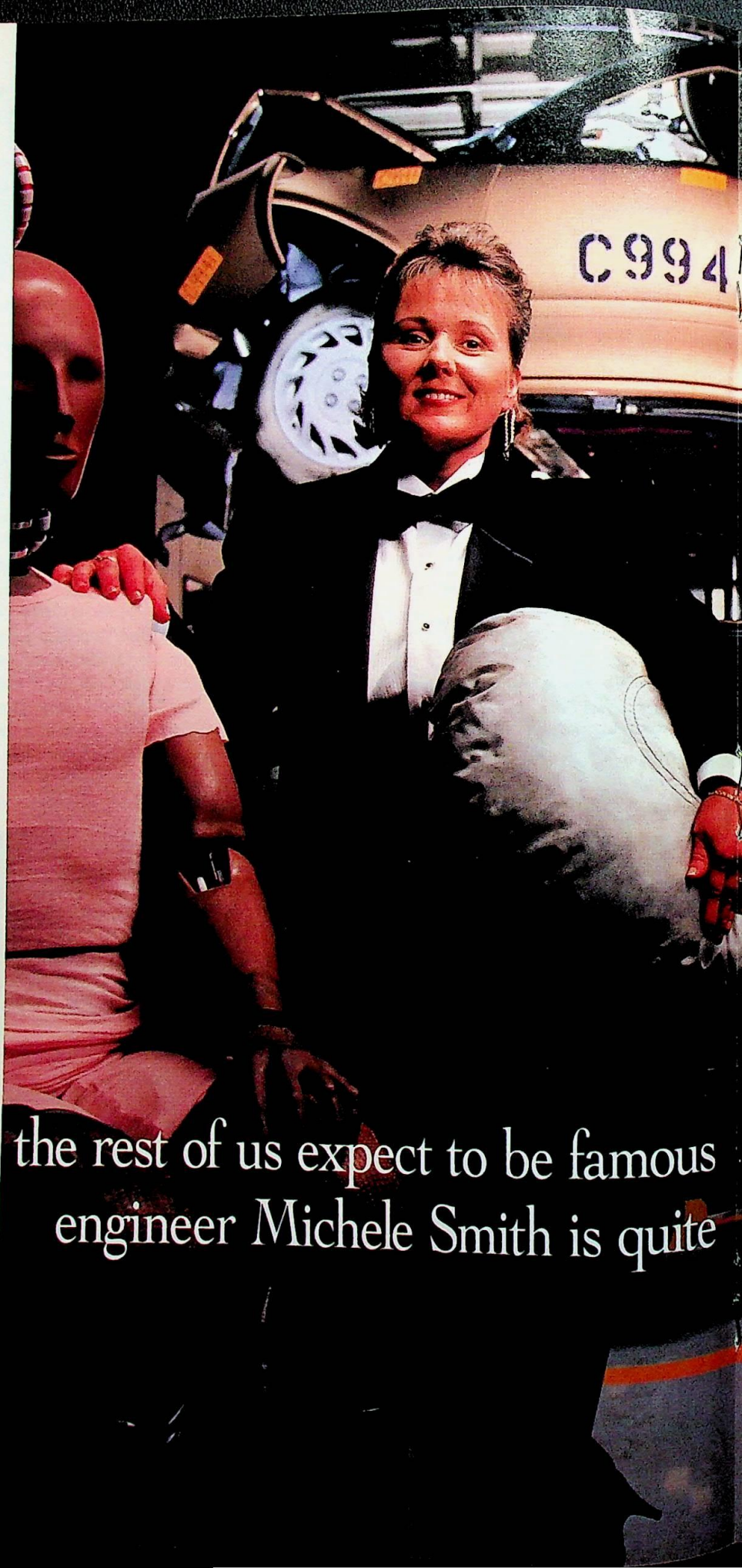

While the rest of us expect to be famous engineer Michele Smith is quite

She doesn't always get the credit for making a Saturn safe, but Michele isn't complaining. She knows Saturn really is a team. And besides, just look at that ritzy crowd she gets to hang out with over there.

Just a few members of the airbag development team. Michele's the one on the left there.

for fifteen minutes, satisfied with 1/10th of a second.

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NOVEMBER

smoking, alcoholically depressed Parker and philandering humorist Robert Benchley (Scott). "Parker was the first modern American woman," says director Rudolph (*Equinox*). "She wrote about sexual equality and could outdrink, outtalk, and outf--- all the men." (*Nov. 24*)

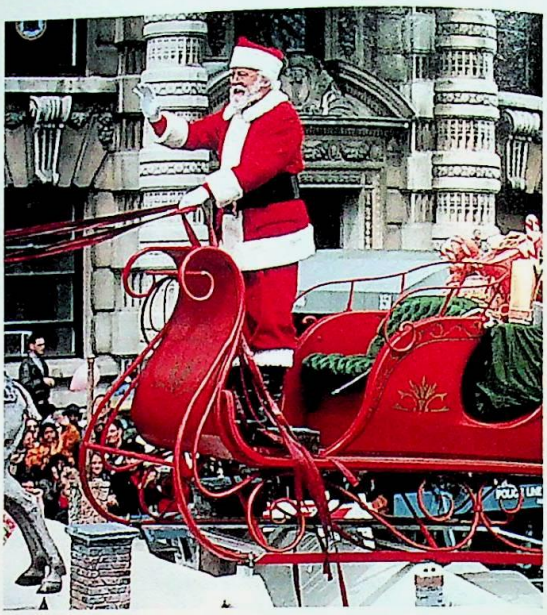
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** The opportunity for one or two actors to get noticed as the best within a vast ensemble. The early line picks Broderick as rakish newspaperman Charles MacArthur, who breaks Parker's heart.

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET

STARRING *Sir Richard Attenborough, Elizabeth Perkins, Mara Wilson.* **DIRECTED BY** *Les Mayfield.*

IT WASN'T REVERENCE that prompted John Hughes (*Home Alone*) to remake the 1947 Christmas chestnut. "The original is a very poorly made movie. Except for Edmund Gwenn and Natalie Wood, the acting is really mediocre," says the kid-movie mogul, who wrote and produced this update on how one little girl and all New York City learn to believe in St. Nick. Attenborough steps in for Gwenn as Kris Kringle, the department store Santa who makes things happen; Wilson takes Wood's role as the skeptical youngster. The only player missing is Macy's, which refused to lend its name to the remake, reportedly because a takeover subplot was too close to reality for corporate comfort. (*Nov. 24*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For Hughes, a decent share of the Christmas pie—despite the gigantic marketing push Fox will give its other family picture, *The Pagemaster*, with his old star Culkin.



SANTA SLEIGHS 'EM: ATTENBOROUGH ARRIVES IN THE NICK OF TIME IN AN UPDATING OF 1947'S *MIRACLE*

JUNIOR

STARRING *Arnold Schwarzenegger, Danny DeVito, Emma Thompson.* **DIRECTED BY** *Ivan Reitman.*

ARNOLD EXPANDS his repertoire—and his abdomen—in this comedy about a genetic engineer who, with the help of his gynecologist best friend (DeVito), decides to prove that male pregnancy is possible. But

OSCAR WATCH

AS FAR AS HOLLYWOOD'S A list is concerned, there are no small parts, only shrewd career moves; that's why less could be more for two big names in November. Kevin Costner may have calculated his way to a Best Supporting Actor nomination by taking second billing to 13-year-old Elijah Wood (whom Universal will push for a Best Actor slot) in the Vietnam-era father-son drama *The War*. And although he is said to have only 20 or so minutes of screen time in *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*, Robert De Niro has what may be the year's showiest supporting role, leaving costar Kenneth Branagh to contend for Best Actor and Best Director. Voters will also be keeping their eyes on Jack Nicholson (a nine-time nominee) and Anjelica Huston, generating real-life frissons in director Sean Penn's *The Crossing Guard*. It's too soon to tell how Oscar balloters will react to the year's biggest unknown quantity: *Interview With the Vampire*, directed by Neil Jordan (at left) and starring the toothsome Tom Cruise.

MIRACLE: PHIL CARUSO; JORDAN: FRANÇOIS DUHAMEL

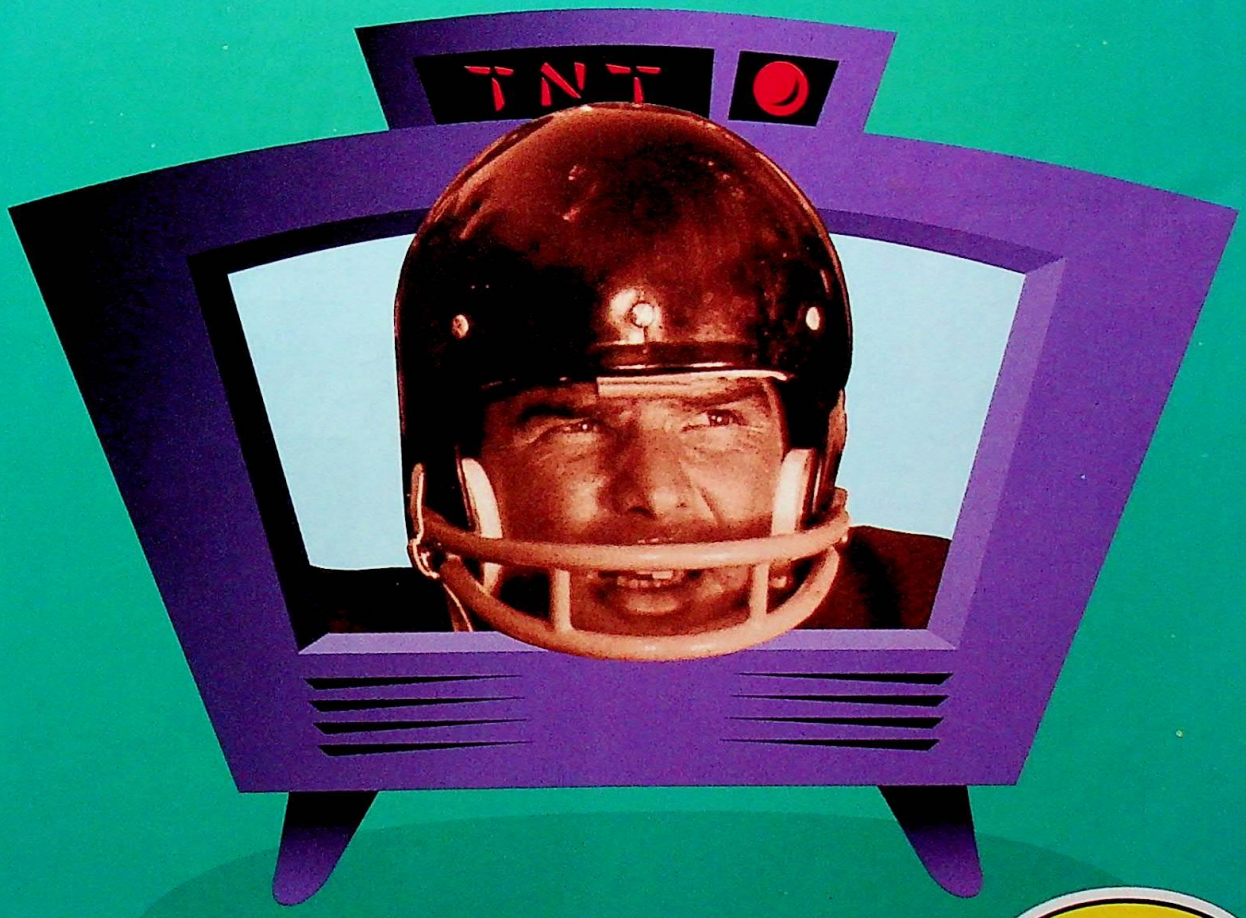
IT'S THURSDAY NIGHT

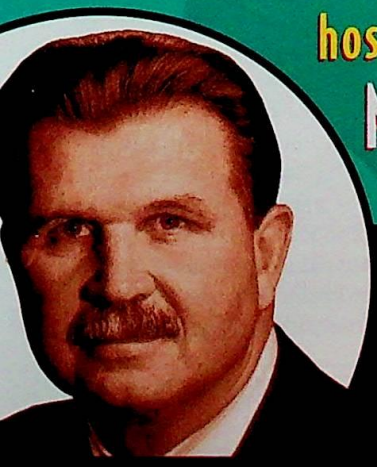
[*do you know where your favorite movie is?*]

Burt Reynolds

stars in

The Longest Yard





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NEXT WEEK: Oliver Stone hosts "Strangers On A Train"

THURSDAY, Aug. 25th
9PM(ET)

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TNT℠ OUR FAVORITE MOVIES

SUMMER EDITION '94

when the experiment—fueled with a stolen egg—takes hold, Arnold bonds with the unborn child, and comedy and crisis follow. The relationship between Arnold and the very British Thompson (*The Remains of the Day*), who plays his enemy–turned–love interest, "is something to behold," says Reitman. "We giggled from the first to the last day of shooting." But it wasn't the romance that was most unlikely to Reitman: "The strangest part of Arnold being pregnant—or any man—is he doesn't have breasts. The proportions are all wrong. It's interesting aesthetically." (*Nov. 23*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For Thompson, penetration of the American heartland, and a chance to return to her roots in (non-Shakespearean) comedy. For the Teflon-coated *Twins* team—Arnold, DeVito, and Reitman—it's a walk in the park.

THE PAGEMASTER

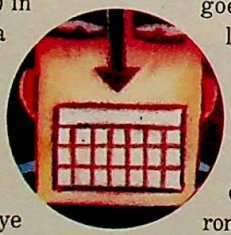
STARRING *Macaulay Culkin, Christopher Lloyd, Ed Begley Jr., Mel Harris; with the voices of Whoopi Goldberg, Patrick Stewart, Leonard Nimoy, Charles Fleischer, Phil Hartman, Frank Welker.* **DIRECTED BY** *Joe Johnston (live action) and Maurice Hunt (animation).*

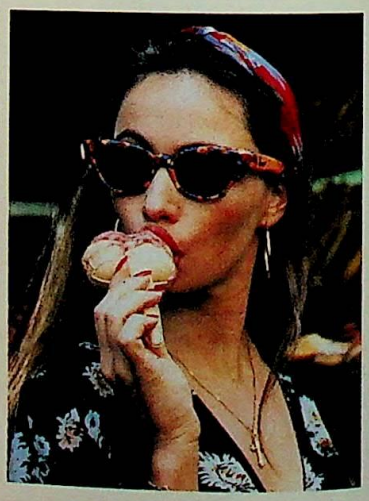
CULKIN, LOOKING 10 again in live-action footage shot two years ago (when he was 12), is on screen for about 15 minutes as a fraidy-cat neighborhood outcast before—*poof*—wacko librarian Lloyd makes him a cartoon and sends him spinning through character-building scenes from kids' classics like *Treasure Island* and *Frankenstein*. "The drawing's not an exact copy of how Mac looks," says animation director Hunt. "But you'll know it's him." 'Tooning in with vocals are Stewart as an ultramacho adventure book (his eye-patched puss sticks out of the spine) and Goldberg as an electric-pink fairy-godmother tome who sputters such Whoopi-isms as "Whaddya doin' messin' up my panty hose?" (*Nov. 24*)

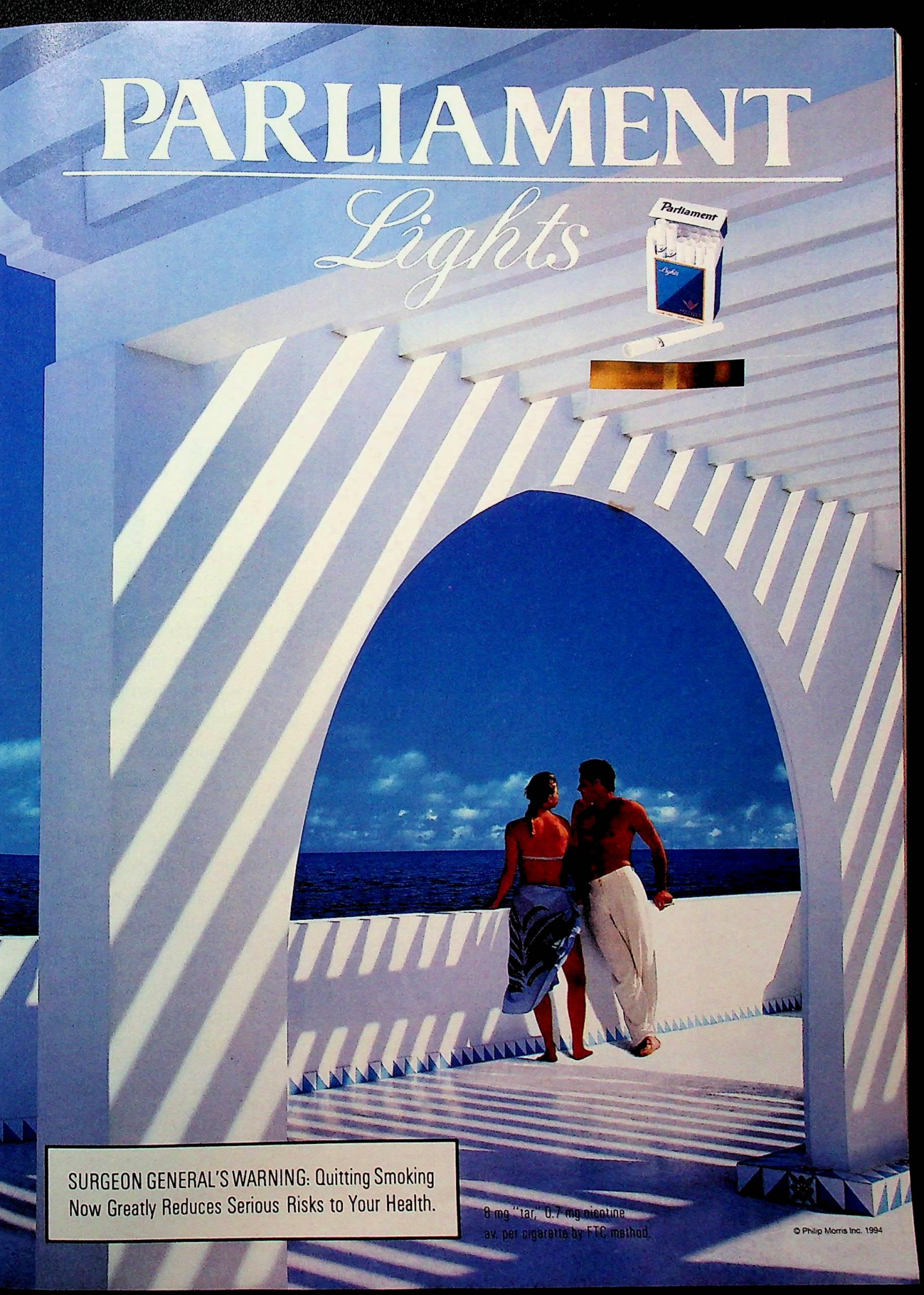
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For Fox's new family-film division (which coproduced *The Pagemaster* with Turner Pictures)—everything. The movie only cost $30 million, but with 50 toy licensees on board and corporate sponsors ponying up $100 million in tie-in promotions—you name it, Tropicana cartons, Texaco-station posters—its fate will be a high-profile affair.

ALSO IN NOVEMBER

THREATENED BY evil sorcerer Jack Palance (in a familiar pose below), Sandy Duncan must be saved by a frog (John Cleese) in **The Swan Princess**, a $35 million animated musical based on the Swan Lake legend. For Keenen Ivory Wayans, it's a **Low Down Dirty Shame** that his private-eye case lands him in the path of a deadly drug lord. In **Double Dragon**, Alyssa Milano brings the popular video game to life. Bridget Fonda and Jessica Tandy flee their men and take to the road in **Camilla**. *NYPD Blue*'s Nicholas Turturro goes from cop sidekick to leading man in **Federal Hill**, playing a small-time Rhode Island hustler. The Australian import **Red**, the story of a doomed May-December romance, concludes Krzysztof Kieslowski's acclaimed Three Colors trilogy. Jealousy tears apart a French couple in Claude Chabrol's **L'Enfer**, starring Emmanuelle Béart (at right). Rory Cochrane (*Dazed and Confused*'s stoner dude) joins a road opera traveling in East Texas in writer-director C.M. Talkington's debut, **Love and a .45**. In **El Bulto**, a Mexican activist awakens from a coma after 20 years to find the world hasn't changed for the better. *Ju Dou*'s team of director Zhang Yimou and star Gong Li return with **To Live**, an epic tale of China from the 1940s to the Cultural Revolution. Oscar Wilde inspires a Dublin bus conductor (Albert Finney) to express his love for a passenger by casting her in a play in **A Man of No Importance**. Kristin Scott-Thomas (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*) goes Romanian in Lucian Pintilié's **An Unforgettable Summer**, about a young wife who gets caught up in ethnic turmoil in Eastern Europe. Italy's **The Neapolitan Mathematician** enters the dreamlike world of an intellectual on the verge of suicide.



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NELL

STARRING JODIE FOSTER, LIAM NEESON, NATASHA RICHARDSON. DIRECTED BY MICHAEL APTED.

"IT'S ALL VERY WELL for Dustin Hoffman to study autism, but for Jodie it was a unique set of circumstances," says director Apted of the task before his leading lady—playing a backwoods wild woman who speaks her own strange language. "She did whatever research she could, but in the end it was her own instincts." Foster's instincts led her to produce *Nell*, too. She says Mark Handley's play *Idioglossia* "fascinated" her, and so she hired William Nicholson (*Shadowlands*) to adapt it as the first project of her production company, Egg Pictures. "We greenlighted the first draft," Foster reports. On screen, she portrays a 29-year-old recluse who has lived her entire life in a remote Tennessee cabin with only her mother for company. When her mother dies, Nell is born to the outside world. "The movie is about how we deal with that," says Apted (*Coal Miner's Daughter*), "and how she deals with us. It's about paradise lost, and whether paradise was ever indeed paradise." Neeson plays the rural doctor who idealizes Nell's natural nobility and wants to let her live in peace, while Richardson is a psychologist intent on bringing her back to society. "They see her as a tabula rasa," says Foster. "There

UPON REFLECTION: FOSTER, AS THE RECLUSIVE NELL, IS DRAWN INTO SOCIETY AND OUTSIDERS' COMPETING PLANS FOR HER

ANDREW COOPER

is a Zenlike, happy-in-the-moment side of her, but she is a lot more complicated than they think."

Apted, Nicholson, and the actors rehearsed for three weeks, then shot for 10 more in the Smoky Mountains bordering North Carolina and Tennessee, 19 miles from a store and 65 miles from a movie theater. While Neeson and Richardson (who married in July) imported yummy food, Foster opted for the simple life: "I kinda went, 'I'll do the can-of-beans thing. Okay, so I *don't* have air-conditioning.' It was really pure."

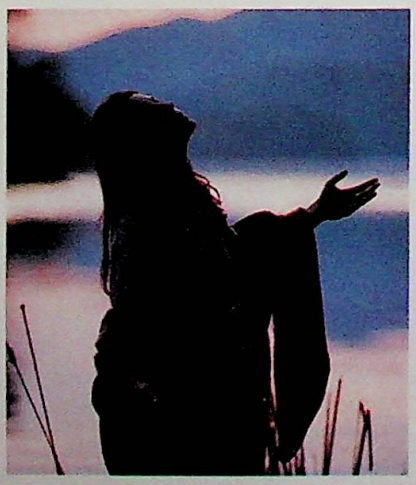
Foster admits that the unfettered role terrified her at first. "I tend to play very controlled, emotionally complicated, layered, socialized people," she notes. "I'm not good at operatic theater. I know how to do real."

She sought Nell's reality by doing something wild—not quite learning her lines. "I knew what I was trying to communicate, but I wasn't going to learn the lines. I'd feel them as they came out," she explains. "For other actors this may not be such a revelation, but...[for me] this was totally different."

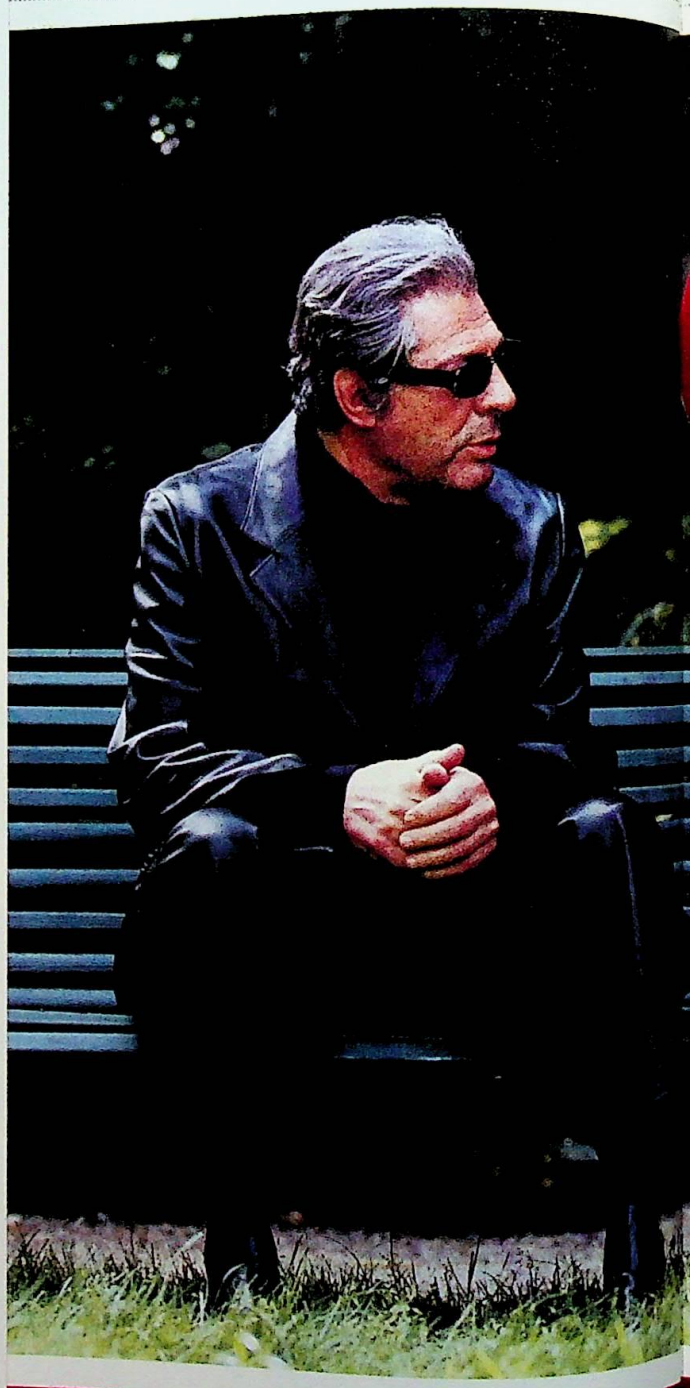
And exhilarating. "I don't think I've ever been as happy on a movie before," but, continues the star and boss, "I'm not going to go live in a bear cave."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Besides its subtle-as-neon Oscar bid, a commercial hit would help solidify Foster's status as mini-mogul.

HILLSIDE STRANGER: FOSTER'S WILD CHILD COMMUNES WITH THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

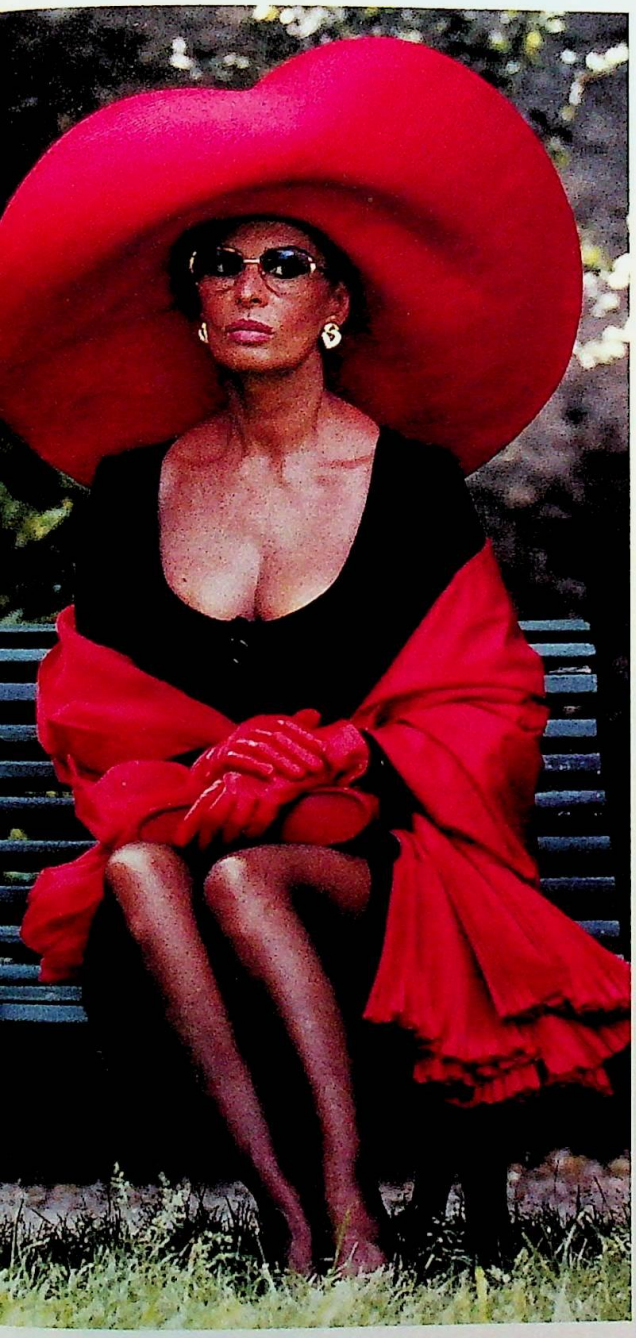


STARRING KIM BASINGER, LAUREN BA(
SOPHIA LOREN, STEPHEN REA, SALLY K



PRE

LL, JULIA ROBERTS, DANNY AIELLO, TRACEY ULLMAN, RUPERT EVERETT,
LLERMAN, TIM ROBBINS, LYLE LOVETT. DIRECTED BY ROBERT ALTMAN.



T-A-PORTER

SO FAR, *Prêt-à-Porter*—French for "ready-to-wear"—has been described in the press as everything from a "pseudo-documentary" about the fashion industry to a "murder-mystery-comedy." Well, though one fashion guru does choke on a ham sandwich while driving and some characters' tongues go wagging, it's probably more accurate to regard Altman's new opus as its *Fashville* nickname suggests: a sprawling canvas reminiscent of *Nashville*, the 1975 portrait of American dreamers that earned the director his third and fourth Oscar nominations.

By Altman's estimate, about 20 characters pursue their own story lines, and as is usual from Altman, there are some devilish conjunctions: Roberts and Robbins play reporters working in Paris; Lovett, as a Texas boot mogul, shows up with Bacall as his glamorous girl Friday; Kellerman is the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*; Basinger is a TV commentator; Rea is a photographer. And Altman has included enough cameos to make *The Player*, his 1992 takedown of Hollywood, look like *My Dinner With Andre*.

But whatever happens on screen will have to compete with what reportedly went on last spring when the director and his disparate, half-of-Hollywood cast invaded Paris for more than two months of filming. Although several designers play themselves in the film—and folks like Sonia Rykiel and Thierry Mugler even let Altman's cameras into their shows—others weren't so welcoming. Valentino, for one, issued a statement whining that "there is no need for a satirical movie on fashion at this difficult moment."

COUTURE SHOCK: LOREN, AS A FASHIONABLE WIDOW, AND MARCELLO MASTROIANNI, AS HER LONGTIME FRIEND, REUNITE IN ALTMAN'S PARIS

Back home, *New York Newsday* reported that Everett, who appears as designer Anouk Aimee's business manager son, and Aiello, who plays an obnoxious American buyer, got into a tiff—and that harsh words and shoves were exchanged. Poor Sophia Loren, appearing as a Dior-clad widow, was reportedly knocked over in the melee. "That was kind of apocryphal," Altman says of the event.

The director says he has been wanting to take on the fashion industry since attending his first Paris fashion show in 1984. "My wife dragged me along and I said, 'I don't want to see this thing,'" says Altman. "But those were the days when they had them in tents and it was just like the circus. I just said, 'God, there is a great movie in here somewhere.'" (*Dec. 21*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For a director who has often been short on financing, a hit with this commercial subject would be sweet.

HELL: ANDREW COOPER; *PRÊT-À-PORTER*: E. GEORGES

DECEMBER

RICHIE RICH

STARRING *Macaulay Culkin, John Larroquette, Edward Herrmann, Christine Ebersole, Jonathan Hyde.* **DIRECTED BY** *Donald Petrie.*

WHEN YOUR JUST-SHY-OF-14 leading boy is *this* close to the growth spurt that will forever transform his cute little face and voice, it's not easy standing by when he develops an eye infection that shuts down the set for two weeks. But such snags, says director Petrie (*Grumpy Old Men*), "are what insurance is for." In his words, it'll be a "hugely sped-up" race to complete this estimated $40 to $50 million adaptation of the Harvey Comics series about the world's wealthiest kid. Expect to see lots of neat toys like the Kidapult, a Hitchcockian chase finale across "Mount Richmore," and over-the-top villainy from Larroquette as Rich's nemesis, Laurence Van Dough. Did the TV star worry about being upstaged? "Not at all," he says. "Look what working with Baby LeRoy did for W.C. Fields." (*Dec. 21*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Plenty for the star and his manager dad, Kit. If *Rich* doesn't open big, Mac's $8 million fees may drop faster than his postpubescent voice.

CHECKING OUT: CULKIN CASHES IN ON HIS LITTLE-KID LOOKS FOR THE LAST TIME AS ZILLIONAIRE RICHIE RICH

COBB WITHOUT CORN: DIRECTOR SHELTON'S UNSENTIMENTAL BIOPIC STARS JONES AS THE IRASCIBLE LEGEND

COBB

STARRING *Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Wuhl, Lolita Davidovich.* **DIRECTED BY** *Ron Shelton.*

WHEN SHELTON TOLD FOX he wanted to make a movie about Baseball Hall of Famer Ty Cobb, the studio said great. After all, the writer-director had crafted hits out of sports subjects before (*Bull Durham, White Men Can't Jump*). But when Shelton delivered an unflinching script about a dying, dissipated bigot with little actual baseball action in it, Fox balked. And, says Shelton, when he insisted on casting the then-unbankable Jones in the title role, *Cobb* was put on waivers until Warner Bros., privy to Jones' breakout *Fugitive* performance, picked up the project.

Jones again gets a scenery-chewing role as Cobb; Wuhl (*Batman*) plays Al Stump, the sportswriter who is tapped to be his biographer. With Cobb and Stump, says Shelton, "it was as if Samuel Johnson had hired Boswell at the point of a gun and said, 'This is the way it's gonna read.'" "This is not *The Pride of the Yankees*," Wuhl observes. "This is like *Raging Bull*." (*Dec. 23*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For Shelton, prestige. For Warner Bros., prestige and not much else. Even cast members say *Cobb* may be too tough to score at the box office.

SPEECHLESS

STARRING *Geena Davis, Michael Keaton, Christopher Reeve.* **DIRECTED BY** *Ron Underwood.*

HOLY FILIBUSTER! It's *Batman vs. Superman*. Well, not exactly—but in this waggish comedy, the guy best known as the Caped Crusader (Keaton) goes

RICHIE RICH: DON SHEFFER; COBB: SIDNEY BALDWIN

mano a mano with the guy best known as the Man of Steel (Reeve) for the hand of Davis. And that's only one of the battles in this war-torn triangle set in the thick of a nasty U.S. Senate race. Keaton and Davis also butt heads—he writes speeches for the Republican, she for the Democrat—while Reeve is a blow-dried network newsie covering the fireworks.

Perhaps mindful of the most recent stab at conjuring Tracy-Hepburn magic (the troubled *I Love Trouble*), director Underwood (*City Slickers*) stresses that *Speechless* is a romance, not just repartee. "It really is a film about two people who fall in love," he insists. "Their love allows them to have differences of opinion."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** For Keaton (*The Paper*) and Davis (*Angie*): star power—use it or lose it. For James Carville and Mary Matalin: reflected glory.

FRANK AND JESSE

STARRING *Rob Lowe, Bill Paxton, Randy Travis.* **DIRECTED BY** *Robert Boris.*

ROB LOWE DONS CHAPS for one more new-wave (i.e., dark and brooding) historical Western in the tradition of *Geronimo: An American Legend* and *Wyatt Earp*. But wait—unlike *Earp*, this saga has the droll wisdom to portray *bad* guys feeling bad. Lowe plays the outlaw Jesse James, one troubled cowpoke who has been around violence way too long. Paxton is Frank James, presented here as the brains of the operation and his brother's keeper. Filming in Arkansas (not far from the Missouri sites where the James gang usually plied its trade after the Civil War), director Boris went for the desperation of the postbellum South—and came by an authentic country heart to match it. He met with Randy Travis, who contributed two songs to the film, and cast him as the Jameses' partner, Cole Younger. (*Dec. 9*)

ON THE RIGHT TRACK? LOWE (FOURTH FROM LEFT) AND THE GANG GIVE AN ARTY WESTERN THEIR BEST SHOT

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Lowe's future. "It's a huge step forward," claims Boris. "He's not the pretty boy, he's a full-fledged, complex man."

CUBAN MISS'S CRISIS: IN HER EFFORTS TO ESCAPE TO THE U.S., TOMEI'S FEISTY DOTTIE BECOMES A REFUGEE

THE PEREZ FAMILY

STARRING *Marisa Tomei, Anjelica Huston, Chazz Palminteri, Alfred Molina, Celia Cruz.* **DIRECTED BY** *Mira Nair.*

DOES NAIR'S LATEST POEM of exile—about a Cuban sugarcane worker (Tomei) and a newly released political prisoner (Molina) desperate to reunite with his wife (Huston)—bear any resemblance to *Like Water for Chocolate*? "Please don't ever compare my movie to that one," scolds the director of *Mississippi Masala*. "It was just like syrup. Mine is an unsentimental, deeply cinematic picture." And one with several elements that bring that *other* film to mind: determined Latin women, star-crossed love, comedy turned tragic in a moment, and magical realism. But this one is set against the steamy backdrops of Miami, where much of the film takes place, and Cuba (for which Puerto Rico stands in).

Molina, in his first shot at playing a romantic lead, dropped a pound and a half for each of the 20 years his character spent in prison. In contrast, the lithe Tomei bulked up to look more like a woman capable of hard labor—and of telling crotch-grabbing Cuban officials she's

FRANK AND JESSE: GRACE CHON; THE PEREZ FAMILY: ZADE ROSENTHAL

going to America because "I dig rock & roll, I love Elvis Presley, and I want to f--- John Wayne."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Better roles for Tomei, who is eager to show her dramatic chops to critics—and to those snakes in the grass who've whispered that her Oscar for *My Cousin Vinny* was a mistake.

RESTORATION

STARRING *Robert Downey Jr., Meg Ryan, Sam Neill, Hugh Grant, David Thewlis, Polly Walker, Sir Ian McKellen.* **DIRECTED BY** *Michael Hoffman.*

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to see Downey play a society party-boy who sobers up and vows to fight the plague. *Less Than Zero* meets *And the Band Played On*? Not quite, since the setting is England during the sex-crazed reign of King Charles II (Neill). But Downey says that beneath its foppish costumes and massive wigs, the period drama, which cost an estimated $12 million, is a surprising exploration of "the journey of a fool who becomes a man. I don't think we could have made it if we hadn't set it in a different time period altogether. It's so much safer than trying to be Mr. Social Commentary." Re-creating 17th-century London in all its wealth and squalor often left the actors—a hip parade of stars that includes Ryan as an asylum inmate, Grant as the royal portrait painter, and Thewlis as a Quaker physician—knee-deep

DAVID APPLEBY

A FEATHER IN HIS CAP: THE COSTUME DRAMA REAPPEARS AS DOWNEY TRAVELS BACK TO 17TH-CENTURY LONDON

Timex Bright Idea Contest

OFFICIAL RULES

Contest ends September 30, 1994

HOW TO ENTER

Submit your story or reenactment of how you creatively use the INDIGLO® night-light in your Timex® watch. Your brief story may be submitted in either VHS video form or written/letter form. Be sure to write your name and complete address and phone number on the outside of the video tape or on your letter (please print legibly). Mail your entry to Timex Bright Idea Contest, P.O. Box 6902, Monticello, MN 55561-6902. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be different and mailed in a separate envelope. Entries must be received by 9/30/94. Not responsible for late, lost, postage due or misdirected mail. Entries will not be returned or acknowledged. Unless selected as a winning entry, no correspondence will be entered into with contestants about their entries.

JUDGING AND WINNING

All entries will be judged based on originality and/or creative use of the INDIGLO night-light and presentation of story. Entries will be screened by independent judges whose decisions will be final. Judging will be based on the following criteria: story (uniqueness, interesting, imagination) 50%; product focus (INDIGLO night-light's role in the story) 30%; presentation (quality of presentation, imagery, conciseness of message) 20%. Prizes will be awarded on or about 11/17/94. Winners will be notified by mail. Only one prize per person, family or household. No prize substitution permitted nor are prizes transferable.

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By entering the contest, each entrant acknowledges and agrees that all entries/copyrights become the property of Timex, which thereby has permission to edit, adapt, modify, publish, promote and otherwise use in any way it sees fit the entrant's name, address and contest submission on a national and international basis without any compensation or payment to the contestant whether or not the entry is a winner.

PRIZES AND ELIGIBILITY

One (1) grand prize winner will be awarded $5,000; nine (9) first place winners will each receive a Timex watch wardrobe (est. value $200); and, two hundred (200) second place winners will receive a Timex watch (est. value $40). This contest is open to residents of the United States 18 years of age or older as of August 1, 1994. Entrant warrants and represents that entry is original and does not infringe upon the rights of any third party. As a condition of receiving a prize, winners may be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release, confirming compliance with rules, assigning all rights to Timex and granting Timex permission to use winner's name, address, photos or likeness in advertising and promotion and must indemnify Timex against any claims pertaining to the above. If a winner fails to return a properly executed affidavit or indemnity within thirty (30) days following request, Timex reserves the right to void that winner's entry and select an alternate winner.

MISCELLANEOUS

Void where prohibited by law. Employees, agents or affiliates of Timex and their immediate families and advertising and promotion agencies are not eligible. All federal, state and local regulations apply. Taxes on prizes are sole responsibility of individual winners.

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The priest blesses you, the woman names her child after you and the Queen, weeping, names you an Esteemed Hero of the Realm.

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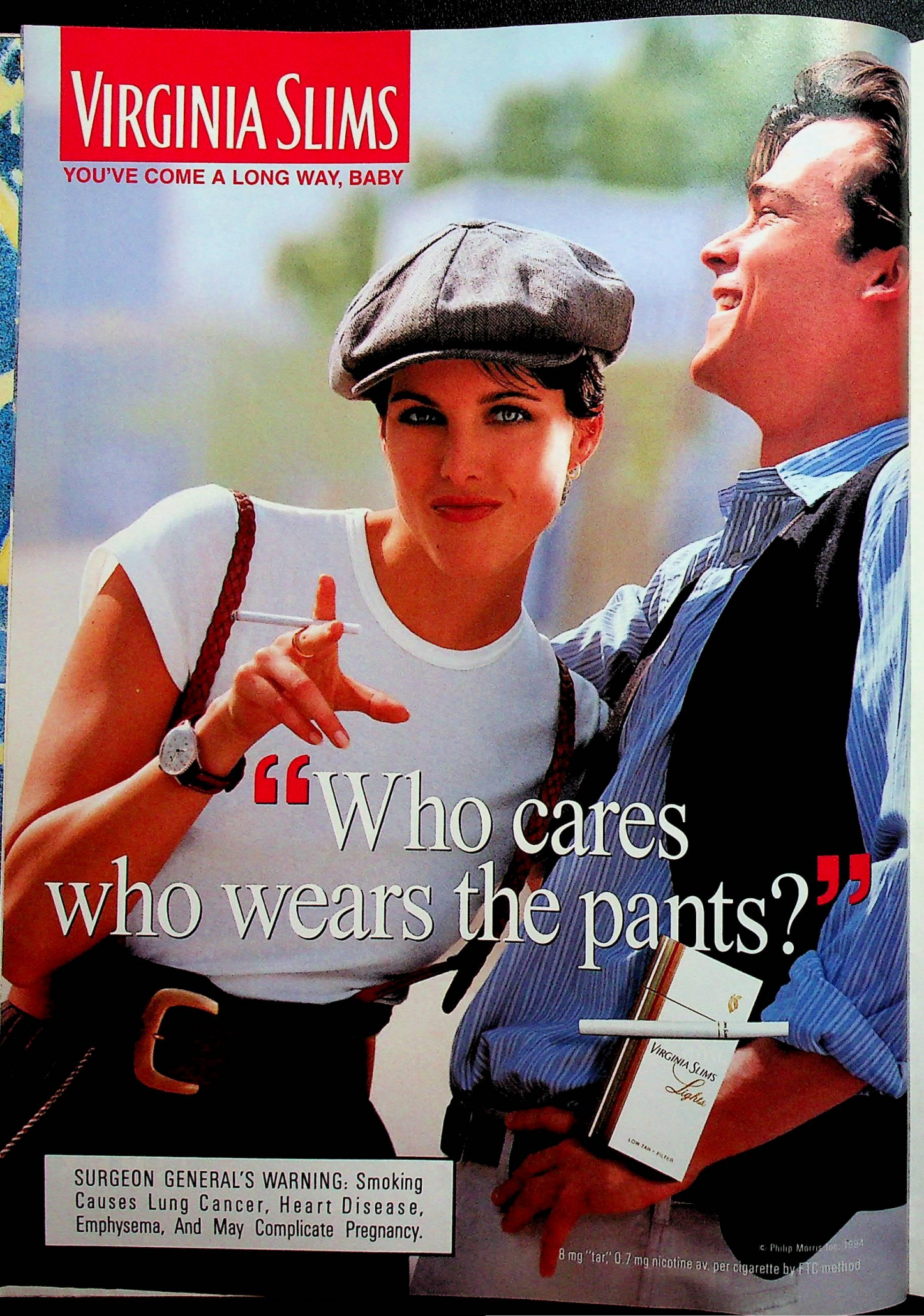
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CHILE CON CARNAGE: PRESUMED TORTURER KINGSLEY AND FORMER VICTIM WEAVER SWITCH ROLES IN *DEATH*

in mud. "We've been hosed down and mucked up," Downey says in mock complaint. "And I've come to completely accept the fact that me and horses have no business being in the same setup." (*Dec. 23*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Miramax would like this to be their next *Piano*, and Downey, who got an Oscar nomination out of *Chaplin*, could use the lift of a box office hit.

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN

STARRING *Sigourney Weaver, Ben Kingsley, Stuart Wilson.* **DIRECTED BY** *Roman Polanski.*

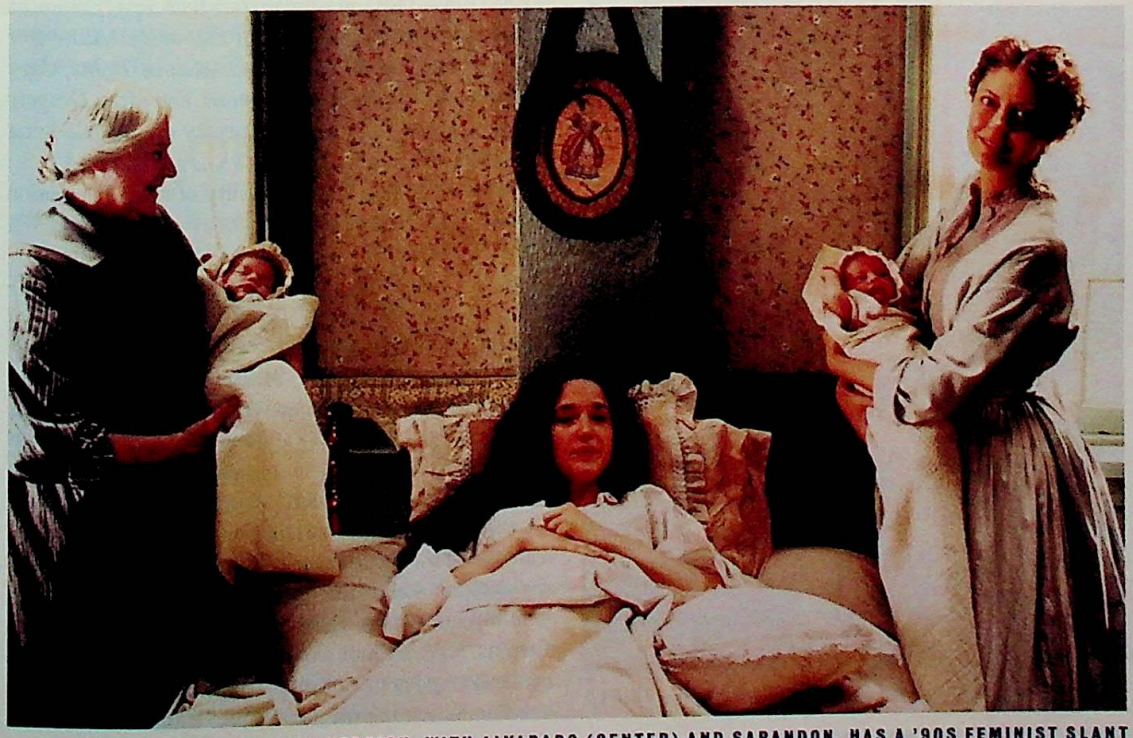
SMALL WONDER that photographer Helmut Newton shot the poster. Master-of-the-perverse Polanski has turned Ariel Dorfman's drama about human rights in a country much like Chile into a sadomasochistic thriller. On Broadway, Glenn Close won a Tony award as the former political prisoner who confronts the man she believes tortured her 15 years before. The estimated $12 million movie turns everything up a notch. Filming in France and Spain this spring, Weaver played the sexy, gun-toting avenger to Kingsley's accused torturer. "We bonded tremendously," quips Kingsley, who spends much of the movie tied to a chair. "The film is about love, friendship, and betrayal. It's visceral, not intellectual. It's flesh. It's guts. We go into areas of stress and violence and abuse." How Roman. (*Dec. 23*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** An Oscar nomination for Weaver and little else: Polanski hasn't delivered a Stateside hit since 1980's *Tess*.

LITTLE WOMEN

STARRING *Winona Ryder, Susan Sarandon, Samantha Mathis, Trini Alvarado, Claire Danes, Christian Bale, Kirsten Dunst, Gabriel Byrne, Eric Stoltz.* **DIRECTED BY** *Gillian Armstrong.*

HOLLYWOOD'S TASTES have changed: 12 years ago, when screenwriter Robin Swicord (*Shag*) wanted to write a new adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's perennially popular book about four girls growing up in New England during the Civil War, "studios didn't want to do costume movies, and there wasn't a big audience for



WOMEN'S LIBERATION: THE NEW VERSION, WITH ALVARADO (CENTER) AND SARANDON, HAS A '90S FEMINIST SLANT

LITTLE WOMEN: JOSEPH LEDERER

DECEMBER

kids' movies." Let alone for "girl" movies. But on the heels of *Thelma & Louise* and *Fried Green Tomatoes*, Swicord pitched the story again in 1992, this time as an entertaining feminist fable, and found two women—Amy Pascal, an executive vice president at Columbia, and *Heathers* producer Denise Di Novi—with enough power to help greenlight the film and bring Ryder on board as the tempestuous Jo.

"It's about making a life without being dependent on anybody but family," the writer says. "We don't have any other model for that in our culture. There were so many women then who were single mothers, just as there are now." Setting an example for her daughters was on the mind of director Armstrong (*My Brilliant Career*) as well. "I thought, 'If I don't do this, a male director will,'" she says. "And a male director just couldn't." (*Dec. 25*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** One big reason that serious actors take on roles in a worthy, human-scale ($15 million) production: good notices. Listen for approving buzz about Ryder, Sarandon, Bale, and the best friend of independent directors, Stoltz.

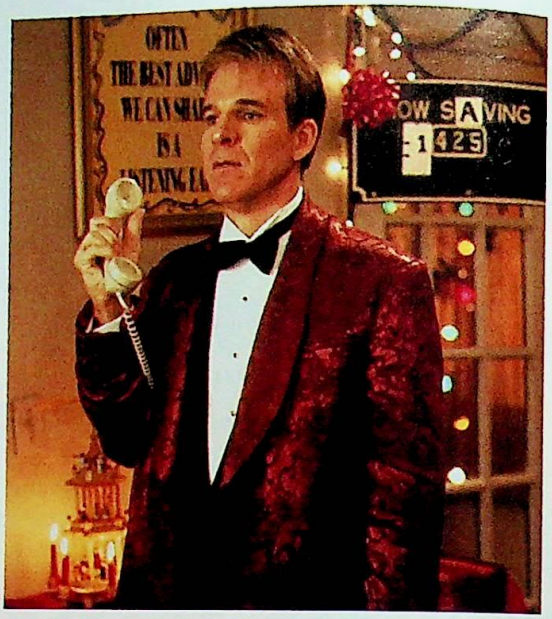
THE JUNGLE BOOK

STARRING *Jason Scott Lee, Cary Elwes, Sam Neill, Lena Headey.* **DIRECTED BY** *Stephen Sommers.*

RELAX—NO SINGING ANIMALS. This live-action *Jungle Book* is the first Hollywood production to go back to India to film Rudyard Kipling's tale of Mowgli, a young boy raised in the wild. Except, reworked as a love story with older characters and plenty of action, this isn't exactly Kipling's tale anymore. "It's got sword swallowers, snake charmers, dungeons, and a 2,000-year-old lost city," boasts director Sommers, who cast Lee as the strong, sensitive hero who's tight with the fauna and must fight the money-hungry Captain Boone (Elwes) for the woman they both love. Sommers found the two men a match for the story. "After *The Princess Bride* and *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*, Cary really knows how to work a sword, and after *Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story*, Jason's pretty good at dodging a sword."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** The possibility of more live-action classics from Disney.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE MOWGLI: IN THE REVISED *JUNGLE BOOK*, LEE GOES OUT ON A LIMB FOR LOVE



CALLING CARD: IN EPHRON'S *LIFESAVERS*, JOKESTER MARTIN MAKES SUICIDE PREVENTION SEEM WACKY

LIFESAVERS

STARRING *Steve Martin, Madeline Kahn, Juliette Lewis, Adam Sandler, Rita Wilson.* **DIRECTED BY** *Nora Ephron.*

EPHRON'S ECCENTRIC COMEDY takes place on Christmas Eve at a suicide-prevention hotline in Venice, Calif., but because of the threat of an L.A. studio workers' strike, the reported $15 million production was forced to fake California on a four-story set in Queens, N.Y., built at a cost of $630,000. Wilson (whose comic crying jag in Ephron's *Sleepless in Seattle* means she's no longer known just as Tom Hanks' wife) recalls fighting her way to work through record snowstorms;

THE JUNGLE BOOK: FRANK CONNOR; LIFESAVERS: ANDY SCHWARTZ

then she and Martin, who play mismatched lovers facing eviction, would habitually "stand there looking at [a painted backdrop of] Venice and he'd say, 'I want to be there.'" Ephron calls the faux tableau crucial "because it immediately tells you this is a slightly off-kilter Christmas movie—as if you wouldn't know anyway." (*Dec. 16*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** After the success of *Sleepless*, anything less than a giant sugarplum may be regarded as a lump of coal.

DROP ZONE

STARRING *Wesley Snipes, Gary Busey, Yancy Butler, Michael Jeter.* **DIRECTED BY** *John Badham.*

A CONVICTED COMPUTER hacker (*Evening Shade*'s Jeter) is kidnapped in midair by skydiving outlaws. Who do you call? Paramount reportedly offered Steven Seagal $15 million to strap on a parachute as a U.S. marshal. But when Warner refused to release him from a previous commitment, the studio grabbed Snipes, fresh from *Demolition Man*, for a bargain $7 million.

"Thanks to our insurance company, we had to tell the actors, 'You may not skydive, no matter how much you want to,'" says Badham, who hung his harnessed cast in front of blue screens for their death-defying scenes, which had their own dangers: "Not to be vulgar," laughs Butler (*Hard Target*), who plays a hotshot skydiver, "but the harness was extremely uncomfortable on the crotch." (*Dec. 16*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Snipes, whose asking price has skyrocketed, is looking to avoid a crash landing.

DOLORES CLAIBORNE

STARRING *Kathy Bates, Jennifer Jason Leigh, David Strathairn, Christopher Plummer.* **DIRECTED BY** *Taylor Hackford.*

STEPHEN KING PURISTS, take note: While his 1992 best-seller was written as the monologue of a crusty old New Englander as she confessed to murdering her husband 20 years earlier for sexually abusing their teenager, the screenplay focuses on something else entirely: the relationship between Dolores (Bates) and her estranged daughter, a Manhattan magazine reporter (Leigh). "I read the book [after reading the screenplay] and I was shocked because the principal relationship in the film is not in the book," says Hackford. "But Stephen King, who read the script, was a great champion of it." Besides, the story's grisly centerpiece remained intact: For the murder scene, Bates and Strathairn battled it out in the eerie atmosphere of a simulated total eclipse. "It was exhausting physically," says Bates, "because we had to have a knock-down-drag-out fight and then repeat it." Fortunately for Bates, her stunt double from *Misery* was there to take most of the punches.

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** The chance for lightning to strike twice—*Misery* earned $62 million and won Bates an Academy Award. And after *Needful Things* and *The Dark Half*, King could use a hit to keep Hollywood interested.

NUCLEAR FAMILY: THANKS TO HER UNCLE ALBERT'S HUNCH, RYAN SHARES TIME AND SPACE WITH ROBBINS

I.Q.

STARRING *Meg Ryan, Walter Matthau, Tim Robbins, Stephen Fry.* **DIRECTED BY** *Fred Schepisi.*

IT'S SAID THAT Albert Einstein's final words were "I wish I'd had more fun." Director Schepisi (*Roxanne*) had that wish in mind when he created this twinkly roman-

FIROOZ ZAHEDI

tic comedy. Matthau plays the physicist as Cupid, using his megawatt brainpower to concoct a whimsical hoax that will make his egghead niece (Ryan) fall for the local grease monkey (Robbins).

Filming in Princeton, N.J., the cast ran into lots of old-timers who'd known Einstein—and weren't shy with tips on how to play him. Schepisi, though, had a clear strategy—"Humanize him rather than sanctify him"—and observers say Matthau rose to the occasion. "The moment you saw Walter in the wig, with the mustache, with a German accent, you just knew no one else could have done it," says Fry, who plays Ryan's cold-fish British beau. "It was just perfect." (*Dec. 9*)

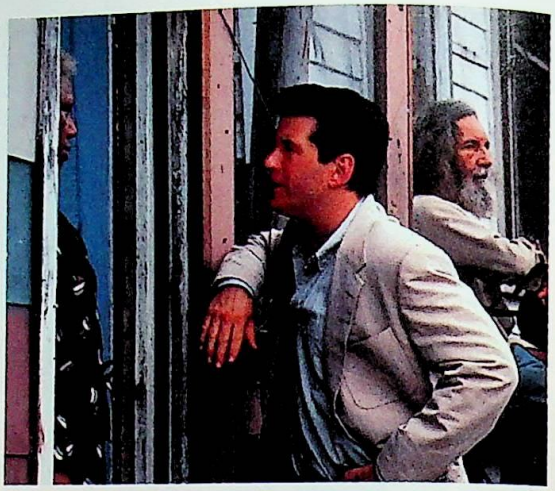
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Duh. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that Ryan + romance = great expectations.

HEAVEN'S PRISONERS

STARRING *Alec Baldwin, Mary Stuart Masterson, Kelly Lynch, Teri Hatcher.* **DIRECTED BY** *Phil Joanou.*

CAN'T WAIT FOR THE ACCENT: Baldwin stars as Dave Robicheaux, a retired New Orleans homicide detective and recovering alcoholic who witnesses a plane crash that pulls him back into the Big Easy's underworld. "People race across rooftops—there are shootouts and swamps," says Joanou (*U2: Rattle and Hum*) of his thriller based on James Lee Burke's mystery. "But that's just the spice. The meal is the characters and what they go through." What cast and crew went through included downpours, huge mosquitoes, and close encounters in the bayou. During one sequence, "a 7½-foot alligator came right up to Alec," Joanou recalls. "Luckily, we got some boats between them, but for a moment there we were going to have a problem."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** "Even if the movie is a stinker, audiences will look at Alec differently," says Joanou. And if it works, it could be Baldwin's best chance at a franchise (there are several other Robicheaux novels) since dropping out of Tom Clancy's Jack Ryan series.



DELTA FORCE: CORRUPTION IN NEW ORLEANS PROPELS BALDWIN'S ROBICHEAUX BACK INTO CRIME-FIGHTING

OSCAR WATCH

AFTER WHAT APPEARS to be a fairly weak first 11 months of the year for leading ladies, December should more than make up for lost time: Sharing the spotlight will be Jodie Foster as a wild child in *Nell*, Miranda Richardson as T.S. Eliot's unhappy wife in *Tom & Viv*, Kathy Bates as a murderess in *Dolores Claiborne*, Marisa Tomei as a Cuban-American immigrant in *The Perez Family*, Sigourney Weaver as a former political prisoner who turns the tables on her presumed tormentor in *Death and the Maiden*, and Cannes Best Actress winner Virna Lisi as history's worst mother-in-law in the French import *Queen Margot*. In addition, Meg Ryan's appearance in *I.Q.* may help to remind Academy voters of her work in *When a Man Loves a Woman*, and Susan Sarandon's post-*Client* double whammy in *Safe Passage* and *Little Women* (left) should give voters plenty to choose from. Men won't be shoved aside entirely, but some of them may be hard to recognize: 1993 Best Supporting Actor Tommy Lee Jones goes bald and bad with a challenging starring role in *Cobb*, Gary Oldman bewigs himself as Beethoven in *Immortal Beloved*, and Peter Falk gets lost under latex as a very old man in the comedy-drama *Roommates*.

SARANDON: JOSEPH LEDERER; HEAVEN'S PRISONERS: JOYCE RUDOLPH

TALL TALE

STARRING *Nick Stahl, Patrick Swayze, Oliver Platt, Roger Aaron Brown, Catherine O'Hara.* **DIRECTED BY** *Jeremiah Chechik.*

HOLLYWOOD GOES FOLKSY—with lavish special effects—in this kids' fantasy set at the turn of the last century. From the imagination of a boy (Stahl) intent on saving the family farm leaps a trio of larger-than-life heroes ready to help save the day: Paul Bunyan (Platt), Pecos Bill (Swayze), and John Henry (Brown). "There's a sense of big adventure, like *The Wizard of Oz* and *Shane*," says Chechik (*Benny & Joon*). "We searched for the most mythical landscapes we could find."

Heat, dust, and temperamental animals on location in the Southwest desert made shooting a pain at times, which might explain why the production wrapped in December but was still being reshot as late as July. Another impediment: the not-so-special effects. Dye from Babe the Blue Ox "kept getting all over my hands," says Stahl.

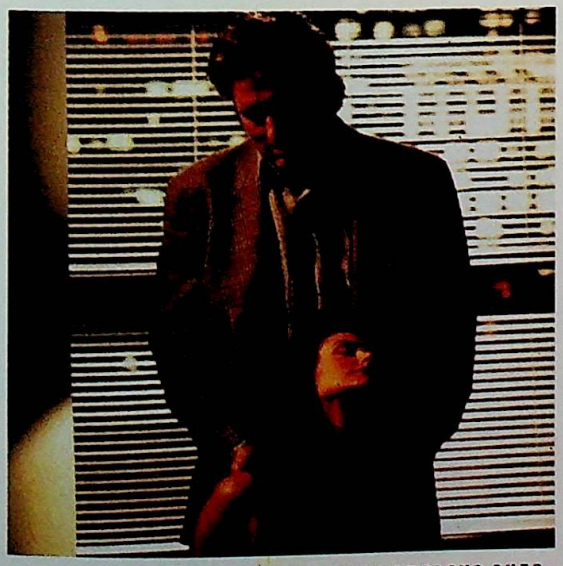
◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Disney to Swayze: Don't knock preteen adulation till you've tried it.

PISTOL PACKIN': *TALL TALE* DRAWS ON LEGENDS LIKE CALAMITY JANE (O'HARA), HOPING TO ENCHANT KIDS

DISCLOSURE

STARRING *Demi Moore, Michael Douglas, Donald Sutherland.* **DIRECTED BY** *Barry Levinson.*

MICHAEL CRICHTON'S canny book-and-moviemaking juggernaut (*The Andromeda Strain, Jurassic Park, Rising Sun*) had some trouble getting rolling on this one. Trying to put his 1994 novel about female-on-male sexual harassment—an instant zeitgeist statement and best-seller—on film, Crichton lost his director, Milos Forman (*Amadeus*), last December, when they reportedly squabbled over the script. Annette Bening was to sign for the lead last spring but dropped out when she got pregnant. In the end, Levinson (*Diner*) took the helm for the Seattle shoot, and career-smart Moore came in as the supervisor at a left-coast computer firm who makes advances toward an underling (Douglas), then turns the tables and charges *him* with harassment.

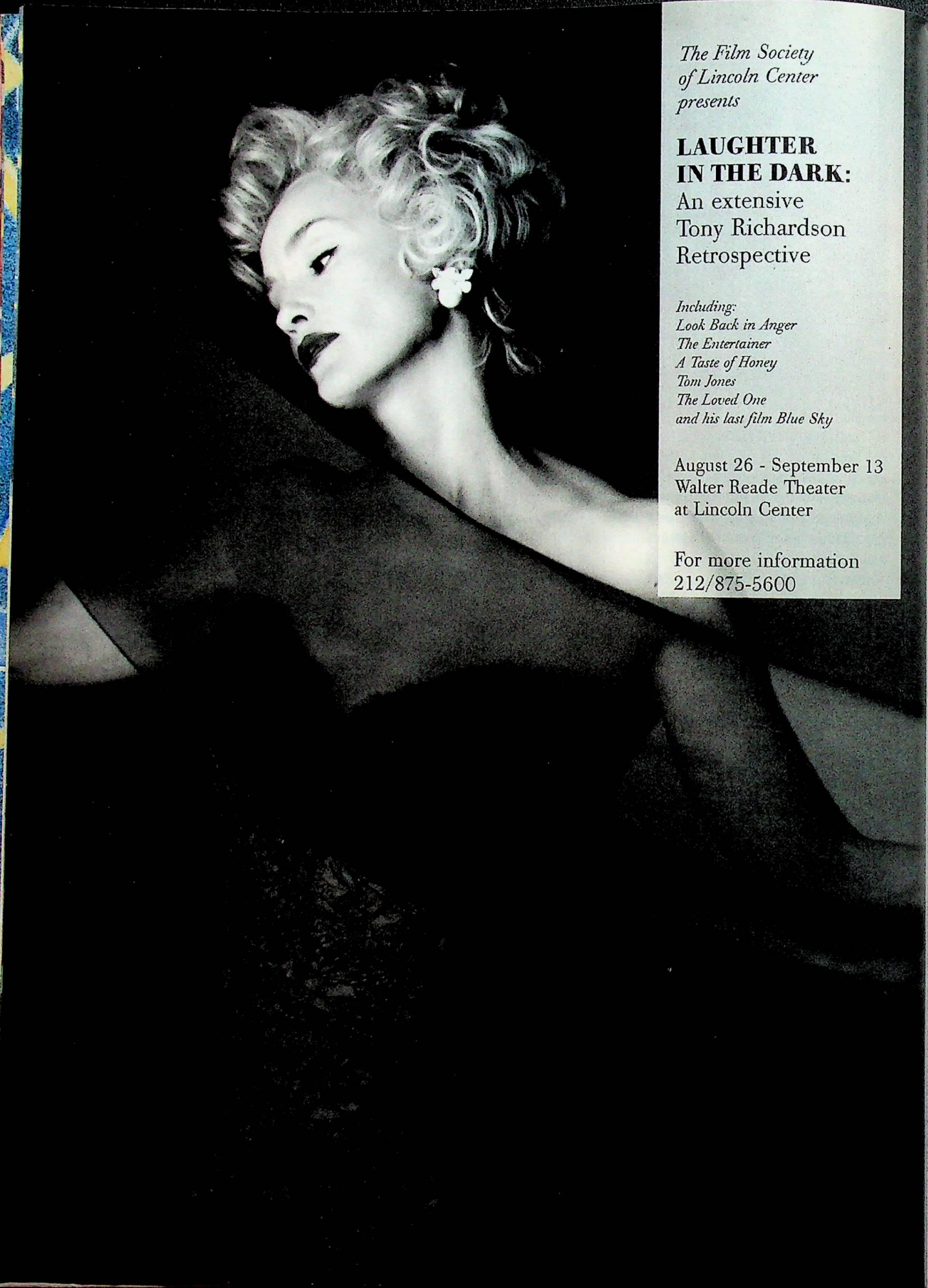


MERGERS AND INQUISITIONS: MOORE EMPLOYS QUESTIONABLE TACTICS IN HER DEALINGS WITH DOUGLAS

The stars are limbering up for any controversy the story may spark. "I've said she's a good person who does bad things, but in truth she really does cross the line," says Moore. Douglas is conciliatory: "This is just one part of the gender war," he says. "People are having a tough time, and wish their roles were simpler." With this as his follow-up to the middle-class pathologies of *Falling Down*, maybe Douglas does, too. (*Dec. 16*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** While the two stars may catch some heat for the project, Levinson *needs* it after the dismal *Jimmy Hollywood*.

DISCLOSURE: BRIAN HAMILL; A TALL TALE: MELINDA SUE GORDON



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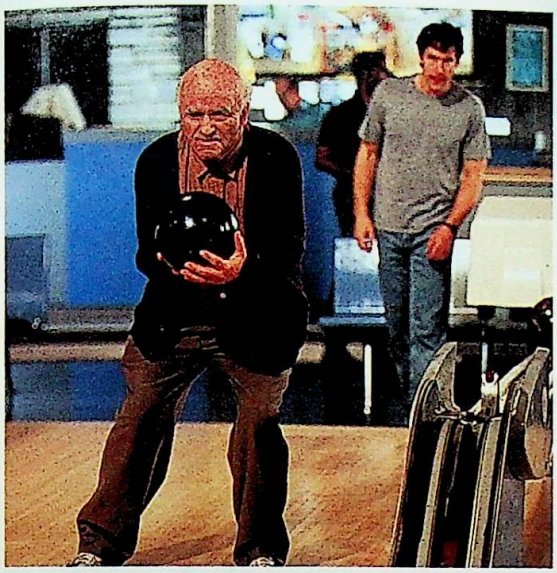


SPARE PART: WILL AUDIENCES FOR *ROOMMATES* BE BOWLED OVER BY PETER FALK AS A CRANKY GRANDPA?

ROOMMATES

STARRING *Peter Falk, D.B. Sweeney, Julianne Moore, Ellen Burstyn.* **DIRECTED BY** *Peter Yates.*

As Columbo, Peter Falk kid-gloves suspects until they confess their sins. But as the cantankerous Rocky, who takes in his orphaned 5-year-old grandson, he gets straight to the point. "It's his way or the highway," says D.B. Sweeney (*Fire in the Sky*), who plays grandson Michael as an adult. Michael always has trouble with Rocky's old-world values, but the match sticks. When Michael goes to medical school, Rocky tags along. Later he moves in with Michael and his wife (Moore)—only to end up clashing with her mother (Burstyn) over care of his great-grandchildren. Falk, 66, had to endure hours of makeup to age from 70 to 107 for the role, but his patience paid off. "Falk's convincingly my grandfather," says novelist Max Apple, who based the screenplay loosely on his life. (*Dec. 25*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Disney is betting on emotional appeal and Falk's transformation to make this their big Christmas release.

STREET FIGHTER

STARRING *Jean-Claude Van Damme, Raul Julia, Wes Studi, Ming-Na Wen, Kylie Minogue.* **DIRECTED BY** *Steven de Souza.*

Since a video game inspired *Street Fighter*, there are three words director De Souza does not want to hear: *Super Mario Bros.* Just because it tanked, he argues, don't predict doom for every flick from a joystick. "If that analogy is valid," he says, "then we can also say *The Bonfire of the Vanities* was a flop, ergo no one should make movies out of novels anymore."

Even so, De Souza—best known for penning raw-meat fare like *Die Hard*—has taken pains to beef up his film with a plot: A colonel (Van Damme) for a U.N.-type outfit drops into Southeast Asia to bring feuding warlords (Studi and Julia) to their knees. Shot in Australia and the milky heat of Bangkok, *Street Fighter* is stocked, says De Souza, "with aerial invasions, high-tech bunkers, giant spiders, and Komodo dragons." Of course, none of these fazed Van Damme. "Look, it's an action movie," sniffs the Muscles from Brussels. "To me, it's not too much of a challenge." (*Dec. 23*)

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** De Souza's future. Can he flex his pecs as a director?

SAFE PASSAGE

STARRING *Susan Sarandon, Sam Shepard, Robert Sean Leonard, Sean Astin.* **DIRECTED BY** *Robert Ackerman.*

Sarandon's handlers advised her not to take the role. For one thing, it's a mother (not sexy). For another, it's in an old-fashioned drama (not terribly commercial). And most horrifying to a Hollywood agent: "I worked for a third of my price, or less," the star reports. But it's nice work if you can afford it. Sarandon and Shepard star as an unhappily married couple with seven sons, one of whom is missing and presumed dead in a

GAME BOY: VAN DAMME (WITH MINOGUE) GIVES A COMMAND PERFORMANCE IN HIS ARCADE-BASED ROLE

STREET FIGHTER: JIM TOWNLEY; ROOMMATES: BOB MARSHAK

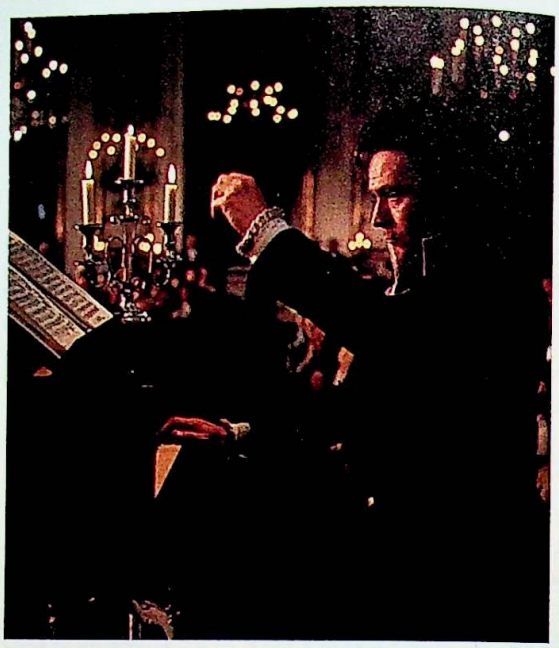
war in the Sinai Desert. The film unreels during the family's intense three-day vigil. Sarandon agreed to take part in her old friend Ackerman's movie when the filmmakers rewrote the script for her and assured her she'd be done in time for her kids' spring break. Sarandon says they came through "every time I put an obstacle up." At one point, they found a location for a shoot that was "not only on my street, but on my block."

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** A lot more for the boys than for their elders. Leonard (*Much Ado About Nothing*) and Astin (*Rudy*) are looking to gain heft.

IMMORTAL BELOVED

STARRING *Gary Oldman, Jeroen Krabbe, Isabella Rossellini, Valeria Golino, Johanna Ter Steege.* **DIRECTED BY** *Bernard Rose.*

NO BY-THE-NUMBERS musical biopic, this ode to Beethoven is—like its subject—thunderously romantic. How romantic? It provoked stars Oldman and Rossellini to become engaged (a December wedding is planned). "It's a detective story about a love letter," explains Krabbe, who plays the narrator, Ludwig Van's assistant Schindler. After Beethoven's funeral, Schindler finds his last composition—a mysterious letter bequeathing his estate to "my immortal beloved." "It's like Rosebud," says Krabbe. "You see Beethoven's whole life through the search for the beloved. Until the last three minutes, you have no idea who it is." The voluptuous Golino? The delectable Rossellini? The tempting Ter Steege? Is there an astounding side of Beethoven we never knew? "Yes," says Krabbe, "but that's the secret of the film." (*Dec. 25*)



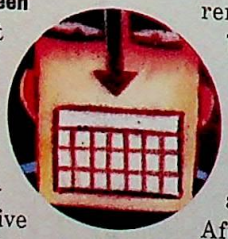
ROLE O' BEETHOVEN: OLDMAN MAKES THE PIANO HIS FORTE IN A BIOPIC ABOUT THE TEMPESTUOUS COMPOSER

◆ **WHAT'S AT STAKE:** Greater recognition for Oldman, who, with three films this autumn (he's also in *The Professional* and *Murder in the First*) could use a role that puts him over the top with American audiences.

The Fall Movie Preview was written by Tim Appelo, Rebecca Ascher-Walsh, Jess Cagle, Steve Daly, Erik Esckilsen, Jeff Gordinier, Nisid Hajari, Marion Hart, Bronwen Hruska, Heather Keets, Gregg Kilday, Albert Kim, Kate Meyers, Beth Pinsker, Robert Seidenberg, Jessica Shaw, Benjamin Svetkey, and Anne Thompson.

ALSO IN DECEMBER

IN AN OPULENT French epic based on the Alexandre Dumas novel, Isabelle Adjani assumes the throne as the Catholic **Queen Margot** and tries to avert religious warfare by marrying a Protestant in 16th-century France. A young mother fights to reunite with her children after fleeing an abusive relationship in the British import **Ladybird, Ladybird**. Gérard Depardieu reclaims his past as **Colonel Chabert**, a soldier returning to France after the Napoleonic wars. Christopher Lambert and Mario Van Peebles fight a futuristic rematch in **Highlander III: The Sorcerer**. **Tom & Viv** portrays the disastrous marriage of T.S. Eliot (Willem Dafoe) and Vivienne Haigh-Wood (Miranda Richardson, left). After one hit album and a recent follow-up, professional phone pranksters Kamal and Johnny B. unmask themselves in the feature-length caper **The Jerky Boys**.



IMMORTAL BELOVED: KEITH HAMSHERE

SCI·FI
CHANNEL
WELCOME TO THE EDGE

WHAT'S DESTINED TO GET NOTICED AT THE MOVIES? HERE ARE 26 ANSWERS YOU'LL WANT TO KEEP ON FILE.

Angora, What Ever Happened to See Johnny Depp, sweater girl, in *Ed Wood.*

Bening, Beatty-and- See the *Love Affair* couple try to become a household hyphenate à la Tracy-and-Hepburn.

Citizens, Very Senior See Peter Falk play 107 in *Roommates*; see also Antonio Banderas play approximately 2,000 in *Interview With the Vampire.*

Dog, Not to Be Confused With the See Gary Oldman play Beethoven, the shaggy composer, in *Immortal Beloved.*

Eternity, From Here to See Captain Kirk set a course for the final frontier in *Star Trek: Generations.*

Forrest Primeval, Foster's See Jodie go Gump one better as a grown-up Appalachian wild child in *Nell.*

Gonzo, Bedtime for See Steve Martin do drama in *Simple Twist of Fate.*

Helm Street, Nightmare on See Freddy Krueger go after the director himself in *Wes Craven's New Nightmare.*

Insanity, Stop the See John Turturro 22 pounds heavier for his role in *Quiz Show.*

Jumpers, Fashionable Fall See '70s cover girl Nastassja Kinski fall from a plane in *Terminal Velocity*; see also the latest pinafores on Paris runway models in *Prêt-à-Porter.*

Kringles, Your Choice of See Sir Richard Attenborough as the department store saint in *Miracle on 34th Street* or TV fixture Tim Allen in *The Santa Clause.*

Life, Art Imitates See former lovers Jack Nicholson and Anjelica Huston—as former lovers—in *The Crossing Guard.*

Mouse, Sylvester, That's No See rough, tough Stallone meet his match—Sharon Stone—in *The Specialist.*

Nursing, He'll Never Take Up See Arnold Schwarzenegger pregnant in *Junior.*

On the Western Front, Almost All's Quiet See lonesome hombres Rob Lowe and Bill Paxton in *Frank and Jesse.*

Pranksters, Merry See recording artists/phone bozos Johnny B. and Kamal up to new tricks in *The Jerky Boys.*

Queen, Every Inch a King or See Jaye Davidson play Ra, god/goddess of a far-flung alien world in *StarGate.*

Relative, Everything's See Albert Einstein arrange a husband for niece Meg Ryan in *I.Q.*

Scientists, Mad See Kenneth Branagh as Dr. Victor Frankenstein of Geneva; see also Anthony Hopkins as Dr. John Kellogg of Battle Creek, Mich.

Tortured in the Making of This Film, No Animals Were See Sigourney Weaver torment Ben Kingsley in Roman Polanski's *Death and the Maiden.*

Upset, For Mild Stomach See a comatose Uma Thurman given a rousing revival in *Pulp Fiction.*

Voice-Activated..., If You're Hear Patrick Stewart and Whoopi Goldberg suspended in animation in *The Pagemaster.*

Woman, Scent of an Underage See Chris O'Donnell and Amy Locane, four years younger than they are today, in the long-delayed *Blue Sky.*

Xerox Machine, Somebody Must Have Broken the See hardly any sequels.

You, They Dare See the Demi Moore–Michael Douglas sexual-harassment drama *Disclosure* with a date.

Zany, It Had Better Be See Nora Ephron's comedy *Lifesavers*, set in the office of a suicide hotline.

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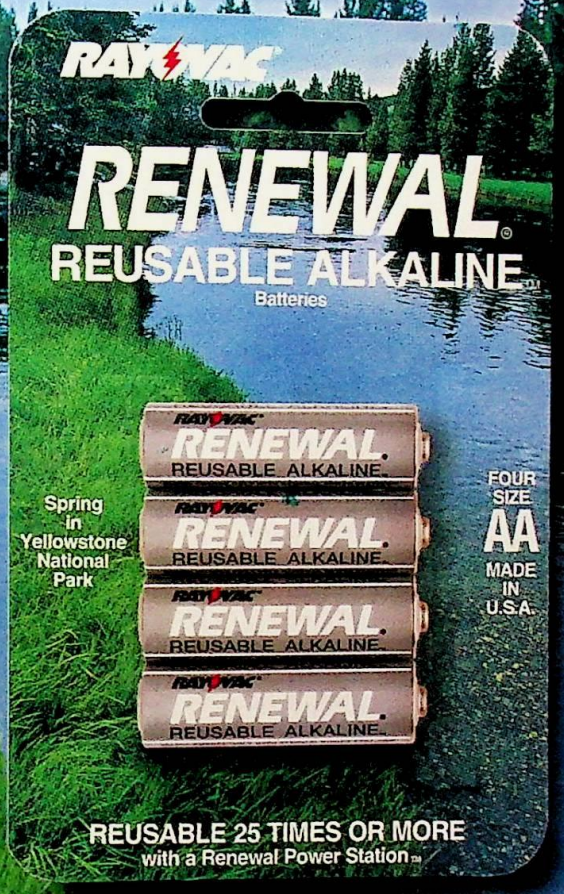

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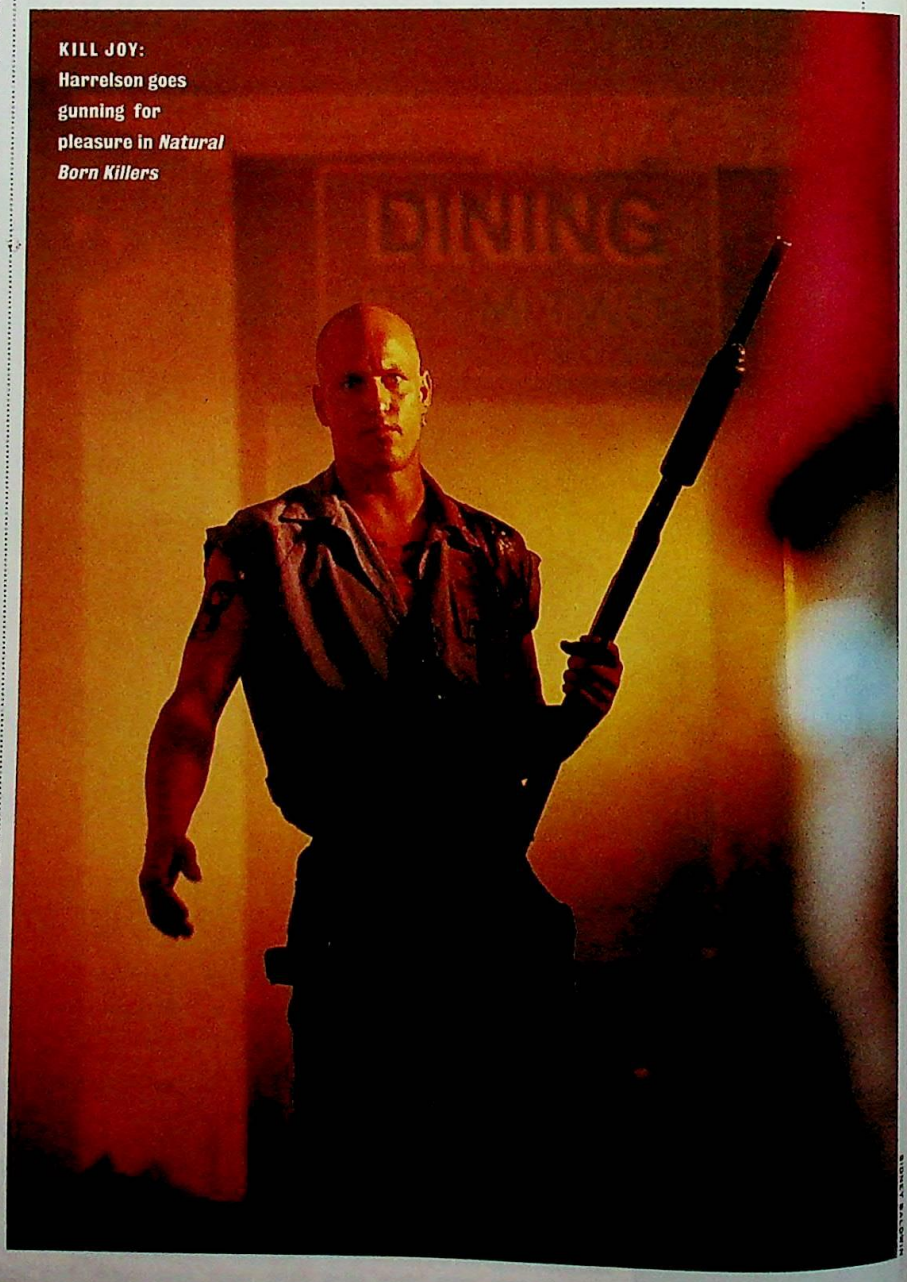
American Psychos

Ultraviolent and surreal, Oliver Stone's 'Natural Born Killers' traces the psychedelic road odyssey of two young drifters who kill for the crazy love of it. **BY OWEN GLEIBERMAN**

EVEN FOR A director who feeds on outrage, Oliver Stone has topped himself with **NATURAL BORN KILLERS** *(Warner Bros., R)*. Feverish, psychedelic, insanely bloody, the movie is unlike anything you've seen before. It seems to have exploded directly from the filmmaker's psyche, a gonzo-poetic head trip about America's escalating culture of ultraviolence. Stone unfurls the tale of two good-looking young lovers, Mickey and Mallory Knox (Woody Harrelson and Juliette Lewis), who spend three weeks on a reckless homicidal bender, slaughtering strangers as if they were knocking off mosquitoes. They kill cops, waitresses, storekeepers, hitchhikers; they kill people they don't like and people who are nice to them. Overnight, they become celebrity psychopaths, superstars of the tabloid-media age.

Subversive in a way that recalls *A Clockwork Orange* (which mined a similar vein of pitch-black satirical horror), *Natural Born Killers* depicts violence, both real and imagined, as a kind of drug, a ruthlessly addictive force that has hooked an entire society. Stone's audacity, like Stanley Kubrick's before him, is that he dares to turn his film into one more hit of the drug, as hypnotic in its sensationalism as the world it's portraying. I think *Natural Born Killers* is brilliant—the most haunting experience I've had at the movies this year—yet it may turn out to be the love-it-or-hate-it film of the decade. Either you go with the flow of Stone's scabrous, seductive images or you don't.

Woody Harrelson's Mickey is a demented good ol' boy with a wily sneer and a twinkle in his eye. He and Mallory, a cackling punk nymph, aren't meant to be realistic characters. They're more like supercharged updates of the glamorous killer-lovers in *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Badlands*, and other young-outlaws-on-the-lam fables. At no point do we feel much emotion for these two remorseless maniacs. What makes their lurid odyssey so mesmerizing is Stone's revolutionary cinematic style, a visual language at once lyrical, hallucinatory, and as deliriously assaultive as Mickey and Mallory themselves. Shooting on more than a dozen film and video stocks, and splicing in bits of old footage along with images of fire,



KILL JOY: Harrelson goes gunning for pleasure in *Natural Born Killers*

SIDNEY BALDWIN

HOW THEY DID IT

ALL SHOT TO HELL

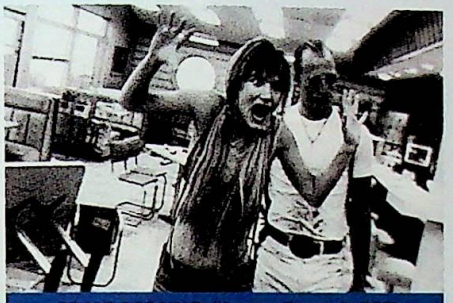
A frame-by-frame guide to the mise-en-sin of 'Natural Born Killers.' **BY STEVE DALY**

WHETHER you're pumped or repelled by the acid-flash, stream-of-unconsciousness style of *Natural Born Killers*, you're likely to keep asking yourself the same thing as the movie unfolds: *What the hell is going on?* Juiced up with more disjunctive, outré film techniques than any major-studio movie has dared to use, it's a road movie that, stylewise, jumps all over the map. Here, a navigator's guide to what you'll see on the trip:

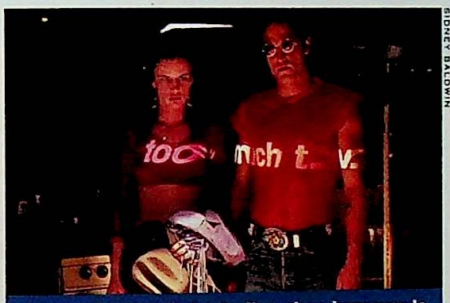
◆ **An avalanche of film stocks and formats.** *NBK* spits out a startlingly variegated range of photographic images: snapshots and Polaroids; Beta videotape; and Super-8, 16 mm, and 35 mm footage—now color, now black and white, now grainy, now not. "Coming back to color after being away from it, it's much more powerful," says Stone. "It's like a Rorschach test. When you mix things up, you can get some enormous revelations into the characters' psyches."

◆ **Slow motion and strobed motion.** Like vain athletes watching their own instant replays, Mickey (Woody Harrelson) and Mallory (Juliette Lewis) constantly relive their exploits in their heads, sometimes in fluid slow-mo, sometimes in a jerkier, stop-action style.

◆ **Unrealistic rear projection.** When Mickey and Mallory take off in their 1970 Dodge Challenger, we see them parked in front of a flat, fake-looking screen, which sometimes simulates a passing roadway but more often displays blown-up montages of newspaper headlines, cheering passersby, and sundry flashbacks. "We were playing with the idea of putting interior states [of mind] on the screen," says Stone. And what about that weird newsreel footage of genocidal atrocities playing in the windows of Mick and Mal's cheap motel room? "We're saying, the century is always there. How can we escape Hitler and Stalin and Armenia and Vietnam?"



GRAIN ASSAULT: At a roadhouse in B&W



SIDNEY BALDWIN

SCARLET LETTER: Lewis, Harrelson have words

LIVING COLOR: Tom Sizemore captivates Lewis

LET'S GO TO THE VIDEOTAPE: Getting Downey

◆ **Superquick close-ups.** All through the movie, there are flash cuts of horrible, freakish faces, what the crew came to call "the demon gallery": Harrelson's Mickey drenched in blood; Robert Downey Jr.'s TV tabloidist done up with devil horns; a grotesque, walking, decapitated corpse (actually one of the movie's editors with his head removed via digital special effects).

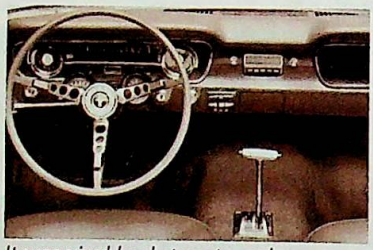
◆ **Colored lights.** Many scenes turn unexpectedly lurid with overwhelming floods of blue, red, or green light, most notably a sequence in which Mickey and Mallory, deluded from snakebites, are apprehended outside an enormous pharmacy. "Bob [Richardson, the director of photography] went out and bought something like 200 green fluorescents," says Stone. "It was a huge investment. It made the place look like a jar of hell."

◆ **Heavy-metal animation.** Inspired by a sequence he saw on MTV's *Liquid Television*, Stone commissioned animator Mike Smith to create a cartoon of Mick and Mal as hypermuscled superheroes. It was to unfold in a scene where the venom-doped lovers hallucinate at a drive-in, imagining themselves on screen. But when the scene was dropped, Stone inserted the animation elsewhere, partly because he loved it and partly because "it was *so* expensive."

◆ **Slide projections.** Stone projects words onto Mick and Mal during a peyote-infused sequence where they meet a Native American shaman who knows they're bad seeds. "It's shorthand," says Stone. "It's just a way to get to the point, to get on the interstate already."

THE ALL-NEW MUSTANG

It was the car that captured a generation.



It was vinyl bucket seats and standard lap belts.

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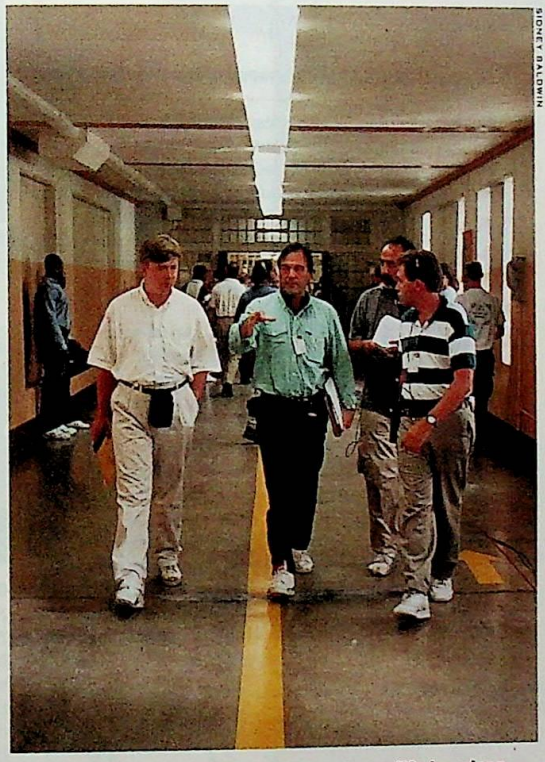
predatory desert animals, and quivering devils, Stone makes you feel as if you're zapping through a 500-channel cable-TV system while stoned on peyote. At any given moment, Mickey and Mallory's story has the texture of a home movie, a documentary, a lush Hollywood romance, a slapdash reenactment on a TV crime show, or an image caught by a surveillance camera. The effect is to deny the characters any true "reality." Stone has caught the surreal everyday madness of the image culture, in which our brains have been colonized by the mass media, jaded by mayhem, heightened by drugs. *Natural Born Killers*' fever-dream aesthetic may seem the apotheosis of MTV, except that Stone works with a free-associative dexterity that transcends MTV. His virtuoso image layering creates portents, echoes, sinister juxtapositions of past and present. The film is saying that the more we become full-time image receptors (even when the images are banal), the more life itself seems a collection of raw sensations divorced from empathy or meaning. Murder becomes just another cheap kick. Watching *Natural Born Killers*, we're really inside Mickey and Mallory's heads—we're watching the two of them watch themselves.

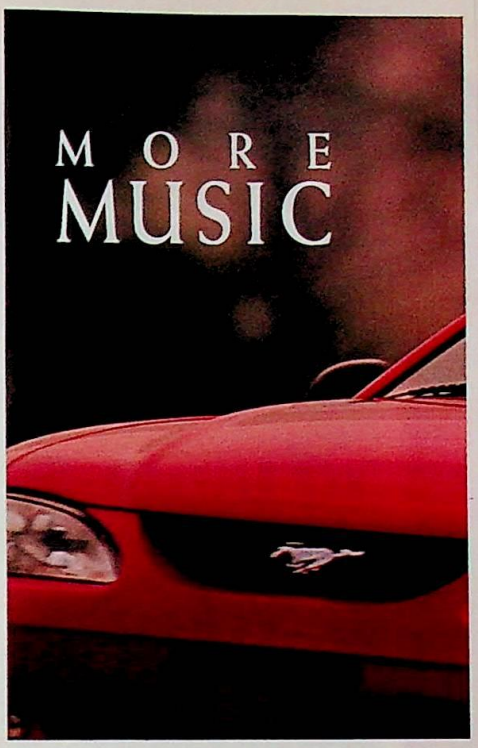


SIDNEY BALDWIN

JAILHOUSE STONE: The director captures life in prison

Though the movie sometimes has the feel of a crazed Godardian essay, Stone hasn't lost his entertainer's instincts. A flashback to Mallory's adolescence is staged as a foulmouthed sitcom, with her fetid, incestuous father played by Rodney Dangerfield—a bit of casting that quickly turns your laughter to shock. The shoot-out in which Mickey and Mallory are captured by the police is an operatic tour de force, with the strains of *Carmina Burana* creating an ironic backdrop to a ready-made media event. It's at this point that the film, after its impressionistic first half, begins to attain a true narrative thrust. In prison, Mickey grants a live TV interview to Wayne Gale (Robert Downey Jr.), the unctuous Aussie host of *American Maniacs*, who works himself up into sputtering fits of "outrage." Harrelson's performance takes on a menacing charisma when Mickey, head shaved, sits down before the TV cameras, elevating his bloodlust into a scarily lucid nihilism.

The final section of *Natural Born Killers* is the most powerfully audacious filmmaking of Stone's career. As Mickey and Mallory launch their escape, transforming the prison into a charnel house, they take as a hostage Downey's hilariously self-righteous Wayne, who in the midst of broadcasting his predicament makes contact with the monster in himself. In *Natural Born Killers*, the demons that rise up from the natural world are reflected back at us through pop culture, and vice versa. The film isn't blaming violence in society on violence in the media. It's saying that they've become symbiotic, part of an apocalyptic chicken-and-egg cycle. Stone takes his characters right over the top, rubbing our noses in our own lust for excess, and some viewers are bound to say that he's gone too far. Yet this may be one case where too far is just far enough—where a gifted filmmaker has transformed his own attraction to violence into an art of depraved catharsis. **A**



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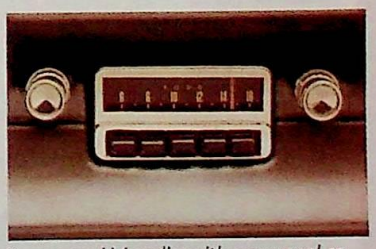

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THE WEEK

Reviews by **OWEN GLEIBERMAN** *and* **LISA SCHWARZBAUM**

NEW RELEASES

ANDRE *(Paramount, PG)* This summer's version of *Free Willy* is the true story of a girl (Tina Majorino) and her seal. Andre is a charmer, and the movie works when it stays in shallow waters, following his raspberry-blowing, TV-watching antics. When it tries to get too deep—using melodramatic rescue scenes to preach about friendship and love—*Andre* flounders. Still, the training scenes during the closing credits are a tribute to the star's talents and a joy to watch. **B-** —*Lois Alter Mark*

IN THEATERS

AIRHEADS *(PG-13)* A trio of heavy-metal rockers (Brendan Fraser, Steve Buscemi, and Adam Sandler) sneak into an L.A. radio station brandishing plastic Uzis and force the deejay (Joe Mantegna) to play their single. But the tape player eats the demo, leaving the three stranded like Al Pacino in *Dog Day Afternoon*. What might have been an amusing 15-minute sequence in a *Wayne's World* movie degenerates into a witless muddle. **D** (#236, Aug. 19) —*OG*

JACK ROWAND

SEAL TEST: Tina Majorino and pet get slaphappy in the true tale *Andre*

BARCELONA *(PG-13)* A droll, satisfying, idiosyncratic movie from Whit Stillman, the writer-director of *Metropolitan*. Stillman is not afraid to include offbeat ideas about NATO, international trade, sexual timidity, and the ethics of loyalty in the appealing story of two American cousins (Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman) pursuing love and careers in early-'80s Spain. **B+** (#235, Aug. 12) —*LS*

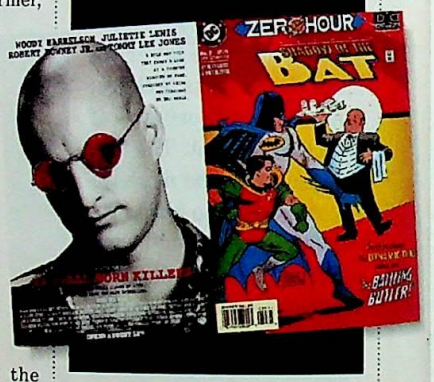
CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER *(PG-13)* Harrison Ford returns as CIA man Jack Ryan, a paragon of low-key integrity, in this adaptation of Tom Clancy's thriller about South American drug lords and U.S. government weasels. As our hero, Ford reduces his movements to little haikus of emotion. As a thriller, this 2½-hour production takes a slow route between short bursts of excitement. **C+** (#235, Aug. 12) —*LS*

THE CLIENT *(R)* An 11-year-old boy (Brad Renfro) witnesses the suicide of a Mob lawyer—but not before learning where the body of a murdered politician was buried. Susan Sarandon is Reggie Love, the feisty attorney who becomes the kid's protector and surrogate mom. Once you peer past the restless camera work, the plot of this latest John Grisham adaptation is actually rather thin. **B-** (#233, July 29) —*OG*

AD CAMPAIGN OF THE WEEK

Code of Dishonor

Perhaps it's a plot hatched by CIA types, but doesn't it seem just a little strange to advertise Oliver Stone's R-rated serial-killer splatterfest *Natural Born Killers* on the back cover of the kid-friendly, Comics Code–approved *Batman: Shadow of the Bat*? Maybe the Warren Commission should look into it.



CORRINA, CORRINA *(PG)* It's like *The Sound of Music* remade as an AT&T commercial. Whoopi Goldberg plays a housekeeper-nanny who's so wise and earthy and good that we start feeling virtuous the moment she shows up. It's the early '60s, and Goldberg's Corrina Washington is hired by the newly widowed Manny Singer (Ray Liotta) to take care of his 7-year-old daughter (Tina Majorino). Goldberg and Liotta are very sweet together; they make the movie watchable. Yet their tenderness is curiously asexual, perhaps because the script never gives them a chance to achieve a true intimacy. **C** (#236, Aug. 19) —*OG*

EAT DRINK MAN WOMAN *(Unrated)* Food isn't just a metaphor for love in Ang Lee's bighearted comedy; food is also food, meant to be tasted, savored, and shared. Widowed master chef Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) is losing his sense of taste as his three daughters are developing sexual appetites of their own. The personalities combine to produce subtle new flavors—and in the end, no one is spiced as you'd imagined they'd be. **A-** (#235, Aug. 5) —*LS*

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	CINEMASCORE Audiences across the U.S.	ROGER EBERT Siskel & Ebert	GENE SISKEL Siskel & Ebert	JAMI BERNARD Knight-Ridder Syndicate	CARRIE RICKEY Knight-Ridder Syndicate	MIKE CLARK USA Today	OWEN GLEIBERMAN LISA SCHWARZBAUM Entertainment Weekly	AVG.
AIRHEADS *(20th Century Fox)*	B-	—	D	F	C	C-	D	D+
BARCELONA *(Fine Line)*	—	B	B	B+	B	B-	B+	B
CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER *(Paramount)*	A	B-	B-	C+	B	B-	C+	B-
THE CLIENT *(Warner Bros.)*	B+	C	C	A	B+	B-	B-	B
FORREST GUMP *(Paramount)*	A+	A	B+	A	B	A-	C	B+
IN THE ARMY NOW *(Hollywood)*	B	D	C	—	C	—	D-	C-
IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU *(TriStar)*	B+	A-	A-	B-	A-	B+	B-	B+
THE LION KING *(Walt Disney)*	A+	A-	B+	A	A-	A-	A-	A-
THE MASK *(New Line)*	B+	B	B	B+	B-	B-	C+	B
TRUE LIES *(20th Century Fox)*	A	B-	C+	A-	C+	A	B+	B+

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BOX OFFICE

DIAMOND DAZE

TRIPLE HEADER: ***Corrina's*** **Liotta, Tina Majorino, Goldberg**

AS THE SUMMER box office pennant race entered its final innings, the baseball strike was good news for theater owners: Instead of entering its traditional August slump, movie attendance remained solid—with idle baseball fans turning out for *Clear and Present Danger*, still firmly rooted in first place, and the indefatigable *Forrest Gump*, back in second place. Debuting on just three screens, *Corrina, Corrina*, starring Whoopi Goldberg and Ray Liotta, posted a promising $18,112-per-theater average, positioning itself for a run at end-of-season-sleeper status. And, in a move to boost earnings even higher, Disney announced it will pull *The Lion King* from the lineup on Sept. 23 and rerelease it at Thanksgiving.

	WEEKEND GROSS*	TOP 20	GROSS TO DATE	WEEKS IN RELEASE
1	$16.0	**CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER** *Paramount*, Harrison Ford	$55.0	2
2	$14.1	**FORREST GUMP** *Paramount*, Tom Hanks	$188.1	6
3	$10.1	**THE MASK** *New Line*, Jim Carrey	$70.1	3
4	$7.4	**THE LITTLE RASCALS** *Universal*, Bug Hall	$23.3	2
5	$7.0	**TRUE LIES** *20th Century Fox*, Arnold Schwarzenegger	$112.3	5
6	$6.4	**IN THE ARMY NOW** *Hollywood*, Pauly Shore	$6.4	1
7	$6.0	**THE CLIENT** *Warner Bros.*, Susan Sarandon	$66.5	4
8	$6.0	**THE LION KING** *Walt Disney*, Animated	$243.2	9
9	$4.1	**IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU** *TriStar*, Nicolas Cage	$23.5	3
10	$2.4	**ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD** *Walt Disney*, Danny Glover	$41.5	5
11	$1.5	**SPEED** *20th Century Fox*, Keanu Reeves	$110.4	10
12	$1.2	**THE FLINTSTONES** *Universal*, John Goodman	$125.4	12
13	$0.9	**AIRHEADS** *20th Century Fox*, Brendan Fraser	$4.2	2
14	$0.8	**BARCELONA** *Fine Line*, Taylor Nichols	$1.5	3
15	$0.5	**THE SHADOW** *Universal*, Alec Baldwin	$30.3	7
16	$0.4	**BABY'S DAY OUT** *20th Century Fox*, Joe Mantegna	$15.1	7
17	$0.4	**CITY SLICKERS II** *Columbia*, Billy Crystal	$42.3	10
18	$0.3	**BLOWN AWAY** *MGM*, Jeff Bridges	$28.8	7
19	$0.3	**BLACK BEAUTY** *Warner Bros.*, David Thewlis	$3.6	3
20	$0.3	**LASSIE** *Paramount*, Helen Slater	$9.1	4

	WEEKEND PER-SCREEN AVERAGE†	TOP 10 / PER SCREEN	NO. OF SCREENS
1	$7,761	**BARCELONA** *Fine Line*	107
2	$6,562	**CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER** *Paramount*	2,433
3	$6,418	**FORREST GUMP** *Paramount*	2,204
4	$4,409	**IN THE ARMY NOW** *Hollywood*	1,444
5	$4,083	**THE MASK** *New Line*	2,462
6	$3,850	**THE LITTLE RASCALS** *Universal*	1,925
7	$3,251	**TRUE LIES** *20th Century Fox*	2,156
8	$2,706	**THE LION KING** *Walt Disney*	2,221
9	$2,667	**IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU** *TriStar*	1,544
10	$2,620	**THE CLIENT** *Warner Bros.*	2,301

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC.
*WEEKEND OF AUG.12–14 (ALL DOLLAR FIGURES IN MILLIONS)
†DRAWN FROM 20 TOP-GROSSING FILMS

THE WEEK

Reviews by **OWEN GLEIBERMAN** *and* **LISA SCHWARZBAUM**

NEW RELEASES

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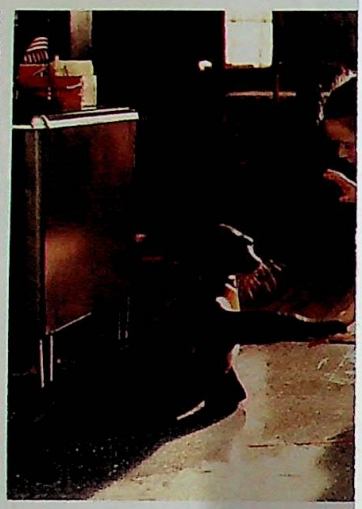

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CRITICAL MASS

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BARCELONA *(Fine Line)*	—	B	B	B+
CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER *(Paramount)*	A	B-	B-	C+
THE CLIENT *(Warner Bros.)*	B+	C	C	A
FORREST GUMP *(Paramount)*	A+	A	B+	A
IN THE ARMY NOW *(Hollywood)*	B	D	C	—
IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU *(TriStar)*	B+	A-	A-	B-
THE LION KING *(Walt Disney)*	A+	A-	B+	A
THE MASK *(New Line)*	B+	B	B	B+
TRUE LIES *(20th Century Fox)*	A	B-	C+	A-

FORREST GUMP *(PG-13)* The title character (Tom Hanks) is a sweet-souled innocent with an IQ of 75 who ends up playing a pivotal role in just about every key moment of American cultural history since the early '60s. The movie, a technically amazing pop stunt, implies that Forrest is triumphing over history, like a slow-brained Ferris Bueller. He's making the last 30 years feel good again. **C** (#231, July 15) —*OG*

IN THE ARMY NOW *(PG)* This abysmal knockoff of *Stripes* buries Pauly Shore under a pile of generic barracks-comedy gags. Shorn of his cuddly hippie locks, Shore loses just about all his personality as a comic—i.e., he no longer seems like the slightly more masculine brother of Richard Simmons. **D–** (#236, Aug. 19) —*OG*

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU *(PG)* Andrew Bergman's sweet-spirited comedy about a cop (Nicolas Cage) who agrees to share his lottery winnings with a waitress (Bridget Fonda). The two stars flirt adorably, but they're playing such saints that we can't get too excited about them. **B–** (#233, July 29) —*OG*

THE LION KING *(G)* The Disney animators return to the primal-pop emotionalism of *Bambi* in this rapturous piece of storybook myth-making. **A–** (#228/229, June 24/July 1) —*OG*

THE LITTLE RASCALS *(Universal, PG)* Spanky and his gang GoKart into the '90s in a movie that's slicker than Alfalfa's cowlick. The kids are undeniably cute, but their aura of innocence seems forced. **C** (#236, Aug. 19) —*LAM*

THE MASK *(PG-13)* Stanley Ipkiss (Jim Carrey), a worrywart bank clerk, stumbles upon a mask that allows his suppressed inner self to go wild. Whenever he puts it on, he becomes...the Mask, a green-faced freakazoid hipster. The movie is a rattletrap Jekyll-and-Hyde farce, but Carrey, at his best, pushes idiocy over the line into manic delirium. **C+** (#234, Aug. 5) —*OG*

SPANKING THE MONKEY *(Unrated)* A college kid (Jeremy Davies) spends a summer tending to his bored, depressive mother (Alberta Watson), and what with his sexual frustrations and her seductive behavior, incest enters the picture. David O. Russell's well-composed, remarkably confident first feature is impressive: He gets us to worry about the boy even while we're entertained by his predicament. **B+** (#236, Aug. 19) —*LS*

TRUE LIES *(R)* James Cameron's high-powered pop cocktail combines the acrobatic nihilism of a James Bond thriller with the screwball charm of *Romancing the Stone*. **B+** (#232, July 22) —*OG*

IN THE WORKS

STRIKE UP THE BOND

◆ **Plotting:** Wesley Snipes—secret agent man? Snipes is set to play a James Bond–like agent in *Black Ice*, which he will also coproduce. And if *Ice* bonds with audiences, the filmmakers hope to turn it into a franchise. ◆ **Planning:** Robin Williams in drag again? Maybe. *La Cage aux Folles*, the 1978 French cult hit about a flamboyantly gay couple who try to play straight when a son visits, may be remade with Williams as one of the leads. ◆ **Shooting:** Shelley Long inherits Florence Henderson's apron as Carol Brady in *The Brady Bunch*, now filming in L.A. Gary Cole plays Mike, and most of the kids from the fave TV show will appear in cameos. The plot? The clan faces hardship in the cruel '90s when Mike loses his job. Expect tears, laughter, and *lots* of familiar songs. *Brady* is billed for '95. —*Tim Purtell*

DEBORAH SAMUEL/VISAGES

SNOOP SNIPES: Following in the footsteps of Agent 007

BOX OFFICE

DIAMOND DAZE

As the summer box office pennant race entered its final innings, the baseball strike was good news for theater owners: Instead of entering its traditional August slump, movie attendance remained solid—with idle baseball fans turning out for *Clear and Present Danger*, still firmly rooted in first place, and the indefatigable *Forrest Gump*, back in second place. Debuting on just three screens, *Corrina, Corrina*, starring Whoopi Goldberg and Ray Liotta, posted a promising $18,112-per-theater average, positioning itself for a run at end-of-season-sleeper status. And, in a move to boost earnings even higher, Disney announced it will pull *The Lion King* from the lineup on Sept. 23 and rerelease it at Thanksgiving.

S. HANOVER

TRIPLE HEADER: *Corrina's* Liotta, Tina Majorino, Goldberg

TOP 20

	Weekend Gross*		Gross To Date	Weeks In Release
1	$16.0	**CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER** *Paramount*, Harrison Ford	$55.0	2
2	$14.1	**FORREST GUMP** *Paramount*, Tom Hanks	$188.1	6
3	$10.1	**THE MASK** *New Line*, Jim Carrey	$70.1	3
4	$7.4	**THE LITTLE RASCALS** *Universal*, Bug Hall	$23.3	2
5	$7.0	**TRUE LIES** *20th Century Fox*, Arnold Schwarzenegger	$112.3	5
6	$6.4	**IN THE ARMY NOW** *Hollywood*, Pauly Shore	$6.4	1
7	$6.0	**THE CLIENT** *Warner Bros.*, Susan Sarandon	$66.5	4
8	$6.0	**THE LION KING** *Walt Disney*, Animated	$243.2	9
9	$4.1	**IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU** *TriStar*, Nicolas Cage	$23.5	3
10	$2.4	**ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD** *Walt Disney*, Danny Glover	$41.5	5
11	$1.5	**SPEED** *20th Century Fox*, Keanu Reeves	$110.4	10
12	$1.2	**THE FLINTSTONES** *Universal*, John Goodman	$125.4	12
13	$0.9	**AIRHEADS** *20th Century Fox*, Brendan Fraser	$4.2	2
14	$0.8	**BARCELONA** *Fine Line*, Taylor Nichols	$1.5	3
15	$0.5	**THE SHADOW** *Universal*, Alec Baldwin	$30.3	7
16	$0.4	**BABY'S DAY OUT** *20th Century Fox*, Joe Mantegna	$15.1	7
17	$0.4	**CITY SLICKERS II** *Columbia*, Billy Crystal	$42.3	10
18	$0.3	**BLOWN AWAY** *MGM*, Jeff Bridges	$28.8	7
19	$0.3	**BLACK BEAUTY** *Warner Bros.*, David Thewlis	$3.6	3
20	$0.3	**LASSIE** *Paramount*, Helen Slater	$9.1	4

TOP 10 / PER SCREEN

	Weekend Per-Screen Average†		No. of Screens
1	$7,761	**BARCELONA** *Fine Line*	107
2	$6,562	**CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER** *Paramount*	2,433
3	$6,418	**FORREST GUMP** *Paramount*	2,204
4	$4,409	**IN THE ARMY NOW** *Hollywood*	1,444
5	$4,083	**THE MASK** *New Line*	2,462
6	$3,850	**THE LITTLE RASCALS** *Universal*	1,925
7	$3,251	**TRUE LIES** *20th Century Fox*	2,156
8	$2,706	**THE LION KING** *Walt Disney*	2,221
9	$2,667	**IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU** *TriStar*	1,544
10	$2,620	**THE CLIENT** *Warner Bros.*	2,301

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC.
*WEEKEND OF AUG.12-14 (ALL DOLLAR FIGURES IN MILLIONS)
†DRAWN FROM 20 TOP-GROSSING FILMS

'Life' Is Sweet

The creators of 'thirtysomething' imbue the exceptional new drama 'My So-Called Life' with poignant observations about the travails of being a teenager. **BY KEN TUCKER**

TELEVISION teems with teenagers, who are generally presented as wiseacres, sex symbols, or sullen dolts. We are generally happy to see adolescence satirized either because we remember our own miserable teen years or because we're going through them now and it's a relief to see other kids as screwed-up as we are. But to do the opposite—to take adolescence seriously—is really tricky, because you fall into an adolescent trap, which is to inflate ultimately trivial trials (dating, acne, homework) into angst-heavy, life-or-death quandaries.

All of which makes **MY SO-CALLED LIFE** *(ABC, Aug. 25, 8–9 p.m.)*—the most extraordinary show of the new TV season—that much more of an achievement. Even if you're someone who tends to refer to teenagers as "kids today" (as in, "Kids today don't know what it's like to work hard!"), you may nonetheless find yourself spellbound by the petty problems and lovingly nursed grudges of a 15-year-old suburban girl.

As played by the amazing Claire Danes, Angela Chase lives on the outskirts of Pittsburgh with her parents (Tom Irwin and Bess Armstrong) and younger sister (Lisa Wilhoit). Danes has deep-set, widely spaced eyes that seem to look through you; she's at that age where she wants to get to the essence of everything, especially other people's souls. She frequently speaks to us directly, in an omniscient voice-over, with a tone of unsettling conviction. When her low, ruminative voice says, "School

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL: ***Life*'s Danes (right) pauses between classes to swap gossip and existential angst with best buddy Langer**

is a battlefield for your heart," you know she's not talking about history class: No, she's gazing, helplessly, at Jordan Catalano (Jared Leto), a hood with a sensitively dangling forelock, in the hallway between classes. "He's always closing his eyes like it hurts to look at things," Angela's narration asserts—but then we see Jordan squirting some Visine into his peepers, and realize he's not the brooding romantic Angela fancies him to be, but probably just a zonked goofball. This quick juxtaposition of idealized dialogue and realistic camera work epitomizes the brilliance of what the show's creator, Winnie Holzman, has pulled off: She gives Angela the dignity of her shallow deep-dish thoughts, but also permits us to see the truth, even when it contradicts our central character.

Holzman came to prominence for her writing work on *thirtysomething*. Both that show and *My So-Called Life* have been produced by the team of Marshall Herskovitz and Edward Zwick. Indeed, it certainly looks to me like the Chase family is living in the same dark-lit, comfortably ramshackle Victorian heap that was the Steadmans' in *thirtysomething*.

One of the strengths of *Life* is that it grants Angela's parents as much understanding as it does its teenage protagonists—Angela and her best pals, Rayanne (A.J. Langer) and Rickie (Wilson Cruz). Angela's mom, Patty, is a grim control freak thoroughly unsettled by Angela's adolescence; Bess Armstrong, a TV vet (*All Is Forgiven*, *Married People*) who has never had a vehicle worthy of her until now, plays Patty as a terribly ambivalent martinet, one who feels she has to crack down on her eldest daughter because she knows her husband won't. Tom Irwin, who specializes in damp-eyed vulnerability, is perfect as Graham, a well-meaning dad thrown for a loop by Angela's budding womanhood. "We used to be pretty tight," Angela remarks to us in a voice-over. "The sad truth is, my breasts have come between us."

That's another reason *Life* escapes the taint of teenage narcissism: Angela isn't so obsessed with herself that she fails to

DANIEL MATSON

RICARDO MONTALBAN'S NEW FANTASY

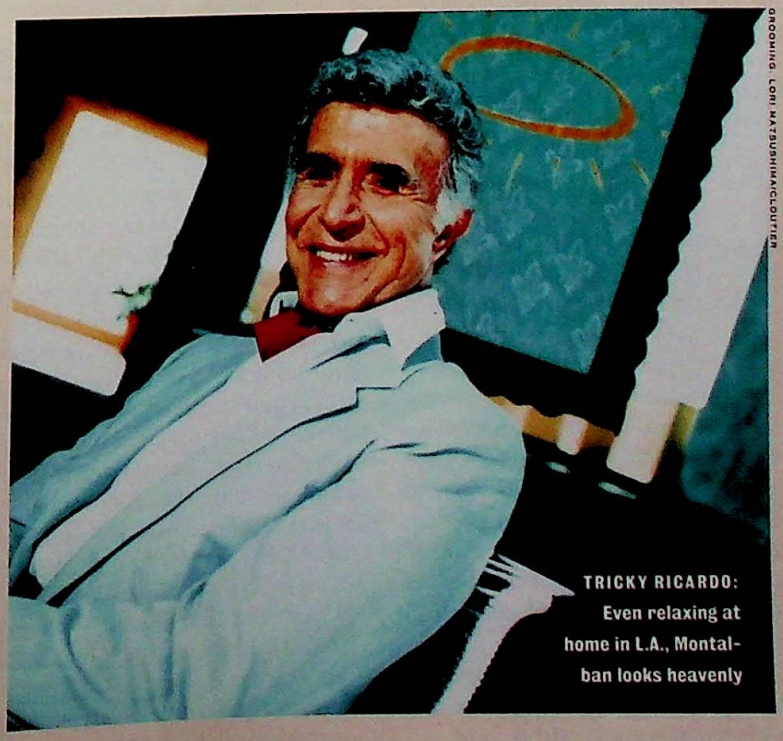
AIRDATE WITH AN ANGEL

HE OUT-EMOTED William Shatner in *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* and survived *Fantasy Island* with his dignity intact—and now the man whose accent launched a thousand Cordobas has reached TV *Heaven*. This fall, Ricardo Montalban, 73, reunites with *Fantasy* producer and high-concept maestro Aaron Spelling on the new syndicated series *Heaven Help Us*, playing an angel who guides a pair of newlyweds (John Schneider and Melinda Clarke) caught between the here-and-now and the hereafter.

"This one has some of the same elements as *Fantasy Island*," notes the Mexican-born veteran of 40 movies, lounging on the terrace of his majestic Hollywood Hills home, a bandanna knotted at the throat of his RM-monogrammed shirt. "Good humor, a very positive approach—away from television's terrible mire of negativism and lack of beauty and dreaming and *clahss*."

Montalban himself is fairly well-stocked with class. In July of last year, he underwent a 9½-hour operation to correct a spinal hemorrhage; his recovery has been difficult—an aluminum walker stands next to his terrace chair—but it hasn't weakened his desire to work. (He has also resumed his post as chairman of Nosotros, an organization he cofounded in 1969 to promote opportunities for Hispanic actors and to help eradicate stereotypical images of them in Hollywood.) Originally, Spelling—who cast Montalban in *Fantasy Island* over ABC's suggestions of John Huston and Orson Welles—offered *Heaven*'s angel role as a voice-over part that Montalban could record from home, but stations slated to carry the show wanted to see him on camera.

"My doctor said, 'Do it, it's good for your mind,'" says the actor, who flies to the series' San Antonio location every few weeks. "Getting to the airport, it's a big effort, but the challenge keeps me going. I don't have to move too much during my scenes. An angel just pops in, you see, and then pops out." But Montalban himself plans on sticking around on TV, *Heaven* willing. —*Michael Walker*



GROOMING: LORI MATSUSHIMA/CLOUTIER

TRICKY RICARDO: Even relaxing at home in L.A., Montalban looks heavenly

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANN SUMMA

GAMS, SETEE, MATCH: (From left) *Oats'* Conlon, Hupp, Marshall, and Rudd prove four's a crowd

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

notice what her parents are going through, what vulnerable adults they are. For all of Angela's wry wisdom, however, Holzman's script for the debut episode is also fearless in detailing this girl's frequently dippy inner life. Holzman remembers that when you're a teenager, you're forever looking for people in books, movies, and pop music that you can identify with, and, like many girls before her, Angela has seized on *The Diary of Anne Frank*, whose tragedy she innocently reduces to a metaphor for her own lonely neediness. In a blurt of bad taste, Angela tells a teacher that the concentration-camp victim was "lucky" because "she was trapped in an attic for three years with this guy she really liked."

It is a blessed relief that *Life* portrays things that have become "issues"—teenage drinking, unwanted sexual advances—without turning them into moments of preachment. I detest shows that are said to "tackle issues"—that's the phrase their fawning reviewers always use in admiration. But issue-tackling is drama-deadening. *Life* understands this, and gives all of its hot-button topics the complexity and ambivalence they deserve.

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PILLOW TALK

DAVE'S RAVES

WE'VE WITNESSED a year now of the kinder, gentler, more confident, more sleekly tailored, CBS Dave. But traces remain of the awkward-adolescent, NBC Dave, who gawks at supermodels, pulls Mary Tyler Moore onto his lap, and generally gushes over his female faves. As he approaches his Aug. 30 CBS anniversary, Letterman has lately been especially effusive.

◆ **To Jamie Lee Curtis:** "Wha-hoo, man, I'm telling you something, that is one happenin' dress." ◆ **To Rosie Perez:** "Man, you couldn't look more summery.... There's something very sweet and appealing about you. You're just a lovely woman." ◆ **On Julia Roberts:** "She's a very nice woman, very sweet, very kind, very thoughtful." ◆ **To Penelope Ann Miller:** "You want to go? You and I will go and see Streisand." ◆ **On Mary Tyler Moore:** (To Rob Reiner, who said, "She is [beautiful] now, she was then.") "I think she's even better-looking now." ◆ **To Mariel Hemingway:** "We make a charming couple, don't you believe?" ◆ **To Kate Nelligan:** "Kate, you're charming and delightful as always." ◆ **To Teri Garr:** "You smell nice, that's good." ◆ **To Susan Sarandon:** "You look wonderful. You look... What are people laughing about?" —*Dave Karger, Beth Pinsker, Sarah A. Young*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT DE MICHIELL

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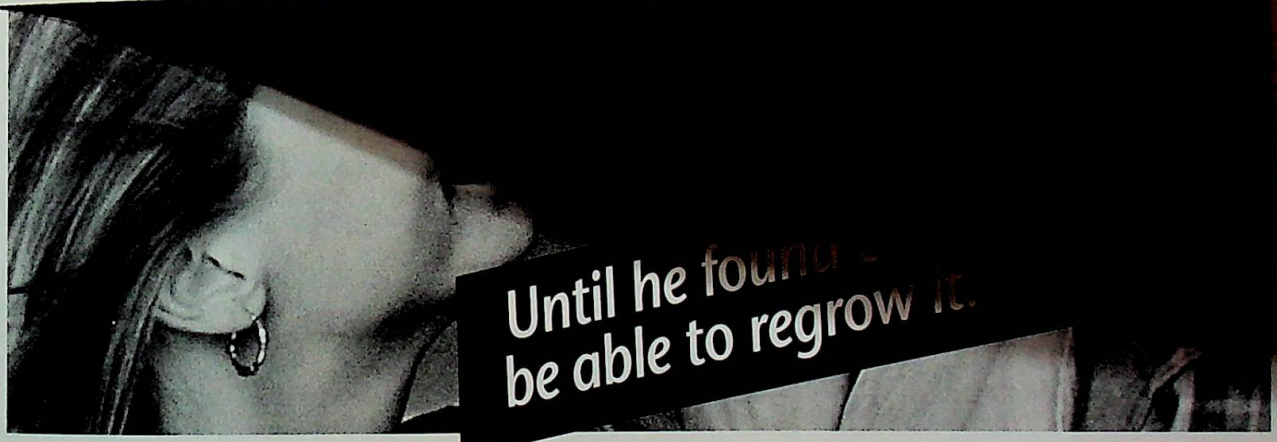

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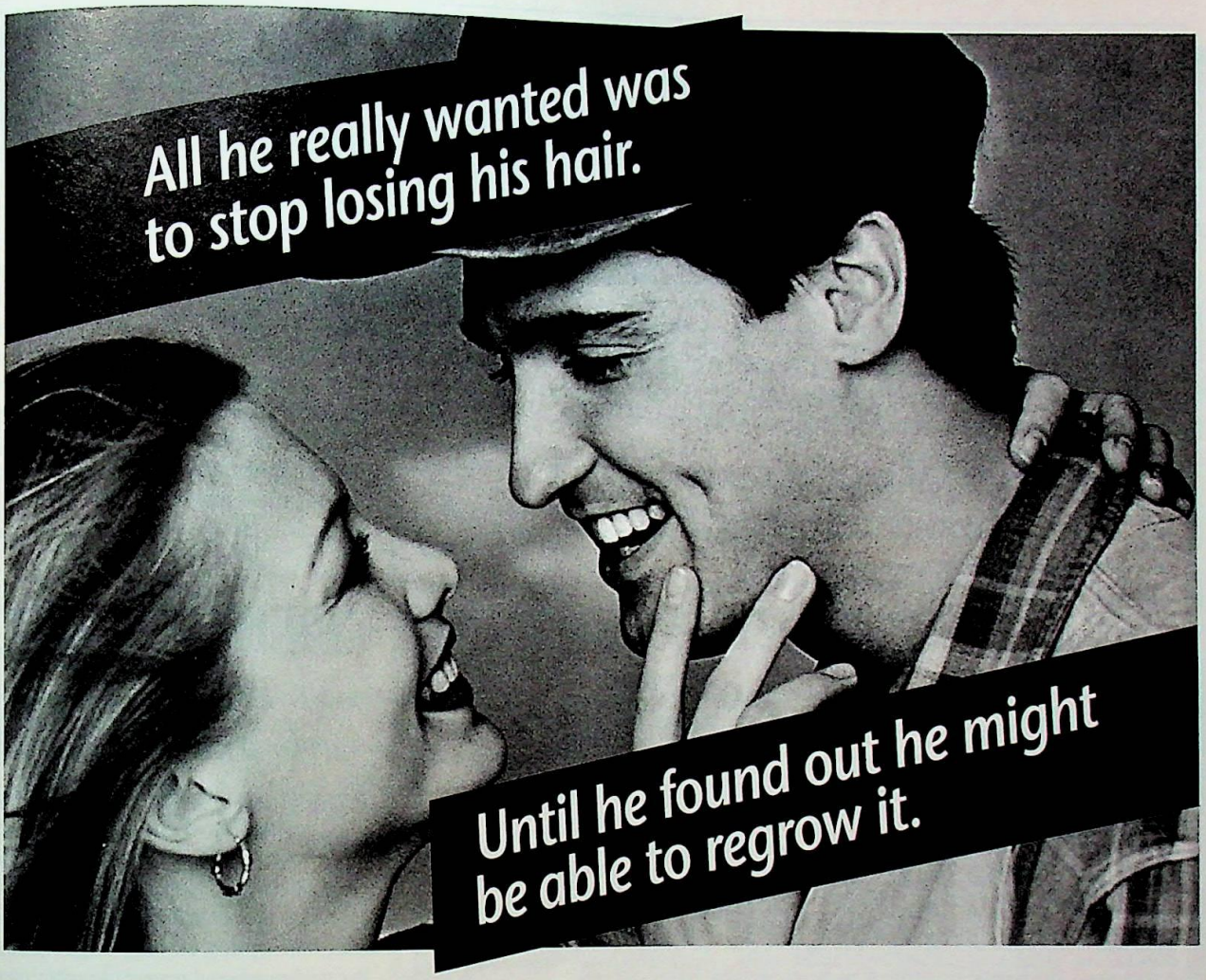

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How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%, **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%, **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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CB-5-S

has referred to *Beavis and Butt-head*—the telltale symptom of exhaustion among comedy writers. Also, speaking of '90s realities, these sowers of *Wild Oats* are obsessed with sex—more specifically, with *scoring*—in a '70s-ish galaxy untouched, apparently, by AIDS. Conversation abounds about lip-locking, tongue-hockey, who's good in bed, and the relative merits of Doing It on a first date; not content with those, Jack celebrates the joys of anonymous sex. Sitting in a singles' hangout waiting to pick up two giggling, bosomy Eastern European bimbo sisters, he describes the bar admiringly to his shy buddy as a place for "horny losers chumming for nasty." I couldn't have nailed this series better myself. **D–**

Somers' Fright

She's the shaman in an appallingly silly tale of 'Evil'

THE OPPORTUNITY to see Suzanne Somers in shamanistic face paint is not lure enough to rescue **SEDUCED BY EVIL** *(USA, Aug. 25, 9–11 p.m.)* from the TV-movie loony bin. By day, Lee Lindsay (Somers) is a mild-mannered magazine writer married (to *Hill Street Blues*' James Sikking) with a teenage daughter (blond novice Mindy Spence). By night, however, she dreams of ravens and wolves and foretells fatal car accidents. That's because, wouldn't you know, she has been chosen as the spirit mate of Ceiro (bit-part villain-player John Vargas), a black-magic sorcerer who casts a spell on her when she visits his ranch to interview him—for a lifestyle profile, I presume.

As Lee swoons from the cup of Magic Potion tea Ceiro feeds her, he whispers in her ear, "You're mine, you're mine, *you're mine*!" or words to that effect; later that night, getting cozy with her husband, she is horrified to see the tattoo of a raven peeking out on her rib cage below her bra like an ID (*If lost, return to shaman*). How Lee breaks free of Ceiro's clutches and saves her family from harm, all the while keeping her lip gloss unsmudged and her Beverly Hills–style fringed buckskin jacket dust-free, is one of the marvels of late-August cable schlock. **D+**

WHAT'S THEIR LINE?

A quartet of stand-ups sound off about models, mugs, and mustard. BY BRUCE FRETTS

DO GREAT COMIC minds think alike? We posed the same seven questions separately to four stand-ups, all of whom appeared at the Montreal International Comedy Festival (Showtime, Aug. 23, 9:35–11:05 p.m.): Bobcat Goldthwait (*Shakes the Clown*), Richard Belzer (*Homicide: Life on the Street*), Thea Vidale (*Thea*), and Gilbert Gottfried (*Aladdin*). Here's how their answers stack up. *(Additional reporting by Heather Keets)*

◆ *What's the cheesiest place in which you've ever performed?*
Goldthwait: A Milwaukee sports bar. I interrupted the testosterone level.
Belzer: A converted deli. They still had the meat counter in there.
Vidale: A Pasadena country-western bar. They passed the hat to pay me.
Gottfried: A storage room with some folding chairs. There was only one person there, and he proceeded to tell me, "Don't do any blue material."

◆ *Who's your favorite supermodel?*
Goldthwait: Fabio. How do you become a supermodel? Do you fight crime on the weekends?
Belzer: Twiggy. She was famous when I was young.
Vidale: Iman. She's stood the test of time.
Gottfried: I'm afraid to single one out because I might insult another one who might want to have sex with me. And I'd hate to be responsible for Claudia Schiffer bursting into tears.

◆ *Who's your favorite cartoon character?*
Goldthwait: Screwy Squirrel. He's one of the few cartoon characters with attention-deficit disorder.
Belzer: Daffy Duck. He was the original antiestablishment hero, even before Bugs Bunny.
Vidale: Betty Boop. The bitch is smooth.
Gottfried: I'd have to say Iago, the parrot [his *Aladdin* role].

◆ *If they named a sandwich after you, what would be in it?*
Goldthwait: Horseradish and bologna. I'm full of one, and the other makes people crazy.
Belzer: Rye, hold everything.
Vidale: The best beef you can get, jalapeños because I'm a spicy kind of girl, a little bit of cheese, a lot of mustard because I'm odd that way, lettuce, tomatoes, and onions.
Gottfried: Forty percent ham and sixty percent bologna.

◆ *Do you have a favorite mug?*
Goldthwait: Yes, it's from the movie *Dick Tracy*. It's in the shape of Madonna's head. I just like the idea of drinking hot liquids from Madonna's skull.
Belzer: It says *CBS News Nightwatch*. It was a gift from Charlie Rose.
Vidale: It's black, and it says positive things like "I Love Me" and "You're Great" all over it.
Gottfried: John Gotti.

◆ *Who's the funniest world leader of all time?*
Goldthwait: Reagan. People get a lot of mileage out of him.
Belzer: Idi Amin. He was honest enough to eat his enemies.

Vidale: Clinton. The biggest issue he ever had to settle was a feud between the Hatfields and the McCoys.
Gottfried: Adolf Hitler. He'd make you giggle with his zany limericks. And when he did his bird calls, I was on the floor.

◆ *What question could Barbara Walters ask you that would make you cry?*
Goldthwait: "Why do you think Jerry Seinfeld's funny?"
Belzer: "[Do you want to go] out to lunch?"
Vidale: Nothing. I would make her cry.
Gottfried: The question should be, "What question could Barbara Walters ask me that I would *understand*?"

ILLUSTRATION BY S.B. WHITEHEAD

THE WEEK

A guide to notable programs by **BRUCE FRETTS**. *(Times are Eastern daylight and are subject to change.)*

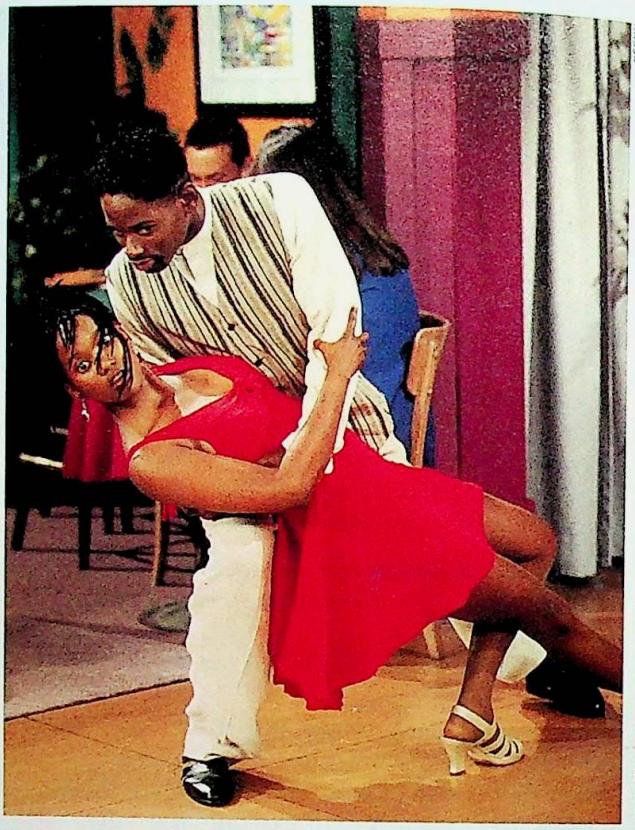
SCI-FI

CARL LUMBLY returns as the paraplegic African-American superhero **M.A.N.T.I.S.** *(Fox, Aug. 26, 8–9 p.m.)*, but devotees of last season's TV-movie pilot won't recognize the other characters. In an apparent attempt to reach a broader (read: whiter) audience, the supporting cast—most of whom were black—has been jettisoned, and Lumbly's sidekicks now include two Caucasians, a mad scientist (*Cheers'* Roger Rees) and a Puck-like bike messenger (Christopher Gartin). The whitewashing didn't extend to the villains, however: The premiere episode finds the good guys racing to prevent a killer virus from being sold to the North Korean government. Another step forward for race relations on TV.

JUST HOW derivative of James Bond is Carlton Dial (Mark Frankel), a.k.a. **FORTUNE HUNTER** *(Fox, Sept. 4, 7–8 p.m.)*? He's a wisecracking secret agent with a British accent, an eye for the ladies, and a pocketful of high-tech gadgets. And he introduces himself ad nauseam as "Dial. Carlton Dial." Adding a '90s twist to the formula, Dial also has a computer-nerd cohort (John Robert Hoffman), who monitors his actions on a video screen (clearly, this is the character with whom the target audience for this show will identify). *Hunter* may aspire to 007-level adventure, but its lackluster cast and cut-rate international locales make it seem more like a remnant of CBS' *Crimetime After Primetime*.

SITCOMS

FOX TRIES to ratchet itself above fourth place by relocating three of its most popular shows: **MARTIN** *(Fox, Sept. 1, 8–8:30 p.m.)* moves back to Thursdays as Gina (Tisha Campbell) and the gang discover that Martin (Martin Lawrence), who vanished at the end of last season, has joined a cult. **LIVING SINGLE** *(Fox, Sept. 1, 8:30–9 p.m.)* follows its less popular lead-in to Thursdays with a similarly startling development: Enemies Max (Erika Alexander) and Kyle (T.C. Carson) get bombed on tequila and spend a night of passion together. And **THE SIMPSONS** *(Fox, Sept. 4, 8–8:30 p.m.)* returns to its old Sunday slot with a *Rear Window* parody. Laid up with a broken leg, Bart spies on nice-guy neighbor Ned Flanders—and thinks he sees a murder.



DESCENT OF A WOMAN: ***Living Single*'s Carson and Alexander tango**

THE UPSTART network hopes to keep football fans hooked on Sundays with *Fortune Hunter* (yeah, right), *The Simpsons* (okay, maybe), and...a baseball comedy, **HARDBALL** *(Fox, Sept. 4, 8:30–9 p.m.)*. Hey, you like one sport, you like 'em all. At least this one has a seasoned ensemble cast: *St. Elsewhere*'s Bruce Greenwood as an amorous pitcher, *The Bodyguard*'s Mike Starr as an aging catcher, *Law & Order*'s Dann Florek as the team's no-nonsense new manager, and *The Dick Van Dyke Show*'s Rose Marie as its salty owner, Mitzi Balzer (shades of Marge Schott). *Hardball* should deliver more laughs than Ken Burns' PBS behemoth—even if it doesn't last 18½ hours.

MOVIES

IT'S HARD TO say which is more painful to sit through—the inane first half of **NEXT DOOR** *(Showtime, Sept. 4, 8–10 p.m.)*, in which college professor James Woods (in his upper-class *Immediate Family* mode) and his butcher neighbor Randy Quaid (in his white-trash *National Lampoon's Vacation* mode) squabble over a lawn sprinkler—or the ugly second half, in which Quaid attempts to rape Woods' wife (Kate Capshaw). As a satire of suburbia, *Next Door*, with sparkling dialogue from *Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter*'s Barney Cohen ("You f---ing goddamn s---!"), makes *The 'Burbs* look like *Shadow of a Doubt*.

INFOTAINMENT

WITH SEGMENTS on such celebs as Sly Stallone, Demi Moore, Jean-Claude Van Damme, and Ellen DeGeneres, **EXTRA—THE ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE** *(syndicated, check local listings)*—a corporate cousin of ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY—hopes to overtake *Entertainment Tonight* (no relation) as the premier electronic outlet for showbiz tidbits. But *Extra*'s greatest challenge may be coming up with a theme song as annoyingly ear-catching as *ET*'s immortal ditty. Maybe if they hired John Tesh to write it....

MUSIC

A PROFILE OF the singer-songwriter-antinuke activist, **JACKSON BROWNE: GOING HOME** *(Disney, Aug.*

THE SOAP BOX

BY ALAN CARTER

TORI'D LOVE SCENES

TORI SPELLING is smiling, but not because she has just heard about her spicy *Beverly Hills, 90210* fall story line (a liaison with newcomer Jamie Walters). No, Spelling is tickled to learn that her manager also handles Lisa Rinna, who plays *Days of Our Lives*' Billie. "Wow! I love that show," says Spelling, 21, who has been devoted to *Days* since she was five years old. "I watch with my girlfriends," she says, insisting the appeal of the show is not the hunky guys. "It's the stories. My favorite character is Jennifer [Melissa Reeves]. I'm really upset she's with Peter. I want Jack [Matthew Ashford, who was fired last August] back." As for Rinna's current plotline, in which her beau, Bo, has met a woman who resembles his supposedly dead wife, Spelling says, "I'm torn. I used to be a big Bo and Hope fan. But I don't want to see Billie lose out."

ANDREW SCHELL/OUTLINE

SHE LIKES TO WATCH: Fan Spelling's in a daze over *Days*

WINNER OF THE WEEK

Sharon Stone

As a guest (and love interest) of Larry Sanders', the sexpot exposed herself as charming, witty, and willing to poke fun at her own stardom.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

Andrew Dice Clay

The sewer-mouth has been reduced to second banana on Ralph Macchio's mid-season sitcom, *The Ties That Bind.*

ILLUSTRATION BY ELLIOTT BANFIELD

28, 9–10:30 p.m.) mixes personal photos, concert clips, and cliché-ridden interviews. Even if you don't like Browne's music, you gotta admire a guy who—like James Brown (no relation)—picks a hairstyle and sticks with it; Browne has kept the same shaggy Prince Valiant 'do since the '70s, although he recently took a bold leap into the '80s by moving his part slightly off-center.

DOCUMENTARIES

IT LACKS THE exclamation point of its ratings-stomping A&E predecessor, *Dinosaur!*, but **APE MAN** *(A&E, Sept. 4–7, 8–9 p.m.)* has retained the show's chief fossil, host Walter Cronkite. Who better to take us through man's development from apelike creature to modern human than the man who is a grandfather figure to us all? Helping Cronkite out are a nifty puzzle graphic that gets a new piece every time something is "discovered," the usual roundup of British-accented scientists, and, most intriguingly, anthropology students clad all in black, who reenact episodes of our prehistory. In one precious scene, Cronkite tries to convince one of these fellows, who is perched on a branch, that he should come down from the trees and evolve. Skull-and-bones lovers everywhere will no doubt dig it. —*Erica Kornberg*

CHOICE RERUNS

EVERY AUTUMN, the leaves fall from the trees, and an actor or two falls from the lineup of **LAW & ORDER** *(A&E, weeknights starting Sept. 5, 11 p.m.–midnight)*. Now, as A&E runs old episodes of the cops-and-lawyers drama, viewers can witness the gruff-older-cop role pass from George Dzundza to Paul Sorvino, then to Jerry Orbach. Yet *Order* has become a better—and more popular—show each season, even as temperamental cast members have left for allegedly greener pastures. Take a hint, David Caruso.

SOUND BITES

"[MY FIANCÉE] took my hand and she said, 'Honey, if Mel Gibson doesn't go to parties, he's enigmatic and mysterious. If *you* don't go to parties, people forget you." —*Beverly Hills Cop III*'s **Judge Reinhold**, on *The Tonight Show*

"I FEEL LIKE Captain Kirk handing over the reins of the *Enterprise* to Captain Picard!" —**Bob Costas** to his replacement, Greg Kinnear, on *Later*

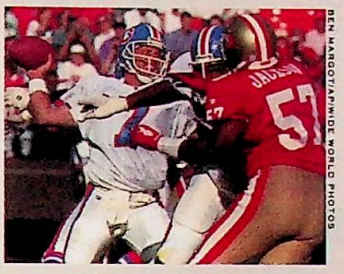
"IF I AMUSE MYSELF, I'm hitting 25 percent of your audience." —**Howie Mandel**, joking about the virtues of *Later*'s small viewership

"IN 1951, I signed a lifetime contract with NBC. Unfortunately, it expired 15 years ago." —**Milton Berle**, on CNBC's *Tom Snyder*

THE RATINGS

BALLS AND STRIKES

FOX FUMBLED with its first football telecast as the preseason contest between the San Francisco 49ers and the Denver Broncos finished fourth in its Friday time slot (against reruns on the other three networks) and 67th for the week.



BEN MARGOTIA/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

BUCKIN' BRONC: John Elway sets up

ABC's Monday matchup between the Washington Redskins and the Buffalo Bills fared better, placing 34th. But the baseball strike hurt ABC, which had to substitute a rerun of the Erik Estrada TV movie *Earth Angel* (79th) and the pseudo-documentary *What Really Happened to Adolf Hitler?* (83rd) for its scheduled Saturday game. CBS' new summer series *One West Waikiki* and *Hotel Malibu* wilted in their second week on the air. After top 25 debuts, *Waikiki* and *Malibu* washed up in 47th and 50th, respectively.

TOP 20

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	27.7	**HOME IMPROVEMENT (R)** ABC, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	2
2	25.1	**GRACE UNDER FIRE (R)** ABC, *Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.*	1
3	23.7	**SEINFELD (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 9 p.m.*	4
4	23.2	**FRASIER (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 9:30 p.m.*	3
5	20.4	**ROSEANNE (R)** ABC, *Tuesday, 9 p.m.*	5
6	19.5	**MOVIE: GHOSTBUSTERS II (R)** ABC, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	—
7	18.3	**60 MINUTES** CBS, *Sunday, 7 p.m.*	9
8	18.2	**ELLEN (R)** ABC, *Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.*	8
9	17.3	**MURDER, SHE WROTE (R)** CBS, *Sunday, 8 p.m.*	12
10	17.2	**WINGS (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 8:30 p.m.*	18
11	16.0	**MURPHY BROWN (R)** CBS, *Monday, 9 p.m.*	13
	16.0	**20/20** ABC, *Friday, 10 p.m.*	6
13	15.3	**MAD ABOUT YOU (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 8 p.m.*	26
	15.3	**STEP BY STEP (R)** ABC, *Friday, 9 p.m.*	27
15	15.2	**HANGIN' WITH MR. COOPER (R)** ABC, *Friday, 9:30 p.m.*	28
	15.2	**MOVIE: THE SECRET (R)** CBS, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	—
17	15.1	**DATELINE NBC** NBC, *Thursday, 10 p.m.*	10
18	15.0	**TURNING POINT** ABC, *Wednesday, 10 p.m.*	30
19	14.9	**MOVIE: I CAN MAKE YOU LOVE ME (R)** CBS, *Tuesday, 9 p.m.*	—
20	14.7	**FULL HOUSE (R)** ABC, *Tuesday, 8 p.m.*	11
	14.7	**SISTER, SISTER (R)** ABC, *Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.*	17

BOTTOM 10

79	7.2	**MOVIE: EARTH ANGEL (R)** ABC, *Saturday, 8 p.m.*	—
	7.2	**SOUTH CENTRAL (R)** Fox, *Tuesday, 8 p.m.*	89
81	7.1	**MOVIE: 12:01 (R)** Fox, *Monday, 8 p.m.*	—
	7.1	**QUEEN LATIFAH AND FRIENDS** Fox, *Thursday, 9 p.m.*	—
83	7.0	**WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO HITLER?** ABC, *Saturday, 10 p.m.*	—
84	6.7	**EMPTY NEST (R)** NBC, *Saturday, 8:30 p.m.*	—
	6.7	**TALES FROM THE CRYPT (R)** Fox, *Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.*	77
86	6.5	**THE MOMMIES (R)** NBC, *Saturday, 8 p.m.*	—
87	5.4	**AMERICA TONIGHT** CBS, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	86
88	5.2	**ADVENTURES OF BRISCO COUNTY, JR. (R)** Fox, *Sunday, 7 p.m.*	88

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF AUG. 8–14, 1994 (R) RERUN
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

Faithfully Yours

In a brutally honest autobiography, singer Marianne Faithfull lays bare her own hard, drugged life in the world of rock—and overturns some Stones. **BY DAVID BROWNE**

THERE'S SOMETHING deliciously ironic about Marianne Faithfull's calling her eye-opening memoirs **FAITHFULL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY** *(Little, Brown, $22.95)*. In the swinging London of the mid-'60s, Faithfull was known for two roles: thin-voiced, model-perfect pop waif and Mick Jagger's girlfriend. His girlfriend most of the time, anyway. She was married and a mother when she fell in with Jagger, having already bedded fellow Stones Brian Jones and Keith Richards. Later, she regrets not doing the same with Jimi Hendrix. "If it felt good you did it," she writes unapologetically. "It would have been *hypocritical* not to sleep with someone simply because he or she was involved with someone else!"

The image of the '60s as an all-you-can-eat playground of naked bodies and "*endless* joint-rolling" isn't exactly new, but the clearheaded recollections of *Faithfull* are. Most pop-music autobiographies are random notes; it's easy to believe David Crosby and Dion inhaled heavily simply because their memories are so vague. Faithfull, on the other hand, can recall most of the faces and places involved with her sundry rises and drug-sodden crashes of the last three decades. *Faithfull*, written with veteran rock writer David Dalton, works its way through them all, yet it's never lurid. The book unblinkingly stares down her (and rock's) excesses with the same forthrightness and self-laceration of Faithfull's best music, and in doing so, it may be the most honest rock memoir yet published.

AS TEARS GO BY: Faithfull's 1964 hit was a sad precursor for the times that followed

Plucked from a sheltered life by producer Andrew Loog Oldham, Faithfull hit the big time in 1964 with a Jagger-Richards throwaway, "As Tears Go By." Soon thereafter, she became Jagger's partner in limelight. Although she was in the coveted position of hanging with the Stones during their most fertile period (1966–70), her own career stalled as her drug intake increased. Not long after she attempted suicide in 1969, her affair with Jagger ended, and she quickly plunged into a life literally on the streets of London, in search of her next heroin fix.

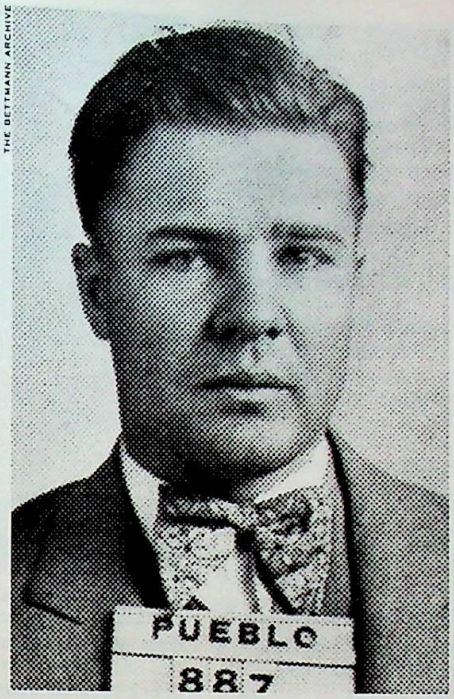
Salvation came in 1979, when out of the blue Faithfull released *Broken English*, an unexpectedly stark album that

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALASTAIR THAIN

can now be seen as paving the trail currently traveled by the likes of Sinéad O'Connor and Liz Phair. The comeback didn't last long, though; Faithfull fell back into old habits and was, by the mid-'80s, in detox. For anyone else, the story would end there. But after leaving rehab and informing her drug-addicted boyfriend that she had to move on, she watched him walk into their bedroom. Not hearing him anymore, she went over to the window and saw his body 36 floors below. He looked, she notes, like "beautiful red flowers."

A saga like that is bound to be stashfull of anecdotes, and *Faithfull*, written in a tone that alternates between harsh introspection and ladylike bemusement, doesn't disappoint. Faithfull's '60s memories include getting hit on by Roy Orbison and sort-of-courted by Bob Dylan. The early Stones were "yobby schoolboys," the Kinks "creepy." She praises Jagger for being "a saint" as she went off the deep end, while noting he did nothing to stop her: "Mick is the classic codependent. He gets his energy from being around drug addicts." Claiming that Jagger wrote "You Can't Always Get What You Want" about "my romance with drugs," she later writes, with dry archness, "Maybe the most you can expect from a relationship that goes bad is to come out of it with a few good songs."

Faithfull is also a beggars' banquet of Stones dirt, with tidbits on Jagger's bisexuality, their infamous 1967 drug bust (Faithfull recalls Jagger sobbing uncontrollably behind bars), and Jones' sad disintegration, which, Faithfull notes, was callously ignored by those around him. One of the most insightful moments in *Faithfull* comes when the author admits she learned more about the beauty of humanity from her fellow junkies than from the Stones, which isn't hard to believe. (After her '80s recovery, she runs into Dylan and Richards, who can't comprehend her newfound sobriety: "His [Dylan's] reaction was fairly typical of the rock contingent. They liked me better on heroin.") Yet *Faithfull* isn't judgmental of her rock pals' old ways, nor is it a born-again, just-say-no admonishment. Fessing up to times both good and bad, while maintaining only a few regrets (like not being there for her son), Faithfull simply has no expectations to pass that way again. **A**



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

BOOK 'EM: Floyd gets novel treatment from the author of *Lonesome Dove*

Thug Shot

Larry McMurtry and a partner capture a gangster

FOR HIS 17th novel, Larry McMurtry, the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Lonesome Dove* and *The Last Picture Show*, has seen fit to take on a collaborator, Diana Ossana, whose jacket-flap biography announces with an understandable note of defensiveness that she has "been writing ever since she learned to read." Far be it from a lowly reviewer to plumb the mysteries of the creative mind and heart that prompted this unlikely teaming. What matters is what's on the page, and on those terms, **PRETTY BOY FLOYD** *(Simon & Schuster, $24)*, a spirited fictional biography of the Depression-era bank robber, is pretty good McMurtry. Or McMurtry/Ossana. Or whatever.

Floyd finds the author (you know which one I mean) back in the American folktale mode that has served him so well in 19th-century Westerns. But he's richly aware that by the 1930s, the renegade spirit of the frontier was harder to locate, and so it had to be manufactured. That may be why populist outlaws like Charles Arthur Floyd, an Oklahoma bumpkin portrayed here as the sweetest guy ever to become Public Enemy No. 1, became cultural icons.

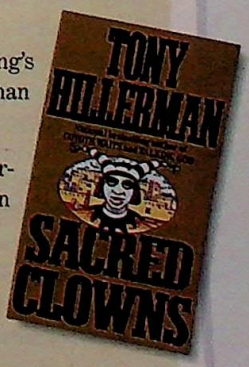
Pretty Boy Floyd, its authors tell us, began life as a screenplay, and like many a crime-spree movie, it's brisk and strongly crafted scene by scene, but its also episodic and a bit impersonal. The characters are immediate and vivid, thanks largely to the hilariously plainspoken vernacular that comes out of their mouths, but they're also broadly drawn and sometimes cartoony. Which isn't to say that *Floyd* lacks emotional ballast; a single scene can swoop deftly from light picaresque into heartbreak and out again. It's tempting to ascribe the novel's most economical effects to McMurtry, who reports that he wrote "a skeletal five pages" a day that were plumped up to 10 by his collaborator, and to blame Ossana for such faintly embarrassing ornamentations as "Part of him wanted to remember; part of him needed to forget." But instead of grading them separately, let's just average their marks. **B** —*Mark Harris*

BEACH-BLANKET BOOKS

◆ **NIGHTMARES & DREAMSCAPES Stephen King** *(Signet, $6.99)* King's third collection of stories crawls with more scary monsters than you can shake a stick at.

◆ **SMILLA'S SENSE OF SNOW Peter Hoeg** *(Dell, $6.50)* Smilla Jasperson, the heroine of this Danish thriller, towers over other modern heroines the way Hamlet the Dane towers over other princes.

◆ **SACRED CLOWNS Tony Hillerman** *(Harper, $6.99)* Another crisply plotted, magically evocative tale of crime and detection on the Navajo reservation in New Mexico and Arizona.



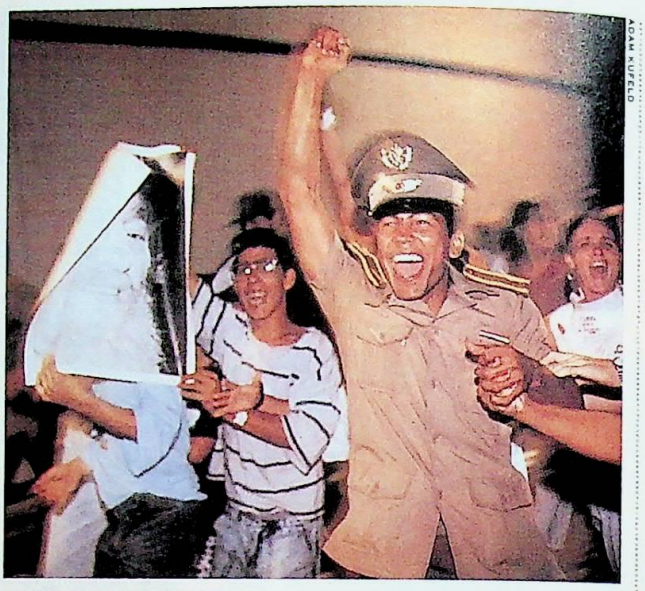
THE WEEK

FICTION

DEBT OF HONOR Tom Clancy *(Putnam, $25.95)* Clancy fans who complain that he owes them better than his recent offerings will accept *Debt of Honor* as payment in full. Clancy's latest novel traces the financial, political, military, and personal machinations that drive America into the next major global war—with hero Jack Ryan, of course, squarely in the middle of it all. Along the way, Clancy sets the stage for what's certain to be an even more ambitious sequel about Ryan. But first luxuriate in these 766 satisfying pages of adventure: bite-size slices of conflict that speed from a renegade attempt to avenge Japan's WWII losses (the book opens with, "...it would seem an odd way to start a war"), to a Wall Street collapse that will send you scurrying to bury your money in the backyard, and on to a shocker climax so plausible you'll wonder why it hasn't yet happened. **A** —*D.A. Ball*

NONFICTION

THE STRONGER WOMEN GET, THE MORE MEN LOVE FOOTBALL: SEXISM AND THE AMERICAN CULTURE OF SPORTS Mariah Burton Nelson *(Harcourt Brace, $22.95)* I've always had my suspicions about burly men in tight pants tackling, hitting, hugging, and patting fannies out on a football field. According to Nelson's searing examination of football and other "manly" sports, it's even worse than I thought. Nelson argues football is "an elaborate stage set" to allow homophobic men to worship their maleness, while indulging in horrifying behavior toward women. She also exposes inequities in male and female college athletic budgets, condemns sex between male coaches and their female athletes, and limns the insults suffered by female sports reporters. But her most riveting chapters (especially in light of the O.J. Simpson case) are those exposing the institutionalized violence and misogyny of the football culture. **A–** —*Rhonda Johnson*



ADAM KUFELD

***CUBA* LIBRE: Kufeld's dramatic photographs set free Castro's nation**

DANCING IN THE STREET: CONFESSIONS OF A MOTOWN DIVA Martha Reeves *(Hyperion, $22.95)* Martha Reeves, whose career has long outlived the Vandellas, says that when she was born again, "God provided me with an additional octave to my singing range." This Alabama child's rise began when she quit her job ("I...didn't see any growth opportunities for me in the dry-cleaning business") for session work at Mo-

WILLIAM GIBSON'S 'NEUROMANCER' TURNS 10

THE FIRST MAN INTO CYBERSPACE

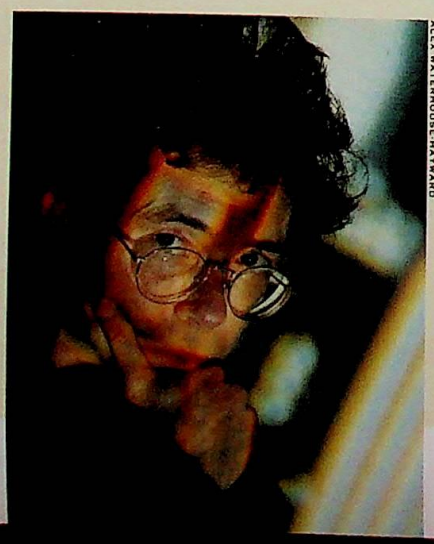
THERE'S A SCENE in *Wild Palms*, Oliver Stone's hallucinatory TV miniseries about the future, in which science-fiction author William Gibson is introduced as the inventor of the term *cyberspace*. A narrow, dreary man looks up and intones, "And they won't let me forget it."

In truth, the mantle of cyber visionary doesn't weigh on Gibson *that* heavily. "It's a very cool thing for a writer to have introduced a word into common parlance," says Gibson, 46. "But people expect me to know about further extensions of this *theory*, and that's not what I do. Science-fiction writers are just court jesters for a technological civilization."

Ten years ago last month, Gibson's first novel, *Neuromancer*, was published, and the world was introduced to cyberspace: "A consensual hallucination...abstracted from the banks of every computer in the human system." With its breathless pace and dense, techno-hip prose, *Neuromancer*, the story of a maverick computer jockey who jacks his consciousness in and out of cyberspace, became an instant sci-fi classic. "It was one of those books that redefines the consensus of what the future will be like," says Gardner Dozois, editor of *Asimov's Science Fiction* magazine.

The book swept all the major sci-fi awards, but more impressively, Gibson's concepts began to seep into mainstream culture. *Cyberpunk*, the term invented to describe his style, became synonymous with radical chic. Fans ranging from U2 to the painter Robert Longo praised *Neuromancer* for inspiring new works. Gibson remains astounded at what he has wrought. "What I tried to do was give people a future that is the world of the Reagan '80s carried five steps forward and the volume turned up 20 clicks," says Gibson. "That made the future feel real."

So real, that it seems the lurid grunginess of *Neuromancer* becomes increasingly familiar. "The world has grown sufficiently weird that I should be able to write a mainstream novel without making anything up and have it feel just like a William Gibson book," says Gibson. "*That* is really what I'd like to do." —*Albert Kim*



ALEX WATERHOUSE-HAYWARD

WILLIAM FORETELLS: Gibson's vision of the future has already turned into reality

WINNER OF THE WEEK

John Grisham

The attorney-author sold the film rights to his first novel, *A Time to Kill*, to New Regency Films for a price in excess of $6 million. That would exceed the record $3.75 million he was paid last fall by Universal for *The Chamber*. It wasn't just the money that won Grisham over. He had been reluctant to peddle *A Time to Kill* because he was afraid of what

Hollywood might do to his favorite work. But he was pleased with New Regency's adaptation of this summer's Grisham flick, *The Client*. In fact, *A Time to Kill* will have the very same director, Joel Schumacher, albeit with a new producer—John Grisham.

JOHN FOCHTGAMA LIAISON

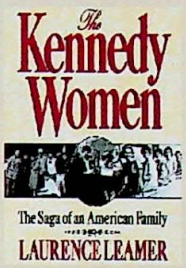
town Records. She was well into her career when she was beaten by a lover, then chose to have his baby—"the miracle that God gave me." But two weeks after the birth, she decided to give her mother guardianship of the miracle and went on tour. Though Martha's career faltered when Motown Records left town without telling her, this prima donna who needs her fur coats, tiffed with Diana Ross, and mistreats hospital nurses is still popular. (Last year, Motown released a two-CD retrospective.) Unfortunately, the book finds no significance in her life's events except that they happened—which isn't quite enough unless you're already a fan who loves her. **B–** —*DAB*

CUBA Adam Kufeld *(Norton, $35)* Cuba is a country that is more often written about than it is photographed, which is only part of what makes this book intriguing. Photographer Adam Kufeld was impressed by Cuba's communal spirit and relative prosperity when he visited in 1976, so he returned in 1991 to see how the fall of European communism had affected our communist neighbor. The results were economically disastrous, but Kufeld's photographs are beautiful, framing cowgirls and farmers, doctors and dancers, against a backdrop of chipped and fading beauty. Even a somber-looking Fidel Castro makes an appearance. Author Tom Miller's introduction puts Kufeld's portraits in historical perspective, making this a neat combination of education and entertainment. **A** —*Margot Mifflin*

SUMMER OF LOVE: THE INSIDE STORY OF LSD, ROCK & ROLL, FREE LOVE AND HIGH TIMES IN THE WILD WEST Joel Selvin *(Dutton, $22.95)* This book goes way too far inside the "inside story" of the '60s West Coast music scene, taking the reader on an interminable flashback through an abyss of scattered minutiae. Author Joel Selvin, pop-music critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, obviously knows the legendary scene like the back of his favorite album cover, but he presents it in a swirling, disconnected jumble of names and facts. Readers who can stand the nonstop onslaught of detail and digressions will learn something about the rise of the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, and Santana, as well as more obscure bands like the Charlatans and Moby Grape. While Selvin tries to re-create the drug-crazed mood of the time, he strains a little too hard to come up with new ways of describing acid trips, such as: "a whirring, arching blast out of reality into the white-hot netherworld of the mindscape beyond psychedelia." But to be fair, there are many amusing nuggets: Grace Slick seeing the "ugly and unwashed" Grateful Dead for the first time, commented, "We'll have to wipe the mikes off after they play." And the tales of Acid Test leader Ken Kesey are worth reading for an informative blast from the past. But most readers will only be able to take a few pages of this book at a time. **D+** —*Annette Foglino*

BEST-SELLERS

'PLAYING' FOR TIME



WELL, THE MEN are still from Mars, the women are still from Venus, Rosie is still in the kitchen, and people are still blurring their vision with those crazy *Magic Eye* books. But take heart: There are a few books just below the top 10 that look ready to make their move and shake up the lists—David Halberstam's *October 1964* (currently at No. 12), Laurence Leamer's *The Kennedy Women* (No. 14), and, on the fiction side, Elizabeth George's *Playing for the Ashes* (No. 14).

FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	**THE GIFT** Danielle Steel, *Delacorte, $15*	4
2	**THE CELESTINE PROPHECY** James Redfield, *Warner, $17.95*	25
3	**THE CHAMBER** John Grisham, *Doubleday, $24.95*	11
4	**THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY** Robert James Waller, *Warner, $16.95*	103
5	**THE ALIENIST** Caleb Carr, *Random House, $22*	19
6	**EVERYTHING TO GAIN** Barbara Taylor Bradford, *HarperCollins, $24*	6
7	**UNDUE INFLUENCE** Steve Martini, *Putnam, $22.95*	5
8	**POLITICALLY CORRECT BEDTIME STORIES: MODERN TALES FOR OUR LIFE AND TIMES** James Finn Garner, *Macmillan, $8.95*	6
9	**UNTIL YOU** Judith McNaught, *Pocket Books, $22*	1
10	**DIXIE CITY JAM** James Lee Burke, *Hyperion, $22.95*	4

NONFICTION

1	**IN THE KITCHEN WITH ROSIE** Rosie Daley, *Knopf, $14.95*	17
2	**EMBRACED BY THE LIGHT** Betty J. Eadie, *Gold Leaf Press, $16.95*	64
3	**MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS** John Gray, Ph.D., *HarperCollins, $23*	72
4	**THE AGENDA** Bob Woodward, *Simon & Schuster, $24*	9
5	**MAGIC EYE II** Thomas Baccei, *Andrews & McMeel, $12.95*	16
6	**MAGIC EYE** Thomas Baccei, *Andrews & McMeel, $12.95*	29
7	**THE BOOK OF VIRTUES: A TREASURY OF GREAT MORAL STORIES** William J. Bennett, *Simon & Schuster, $27.50*	33
8	**MOON SHOT** Alan Shepard and Deke Slayton with Jay Barbree and Howard Benedict, *Turner, $21.95*	6
9	**MOTHERLESS DAUGHTERS: THE LEGACY OF LOSS** Hope Edelman, *Addison-Wesley, $22.95*	3
10	**MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL** John Berendt, *Random House, $23*	23

TRADE PAPERBACKS

1	**THE SHIPPING NEWS** E. Annie Proulx, *Touchstone, $12*	12
2	**THE 7 HABITS OF HIGHLY EFFECTIVE PEOPLE** Stephen R. Covey, *Fireside, $12*	186
3	**CARE OF THE SOUL** Thomas Moore, *HarperPerennial, $12*	32
4	**ALL THE PRETTY HORSES** Cormac McCarthy, *Vintage, $11*	31
5	**EAT MORE, WEIGH LESS** Dean Ornish, M.D., *HarperPerennial, $14*	6
6	**THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED** M. Scott Peck, M.D., *Touchstone, $12*	342
7	**WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU'RE EXPECTING** Arlene Eisenberg, Heidi E. Murkoff, and Sandee E. Hathaway, *Workman, $10.95*	70
8	**WHERE ANGELS WALK** Joan W. Anderson, *Ballantine, $10*	4
9	**REENGINEERING THE CORPORATION: A MANIFESTO FOR BUSINESS REVOLUTION** Michael Hammer and James Champy, *HarperBusiness, $13*	12
10	**MAMA MAKES UP HER MIND** Bailey White, *Vintage, $10*	14

SOURCE: *PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*

This Mud's For You

A hard rain did fall, a stench was blowin' in the wind, and everybody had to get stoned in the swamp that was Woodstock '94. BY JEFF GORDINIER AND NISID HAJARI

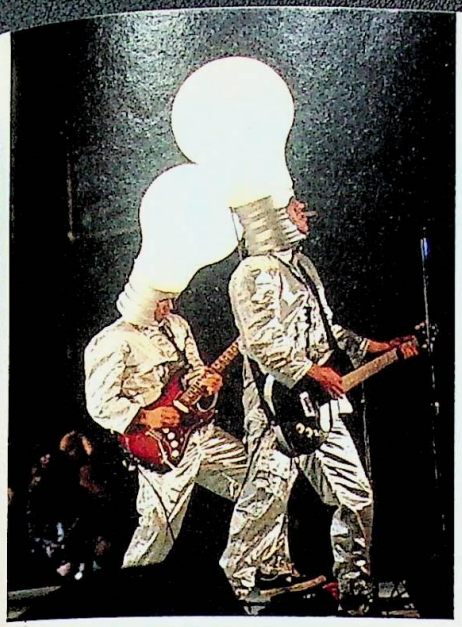
HOW WAS it? For anyone who survived the rain, madness, and filth of Woodstock '94, the question crops up incessantly. And it's nearly impossible to answer. For three days, the estimated 350,000 who poured into Winston Farm dealt in extremes. Heaven and Hell. Music of sacramental beauty, and utter dreck. Moments of crushing misery and moments when the pain blossomed into exhilaration. Add it up and you have an event that was neither a success nor a failure. It just *was*.

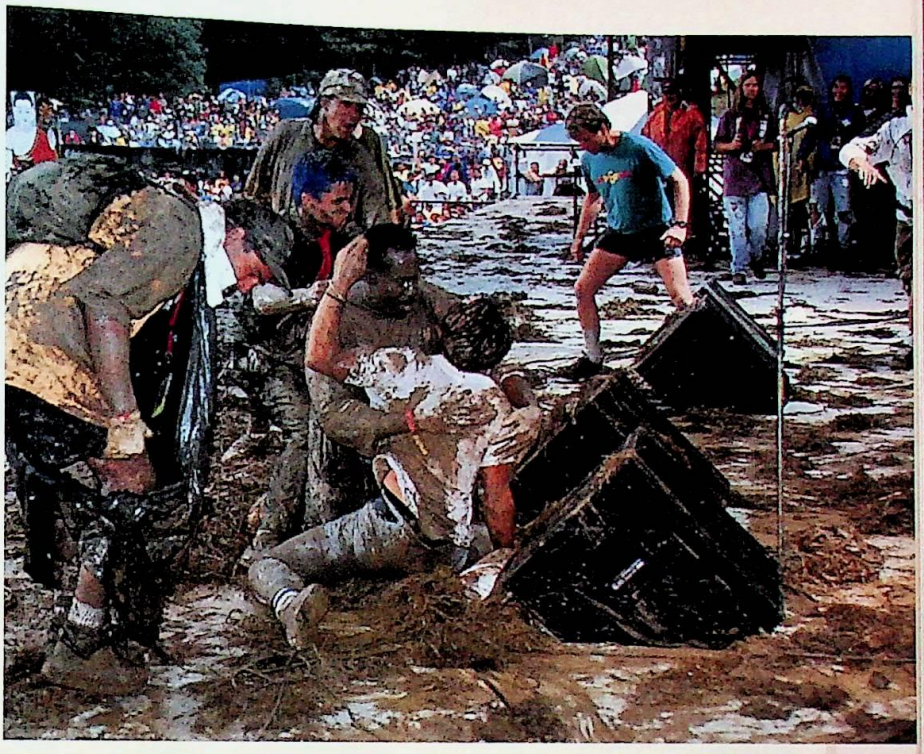
But *how* was it? Muddy. Savagely muddy. Gray-brown gobs of mud swallowed everything. People swam in it, moshed in it, slept in it, threw it, ate it, and used it to inscribe graffiti on their flesh. "It feels like being encased," said Steve Asaro, a 26-year-old from Boston. "Kind of slimy, kind of gooky, kind of kinky." In keeping with that muddy motif, here is a splatter-painting of Woodstock '94's peaks and valleys:

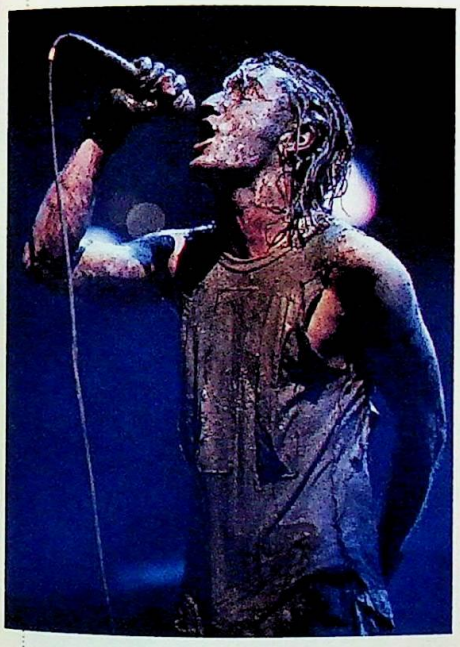
◆ **The Stench.** Woodstock reeked. Pizza crusts and boxes, beer, vomit, and excrement fermenting in the mud turned Winston Farm into an 840-acre latrine. "El stinko, man!" said John Squires, who kept a eucalyptus-soaked bandanna wrapped around his face. "The closer you get to the stage, the stinkier it gets."

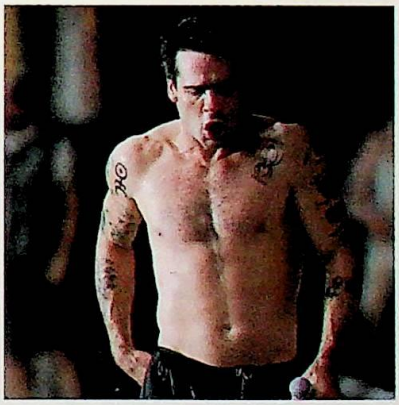
◆ **The Turf War.** That aromatic mush became a weapon during Green Day's hyperkinetic Sunday afternoon show. Moshers showered the band with affec-

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN/A&M RECORDS









COMMUNITY CHEST: Clockwise, from opposite left, Bob Dylan, Flea and Dave Navarro of Red Hot Chili Peppers, the Green Day melee, Henry Rollins, an unidentified reveler, and Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, TRENT REZNOR: PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEVIN MAZUR. GREEN DAY, HENRY ROLLINS, FESTIVALGOER: PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN REGAN/A&M RECORDS

tionate clumps of sod, and halfway through the set, singer Billie Joe playfully put down his guitar to retaliate. A free-for-all ensued, with freaked security chasing down stage-crashing fans.

"The band seemed to enjoy it a great deal," said chipper Woodstock promoter John Scher—but Green Day's manager had a different story. "Nasty security guards" smashed three of bassist Mike Dirnt's teeth, says Elliot Cahn. "I've got a hurt guy in my band, so I gotta say I'm pretty bummed about it." Coincidentally, Cahn performed at the 1969 Woodstock as a member of Sha Na Na. A comparison? "Different times, different kids," Cahn says. "Crazy kids. Not so nice kids."

◆ **The Throng.** At times, the crush of thousands felt like the slow march of the dead in Dante's *Inferno*. Rivers of humanity inched between the tents and food stands at a snail's pace, making "Where's Waldo?" the catchphrase of the day. When they weren't warning people to stay away from the Felix the Cat acid, emcees repeatedly announced lost kids, some as young as 6. By Sunday, when the bus system backed up, the dam burst. "I've had people beating on my door with metal chairs," reported one frazzled driver. "I'm outta here!"

◆ **The Free Love.** It wouldn't be Woodstock without it, from shades-of-'69 innocence to the Beavis and Butt-head drooling variety. One guy held up a sign that read "Free! 100% all-natural hugs. Inquire here." "I'm picking up energy, bud," he said. "I've gotten hundreds of hugs." A few feet away, two meatheads offered "Free mammograms!" to passing women. Still, only a handful of people actually stripped down to their birthday suits—and usually for the cameras.

◆ **The Dawning of the Age of Apocalypse.** When a drizzle began Saturday around 3 p.m., an announcer decreed: "Woodstock is official now." But the christening truly kicked in during Henry Rollins' hammer-

EXPERIENCING WOODSTOCK '94 ON PAY PER VIEW

TURN ON, TUNE IN, PIG OUT

Two days of peace, love, music—and your own private bathroom. BY DAVID BROWNE

ON SATURDAY, during a typically exhausting performance by the **Rollins Band** at Woodstock '94, I realized I was hot and grimy. So I marked my space with a Tostitos bag and went to take a shower. Upstairs. In my bathroom.

WUSS-STOCK: Risk-free viewing for agoraphobes

Thanks to the wonders of pay per view, anyone could have the Woodstock experience beamed right into his or her home. So starting on Friday, when MTV ran some preliminary footage, I plopped down on a couch for the projected 43 hours of peace (and quiet) and music. With amenities only a hallway away, I caught a zippy set by **Arrested Development**, a typically numbing (but at least concise) one by **Metallica**, a brash and lively Vegas rap revue from **Salt 'N' Pepa**, vivid classic-rock rehashes by the **Allman Brothers Band** and the re-formed **Traffic**, and a demonic clown mime during **Porno for Pyros**, whose performance grew more squalid, sexual, and intoxicating with each song. I heard **Crosby, Stills & Nash**'s ragged "Woodstock" from the dinner table on Saturday, and had a yummy bowl of cereal as the **Sisters of Glory** (an ad hoc group that included **Mavis Staples** and **Phoebe Snow**) serenaded me with gospel on Sunday.

For such a marathon of music, the number of dud performances was surprisingly low. And when one of them popped up—the **Spin Doctors** butchering "Woodstock," **Bob Weir** overstaying his welcome, or, worst of all, the astoundingly inept **Blind Melon** demonstrating that they're an alternative only to good music—I was glad I could take a quick bike ride.

Because of the two stages, TV viewers could see only one act at a time—meaning fans of younger acts like the **Cranberries** and **Primus** lost out to long sets by boomer faves **Joe Cocker** and CSN, respectively. (PPV did rerun the missing segments later—if you didn't mind staying up until 4 a.m.) Then again, you don't watch something like this purely for the *music*. Thanks to TV close-ups, I saw "Support Arrested Development" on the back of Speech's T-shirt, sign-of-the-times earplugs in the orifices of everyone from the Spin Doctors' Chris Barron to Gregg Allman, the mud-caked guitar strings of **Green Day**'s Billie Joe, and **Nine Inch Nails**' Trent Reznor venting his rage against the mechanization of humanity by daring to hurl a bottle of spring water across the stage. What a rebel.

In solidarity with the crowd, I didn't shower on Sunday; when Shannon Hoon of Blind Melon asked everyone to say "God bless you" to the two who had died at the festival, I mumbled along. For an appropriately dark mood, I left only one light on during Nine Inch Nails, who looked and sounded like futuristic assembly-line workers run amok. And when B-Real sang "Do you wanna get high/*So* high?" during **Cypress Hill**'s rollicking set—one of the best of the event, capturing the communal vibe in all its reefer-madness solidarity—I got so excited I spilled some yogurt on my chair.

By the end, I was probably as exhausted as the live audience, if drier and better fed. Every so often, I wished I were there. Then I'd see footage of soggy fans ankle-deep in muck, or hear an announcer recommending mosquito netting, and I was glad I had phoned in Woodstock '94. I settled for going outside and kicking a patch of dirt, although I refrained from hurling my soda can across the porch. ◆

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROCH

head set, when a downpour strafed the stage like grapeshot. The barefoot Rollins fed off the wet punishment, the crowd fed off him—and the symbiosis lent the weekend its first whiff of urgency. That night, Nine Inch Nails turned that into chaos with their blistering industrial rock. Coated in mud, screaming, "I want to f--- you like an animal," Trent Reznor scraped the romantic glaze off the Woodstock Nation. The masochistic crowd lapped it up.

◆ **The Poet Laureate.** Others couldn't muster the fire to wake up a noise- and rain-beaten audience. Spin Doctors met with yawns; Crosby, Stills & Nash sleepily harmonized through their set as if they were playing the Catskills Pumpkin Seed Festival. Ironically, the one old-timer to revive Woodstock's magic was the legend who snubbed it the first time: Bob Dylan. Looking like some punk Doc Holliday, Dylan combined talent and the force of myth to create a "moment" as genuine as it was rare. Churning out a string of classics, from a torrential "All Along the Watchtower," to a beatific "Don't Think Twice, It's Alright," Dylan's famous croak recharged the waning hours of the festival.

◆ **The Media Frenzy.** Faced with 1,200 journalists, a horde of publicists fluttered about the VIP zone—often with absurd results. When one handler tried to create a photo op between African singer Youssou N'Dour and Blind Melon frontman Shannon Hoon, both of them begged off. "I don't know you," a puzzled N'Dour said to Hoon. "What do you do?"

◆ **The Rumors.** They rose in outrageousness faster than the mud. "Five people died in the mosh pit," insisted one beefy guard. "They drowned." Crowd estimates zoomed from 150,000 to 500,000 to a million within hours. The Rolling Stones were going to play. Metallica was a no-show. Pearl Jam was playing the canceled show in Bethel. All untrue.

◆ **The Message.** Despite the passion that erupted on the Saugerties stages, the fest never acquired meaning. When David Martin, 44, attended the original in '69, he came with a low draft number—a sure ticket to Vietnam—and a budding sympathy for the counterculture. "I thought my freedom was up," he said. But Woodstock '94 lacked that charge of life-and-death drama. "These kids don't have anything to escape from," Martin said. Fortunately, they know that. "It's just a concert," opined Jennifer Klein, 23. "It's not about anything."

If anything, it was about the *experience*—one both surreal and strangely heartening. Because for every moment of lunacy, there was a moment of generosity to match. On the dark road out of the site, a Communist tried to sell copies of *The Revolutionary Worker* to sodden, dirt-encrusted Woodstock '94 survivors. "We need to make our world look more like *this* world!" he yelled, gesturing toward the field's putrid jambalaya of mud and feces. On another road, a white van stopped to pick up lost strangers and take them back home. One of the rescuers, it turns out, was named Angel. ◆

THE MOST RIVETING SURPRISE OF FESTIVAL '94

DAY OF THE JACKYL

WOODSTOCK '94 SAW a lot of scene-stealers—Trent Reznor, Perry Farrell, Cypress Hill's B-Real—but when push came to shove, no one matched the bloody, flame-throwing, butt-wiggling antics of Jackyl.

For the Atlanta quintet, it was do or die. They came to the festival on Friday as an automatic underdog—a third-rate hair band best known for doing that "Lumberjack" song with a chain saw. "We had to *beg* to be on the bill," confessed the metal band's mangy frontman, Jesse James Dupree, 31. "But we took it by the balls and made it a Jackyl Awareness Day." Indeed. Dupree and his band of Georgia warthogs left Saugerties as champions, and they did it by dishing up one of the most over-the-top feasts of rock & roll clichés ever seen.

In less than one hour, Dupree:

(1) Grabbed his crotch and urged the crowd to do the same.

(2) Cut his hand and smeared his body with blood. ("I was bleedin' because I love the people," he says.)

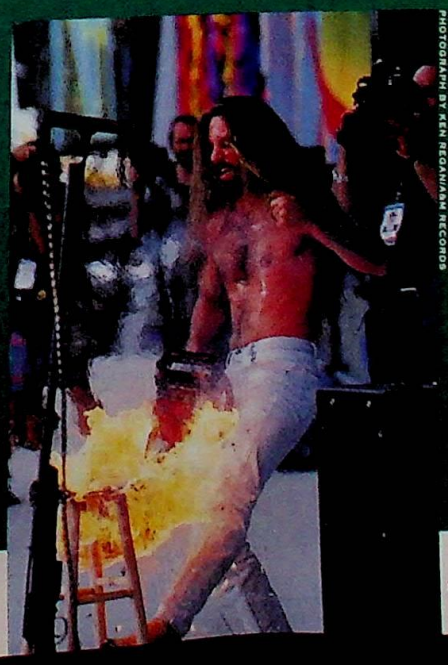
(3) Poured a bottle of cognac on the mosh pit.

(4) Lit a stool on fire, à la Jimi Hendrix, and sliced it in half with a chain saw.

(5) Fired a 12-gauge goose gun as a salute to fallen Woodstockers Keith Moon, Janis Joplin, and Hendrix. ("I didn't kill nobody," Dupree reasons.)

(6) And, to accompany the anthem "She Loves My C---," dropped trou and shoved his raw rump into the video camera.

A few minutes after this display of hillbilly Grand Guignol, Dupree stood alone outside the MTV tent carrying a wooden staff, wearing a gigantic Stetson, and picking clots of blood out of his mustache. While some may have been disgusted—"we are the kings of the politically incorrect," Dupree claims—the singer characterized his performance in terms of redneck integrity. "We felt it our civic responsibility that these people got double their money's worth," says Dupree. "Otherwise they would've been ripped off." Not with Jackyl around. —*JG, NH*



PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN/IAM RECORDS

GEORGIA CHAIN SAW MASSACRE: Dupree lets loose on the main stage

THE WEEK

POP/ROCK

AMY GRANT House of Love *(A&M)* Former gospel thrush Grant completes her transformation to pop princess with this paean to puppy love. Frothy songs like "Lucky One" and the title track, an achingly ethereal duet with Vince Gill, are romantic celebrations of an ardent but innocent nature. Though intermittently infectious, this collection is spongier and less propulsive than Grant's multiplatinum *Heart in Motion.* **B** —*David Hiltbrand*

LUSCIOUS JACKSON Natural Ingredients *(Grand Royal/Capitol)* Forget Luscious Jackson's connection to the Beastie Boys. Though the female foursome is signed to Mike D.'s Grand Royal label, and one member is a former Beastie girl (she played drums with the group), LJ's full-length debut doesn't aimlessly jump genres like the Beasties' recent albums have. *Natural Ingredients*' low-budget sound is impossible to peg—think funk, punk, jazz, pop, disco, and hip-hop—but is so nicely balanced that, unlike the Beasties, the group never seems indecisive or schizophrenic. **B+** —*Jeremy Helligar*

NEAL PRESTON/OUTLINE

***ANGEL* AT MY TURNTABLE: Patty Loveless' latest approaches heaven**

PUBLIC ENEMY Muse Sick N Hour Mess Age *(Def Jam)* No denying this *Mess Age* is something of a mess, especially PE's sonic whirlpool and Chuck D's tired-sounding us-versus-them exhortations. Only intermittently, like with the galloping single "Give It Up," does the group kick it with new energy. Still, it takes true guts to dis gangsta rap and to challenge the black community to confront its problems, and Chuck's deepening voice is starting to resemble Howlin' Wolf's, which bodes well for the future. **B** —*DB*

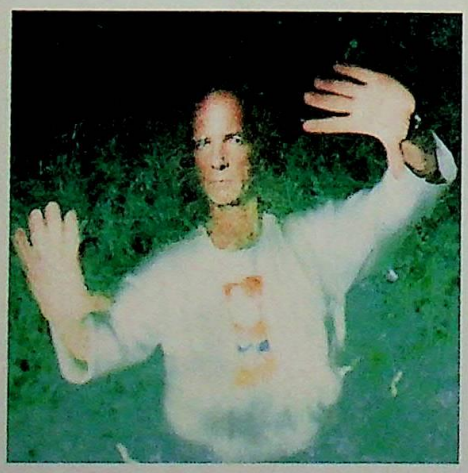
JEFF BUCKLEY Grace *(Columbia)* After burnishing his vocal delivery to a haunting glow by playing on Manhattan's Lower East Side punk-folk scene, this son of folksinger Tim Buckley now outstrips dad with a dreamy and stunningly original set of songs. Buckley's voice falls smack between Freddie Mercury and Art Garfunkel, sounding like an angel and devil wrapped in one. Too good to be true. **A+** —*Dimitri Ehrlich*

SHAWN COLVIN Cover Girl *(Columbia)* On this collection of songs written by others—Bob Dylan, Sting, and Steve Earle among them—neo-folkie Colvin is an example of how too many performers embarrass themselves on open-mike night:

THE MAN WHO FILMED THE ORIGINAL

TO WOODSTOCK, WITHOUT LOVE

JUST ABOUT everyone over 40 claims to have splashed in the mud on Max Yasgur's farm 25 years ago. Maybe that's because Michael Wadleigh's Academy Award–winning 1970 documentary, *Woodstock*, made you feel like you'd lived the event, even if you'd spent the weekend sticking neon daisies to your bedroom wall. His crew (which included a young assistant editor named Martin Scorsese) captured the counterculture making history, something the organizers of Woodstock '94 hoped to repeat with the generation that trekked to Saugerties, N.Y. But you'll have to excuse the London-based Wadleigh if he isn't busting out of his Birkenstocks about the experience.



TAKING 'STOCK: "The Woodstock of '69 was rock & roll," Wadleigh says. "This was Rock & Roll, Inc."

"People came to [the original] Woodstock to go back to the garden, not to go to a mall," snorts Wadleigh, 51, who covered last weekend's festival as an on-camera commentator for European pay per view. "This was a dirty trick on the kids. They were lured by the image, then surrounded by all this s--- to buy. Neil Young was offered a million dollars to play and turned it down. He made up a logo of a vulture on a guitar neck, rather than a dove, in protest."

Although Wadleigh is supportive of an "alternative Woodstock" being planned for next summer in the Northwest, he denies rumors that he's involved. "I was misquoted about that," he says, "but someone *is* trying to put one together. And this one will hopefully feature groups like Pearl Jam, who are the real spiritual inheritors of Woodstock. The tough part will be finding the money to back it in a clean way, so you don't end up with corporate sponsorship. If Pepsi had brought you the original Woodstock, it would have been as much the enemy as the war in Vietnam."

If the alternative Woodstock does come off, would Wadleigh consider filming it? "For the right kind of event, of course," he says. "But a festival for people in their 20s should be filmed by people in their 20s." —*Chris Nashawaty*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM WEISS

WINNER OF THE WEEK

Aerosmith

Rock's oldest adolescents cash in with a starring role in the new shoot-'em-up arcade game Revolution X. Janie, get your gun.

LOSERS OF THE WEEK

Saugerties, N.Y., Residents

Homeowners near Woodstock '94 endured closed roads, detours, traffic jams, reduced supermarket hours, and way too much tie-dye.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN CERIO

Not everything needs "interpreting." Saving grace: "One Cool Remove," a duet with Mary-Chapin Carpenter. **C+** —*Alanna Nash*

J.J. CALE Closer to You *(Virgin)* For more than two decades, this idiosyncratic Oklahoma songwriter (Eric Clapton's "Cocaine" and "After Midnight") has specialized in subdued country shuffles that stress groove over flash. On *Closer to You*, Cale's laid-back, low-tech approach sounds like Mark Knopfler puttering in the next room. But despite winners like the careening "Borrowed Time," his sleepy delivery is generally more quirky than compelling. **B-** —*Bob Cannon*

WOOL Box Set *(London)* Peter and Franz Stahl used to be in the Washington, D.C.-based hardcore band Scream until their drummer, one David Grohl, split to join Nirvana. Now the Stahl brothers (and two new recruits) are back as Wool, an apt name for a band that plays gnarly, tangled riff rock. Best track: "Take a Look," a 12-minute opus that bridges the gap between trippy Fillmore-era jam sessions and '90s grungefests. **B** —*Tom Sinclair*

REISSUES

HIROSHIMA Best of Hiroshima *(Epic)* According to the L.A.-based Hiroshima, jazz plays a small role in its jazz-rock formula. On this best-of package, too many simplistic melodies laid on mechanistic rhythm beds make for a bland listening experience, badly needing jazz's spontaneity and rough edges. Hints of exotica come from such Japanese instruments as *koto*, *taiko*, and *shakuhachi*, but this Asian-American hybrid band lacks for anything deeper than surface appeal. **C** —*Josef Woodard*

COUNTRY

PATTY LOVELESS When Fallen Angels Fly *(Epic)* If there's a singer in country as emotionally gripping as Patty Loveless, I'd like to hear her. Whether she's stripping the bark off the rip-roaring "Halfway Down" or summoning up a heartache on the majestic "You Don't Even Know Who I Am," Loveless conveys an emotional range that Trisha and Reba can only dream about. *Angels* proves that Loveless is more than a player—she may well be this year's MVP. **A** —*BC*

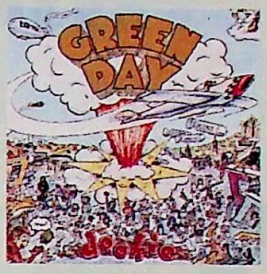
JAZZ

MEL TORMÉ A Tribute to Bing Crosby: Paramount's Greatest Singer *(Concord Jazz)* A lush stunner of an album—Tormé's most fully realized in years. It's near-perfect in almost every way: voice, repertoire, arrangements, and instrumentation (Randy Sandke and Ken Peplowski make major contributions, soloing on trumpet and sax). Minor flaws? Occasional ponderousness, and overly close miking that exaggerates Tormé's tendency to sputter. **A** —*Chip Deffaa*

JAMES CARTER QUARTET JC on the Set *(Columbia/DIW)* The promise shown by 25-year-old saxist Carter in brief but head-turning solos with the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra has been more than fulfilled in this exceptional debut. From the cocksure title track, to the aching-with-longing "Hour of Parting," the album overflows with life. Despite some overwrought moments (as on "Blues for a Nomadic Princess"), Carter's swaggering mix of traditional and avant-garde styles compels interest. **A-** —*CD*

THE CHARTS

THE GREEN MOVEMENT



IT'S EASY being Green Day right now: Bolstered by a hysterical, oft-programmed video for their new single, "Basket Case," and an opening slot on the Lollapalooza '94 tour, the Bay Area punk trio gate-crashes the pop top 10 for the first time with their nearly seven-month-old Warner debut, *Dookie*. Look for lead singer (and Joe Strummer clone) Billie Joe and mates to continue to win new converts over the next couple of weeks as well. The band's chaotic set at Woodstock '94 sparked a flurry of mainstream-media coverage, and Lollapalooza continues to crisscross the country until Sept. 5. Punk is dead; long live punk.

POP ALBUMS

	LAST WEEK		WEEKS ON CHART
1	1	**SOUNDTRACK** *The Lion King*, Walt Disney	11
2	2	**SOUNDTRACK** *Forrest Gump*, Epic Soundtrax	6
3	3	**ACE OF BASE** *The Sign*, Arista	38
4	5	**STONE TEMPLE PILOTS** *Purple*, Atlantic	10
5	4	**WARREN G** *Regulate...The G Funk Era*, Violator/RAL	10
6	6	**COUNTING CROWS** *August and Everything After*, DGC	35
7	9	**CANDLEBOX** *Candlebox*, Maverick/Sire/Warner Bros	40
8	13	**GREEN DAY** *Dookie*, Reprise	27
9	7	**ROLLING STONES** *Voodoo Lounge*, Virgin	5
10	8	**SOUNDGARDEN** *Superunknown*, A&M	23

COUNTRY ALBUMS

1	1	**TIM MCGRAW** *Not a Moment Too Soon*, Curb	5
2	2	**ALAN JACKSON** *Who I Am*, Arista	7
3	3	**JOHN MICHAEL MONTGOMERY** *Kickin' It Up*, Atlantic	29
4	4	**VINCE GILL** *When Love Finds You*, MCA	10
5	5	**REBA MCENTIRE** *Read My Mind*, MCA	16
6	6	**DAVID BALL** *Thinkin' Problem*, Warner Bros.	9
7	9	**JOE DIFFIE** *Third Rock From the Sun*, Epic	3
8	8	**THE MAVERICKS** *What a Crying Shame*, MCA	28
9	7	**TRAVIS TRITT** *Ten Feet Tall and Bulletproof*, Warner Bros.	14
10	12	**GARTH BROOKS** *In Pieces*, Liberty	50

HARD MUSIC ALBUMS

1	1	**STONE TEMPLE PILOTS** *Purple*, Atlantic	11
2	4	**OFFSPRING** *Smash*, Epitaph	13
3	5	**GREEN DAY** *Dookie*, Reprise	12
4	3	**CANDLEBOX** *Candlebox*, Maverick/Sire/Warner Bros.	51
5	2	**SOUNDGARDEN** *Superunknown*, A&M	23
6	6	**BEASTIE BOYS** *Ill Communication*, Grand Royal/Capitol	11
7	—	**JACKYL** *Push Comes to Shove*, Geffen	1
8	—	**JIMI HENDRIX** *Woodstock*, MCA	1
9	7	**SMASHING PUMPKINS** *Siamese Dream*, Virgin	55
10	8	**NINE INCH NAILS** *The Downward Spiral*, Nothing/TVT/Interscope	23

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Worlds of Wander

Feel lost in the ever-expanding universe of computer info services? Here's a traveler's guide to the major points of interactive interest. BY TY BURR AND CHRIS NASHAWATY

THE RECENT introduction of Apple's eWorld brings to six the number of national on-line computer services—and there are more on the way. You may be excused if the differences between eWorld and America Online and CompuServe seem as muddy as a Frisbee field at Apple headquarters. Each service offers message boards, chat rooms, news and magazine text, movie reviews, games, financial info, and other resources. Some offer limited access to the amorphous beast known as the Internet. All of them charge a fee on a monthly and/or hourly basis. But are they really made out of the same gray corporate flannel? We've dialed up, driven around, and compared the sights.

◆ **AMERICA ONLINE** is the equivalent of a colorful, bustling farmer's market for hipsters. Its richly colored backdrops and icons comfort the weary on-line traveler—the moment you sign on, a warm "Welcome" greets you. AOL is the fastest-growing service, and it's easy to see why. Its new version for Mac lets you to call up photos almost instantaneously from sources such as MTV Online and DC Comics. The drawbacks: limited access to the Internet (AOL provides access to bulletin boards and E-mail) and an occasional wait to get on in bigger cities. But this bazaar is cheaper than its impersonal supermarket competitors like CompuServe and GEnie, so grab your basket and fill it up. **A–**

◆ Imagine a luxury liner with a vast amount of cargo: national phone listings, *Zagat*'s restaurant guide, the entire *Books in Print*—that's **COMPUSERVE**. The staterooms are full of people engrossed in conversations on a variety of topics. The catches? (1) CompuServe is

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL MARDEN

far and away the most computer- and business-oriented on-line service, so it often feels as though you're on a cruise chartered by professionals. (2) You really *are* at sea: If it weren't for the E-mail, you'd be cut off from the Internet. (3) It's an expensive cruise: You pay extra to post messages on a bulletin board and even more to access the databases. You can live the high life on this ship, but you might see as much from a dinghy. **B**

◆ **GENIE** is like a long stretch of interstate with too many tollbooths. Contrary to its ads, which make GEnie look like the zaniest on-line outpost around, it's owned by GE—and feels like it, with a sterile and impersonal interface that leaves you staring at rows of mind-numbing text. Mind you, there's plenty here: newspaper and magazine archives, Dow Jones and Reuters newswires, even cool games like CyberStrike. But it'll send you to the poor house. There's a monthly rate, then a prime-time surcharge if you want to get on weekdays between 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and you'll have to pony up more dough depending on the speed of your modem. A joyride this ain't. **C–**

◆ *This* is odd: **EWORLD** is like a new mall with construction barricades everywhere and few stores open. If you're a Mac addict, Apple's much-hyped new on-line service at least offers lots of technical support. eWorld features many of the same resources as other services, including the standard regurgitated news stories. With its cutesy pastel screen art, the service has a genteel PBS feel. eWorld will probably be a nice place once they finish spackling the walls, but for now it's America Online Lite, which is to say, practically weightless. **C**

◆ **PRODIGY** feels like a really groovy toy store with clerks who keep telling you what's on sale when all you want to do is browse. While not as slick as AOL, Prodigy is the most user-friendly of the services, and colorful icons and a smorgasbord of offerings make it the most popular with kids and families. But you can't help but feel pressured to buy something, since there are ads at the bottom of every screen (that's probably why it's also the cheapest service around). On the plus side, instead of offering the usual raw-text news stories, Prodigy lets you download accompanying grainy photos pretty quickly. It also has a great sports area and arts chat rooms. Problem is, Prodigy is geared toward PC users; the Mac version isn't up to snuff. But it's still fun shopping, even if you don't buy. **B**

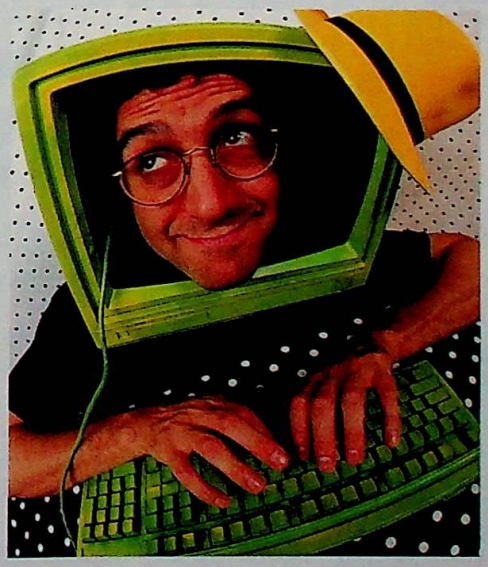
◆ **DELPHI** feels like a neighborhood bar with cheap beer and the best jukebox in town. Since it's owned by Rupert Murdoch, there's lots of Fox-related material: an *X-Files* fan club, a promo area for fX, his new cable channel. Thing is, Murdoch hasn't invested in a new interface, so you get a clunky old pick-a-number-in-a-menu crawl instead of happy icons like those on AOL and CompuServe. Does it matter? Nah, because behind this bar is a four-star restaurant called the Internet. Delphi is the only service to offer full Net access: every file, university database, and downloadable dirty picture. Delphi itself offers the usual forums and information services, though it's not as thorough as CompuServe, as easy as AOL, nor as polite as eWorld. But Net access makes this dive worthwhile. **B+**

FROM MOVIE TO CD-ROM GAME

A NEW FACE FOR 'THE MASK'?

THE MASK *on CD-ROM? It doesn't exist yet, but we asked Mike Werb, the movie's scripter, to test-drive* **STORYVISION** *(310-392-5090, $199), new PC software to help write an original interactive program. Here's what he uncovered.*

Everyone who's seen *The Mask* has said to me, "Wouldn't it be great if Stanley had done this?" Or, "I would have loved to see Milo do that." So, with *StoryVision* I had a blast adapting my script into a multimedia game. And though I've used computers only as glorified typewriters, I found *StoryVision* surprisingly easy to follow. I felt like I was actually playing a game while I was creating one.



HEAD CASE: Screenwriter Werb transforms his work

Usually when I work on a script, I write each scene on an index card. I end up with 60 to 120 cards and then lay them out like a movie. *StoryVision* lets you draw a diagram of all the scenes, describe each one in its own balloon, and then designate the way they connect, almost like a family tree. This branching structure, which helps you present different options that a player can choose during the story, makes it clear where those options should come up. I started with Stanley finding the mask. Next, a player could have Stanley put the mask on or give it to his dog, Milo, as a chew toy. Milo might bury the mask in the yard, unearthing Jimmy Hoffa's corpse in the process.

There are a couple of things that took a little getting used to. Because *StoryVision* allows you to write zillions of subplots, you might get confused, since many of the branches will be hidden—you have to get used to the fact that not everything is on the screen at once. But would I write another interactive game? Somebody *stop* me!

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARA JO REGAN/SABA

THE WEEK

REFERENCE

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: THREE DECADES *(IBM Multimedia Publishing Studio, CD-ROM for PC/Windows, $59.95)* At long last, you can say you're buying *Playboy* for the articles and mean it. Here is the full text of 352 *Playboy* Q&As, plus audio selections from the original interview tapes. The breadth of subjects is astounding, with politicians (Jimmy Carter) right next to rockers (John Lennon), and the eternal (Jean-Paul Sartre) next to the infamous (assassin James Earl Ray). And the discussion goes deeper than "Turn Ons" and "Turn Offs." **B+** —*TB*

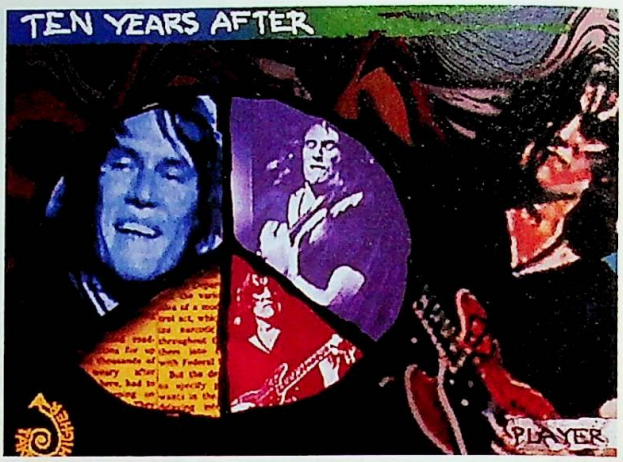
4 PAWS OF CRAB: A NARRATIVE THAI COOKBOOK *(Live Oak Multimedia, 800-454-7557, CD-ROM for Mac, $59.95)* A mouthwatering, cross-cultural time travelogue, *4 Paws* pushes the boundaries of the medium. American Nora Bateson shows and tells her experience living in Thailand, while Thai "Bird" Leelaguagoon relates his culture shock on visiting America and lays out a banquet of Bangkok recipes. A time line comparing Thai and U.S. history serves as grounding for the two narrators' personal observations. **A–** —*TB*

MUSIC

WOODSTOCK: 25TH ANNIVERSARY CD-ROM *(Time Warner Interactive, CD-ROM for PC/Windows and Mac, $39.99)* High-tech memorabilia? Hideous sellout? *Woodstock* is both. You can listen to songs, sample snippets of the movie, play a where-are-they-now game, or diddle with a "groovy paint feature," which makes your computer screen look like a Ben & Jerry's container. One drawback: For me at least, the program has more bugs than the Woodstock audience after three days without showers. **C+** —*TB*

ARCADE GAME

PRIMAL RAGE *(Atari Games, price varies)* It's hard to say what's more remarkable about this fighting contest: its immense 3-D–rendered dinosaur combatants or the fact that it marks the return to arcade prominence of Atari Games, which had been made nearly extinct by the likes of *Mortal Kombat* and *Street Fighter II*. True, the controls here are not as precise as they could be, but *Primal Rage* still represents a de-evolutionary leap over the competition. With its 33-inch monitor, eye-popping Ray Harryhausen–like animation, and gore-shutoff switch, this game is to other arcade games what a brontosaurus is to an iguana. **A–** —*Bob Strauss*



SIGN OF THE TIMES: Alvin Lee's band Ten Years After rocks *Woodstock*

HOME GAME

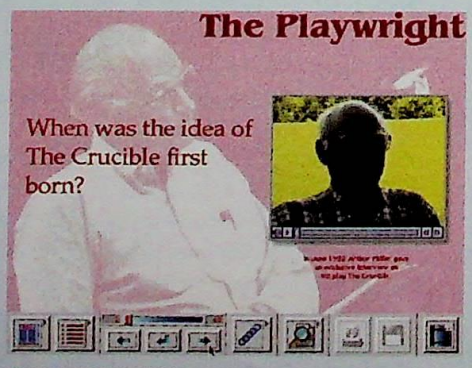
SUPER STREET FIGHTER II *(Capcom, for Genesis and Super NES, $79.99)* The latest installment of this most multicultural of all conflict games features four new combatants—from Mexico, Jamaica, England, and Hong Kong. But the sound has been degraded (the announcer in the Super NES version sounds like a eunuch), the animation is slower, and the backgrounds are less detailed. Regardless, *SSF II* remains a solid game and great tension reliever. **B+** —*BS*

IN THE WORKS

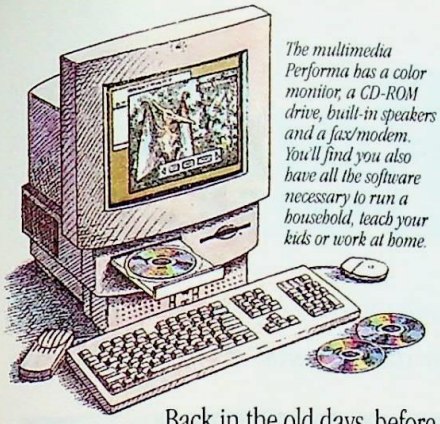
MILLER'S GENUINE DRAFT

THE WITCH IS BACK. When *The Crucible*, Arthur Miller's parable about bigotry and persecution, was first performed in January 1953, critics denounced the play as a thinly disguised political tract. Now, those very same discourses can be examined, alongside the full text of the play itself, in *The Crucible CD-ROM*, due in November from Penguin USA.

Also on the disc: historical background on the Salem witch trials (the play's setting) and the McCarthy witch-hunts, and interviews with Dustin Hoffman, Richard Dreyfuss, and John Malkovich, all of whom have been in Miller productions. There is also an interview with the playwright, who offers his interpretation of the work and tells why he wrote it. "What got to me was the *wonder* of it all," he says, "that mankind could be swept up like this....Dwight Eisenhower was presented with the opportunity of condemning McCarthy. He said he didn't want to get mixed up in that."... ◆ You know the times they are a-changin' when you hear that Bob Dylan's life and music will be chronicled on CD-ROM. Columbia Records will provide developer Graphix Zone with access to the singer's music, videos, and, most important, lyrics. The disc is due out late this year.... ◆ At last, an off-ramp on the information superhighway for the Magic Kingdom. Disney, which has long been skeptical of the interactive revolution, has agreed to hook up with three regional phone companies (BellSouth, Ameritech, Southwestern Bell) to deliver movies-on-demand, video games, and home-shopping services over phone lines. No start-up date has been set.... ◆ The play's the thing that's at the center of *Macbeth: The Game*, a CD-ROM role-playing adventure due next January from Simon & Schuster Interactive. No tag line yet, but here's a possibility: "Life's but a poor player...but *you* don't have to be!" —*Albert Kim*



KING ARTHUR: Miller gets the royal treatment



The multimedia Performa has a color monitor, a CD-ROM drive, built-in speakers and a fax/modem. You'll find you also have all the software necessary to run a household, teach your kids or work at home.

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But then, that was before ideas came to life, squawking and swooping and flapping their way off computer screens and into your imagination.

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Multimedia computing brings together different types of media: text, illustration, photos, sounds, animation, speech and video. And with an Apple® Macintosh Performa,® it's easy. Just pop a multimedia CD-ROM into the computer.

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Why is Macintosh better?

As Walter Mossberg noted in *The Wall Street Journal* on January 13, 1994, "Getting multimedia hardware and, especially, software to run on a typical IBM-compatible computer can be a frustrating—even impossible—task....In general, users of Apple's Macintosh computers face very few of these problems, because a single company—Apple...has made sound, graphics and video a priority."*

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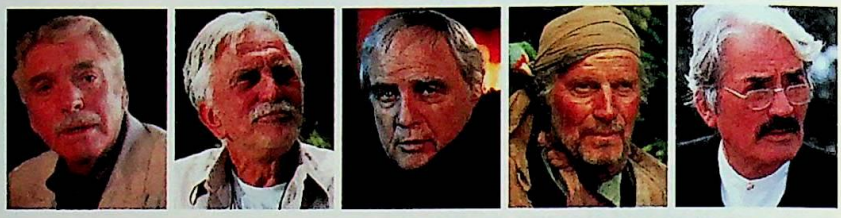
Prime Aged Beef

The mature ease with which Kirk Douglas dominates the rowdy farce 'Greedy' shows how Hollywood's postwar glamour boys have become he-men for all seasons. **BY TY BURR**

WHAT DOES it say about current popular culture that some of our most virile movie stars—the ones manly in body, mind, *and* soul—are in their 70s and 80s? Why are the leading men of the '50s still among the most interesting people on the screen? Is it our fin de siècle wimpiness? Or did the era immediately after WWII really produce a bumper crop of complex beefcake?

Consider Kirk Douglas, for example. At the age of 77, he still has a lethal edge in **GREEDY** *(1994, MCA/Universal, PG-13, priced for rental)*, just out on video, that makes the rest of the cast look like hamsters. A noisy comedy about relatives squabbling over who stands to inherit Uncle Joe's scrap-metal millions, *Greedy* was a disappointment in theaters and thought to be yet another bullet in costar Michael J. Fox's movie career. On video, though, it plays as a benign, amusing farce—certainly worth an overnight rental—with a juicy role for Douglas as the patriarch with one hand on his wallet and an eye on his new "nurse" (Olivia d'Abo). Fox is fine as the family black sheep trying to juggle money and honor, but the older man is clearly the star.



OLD TIMERS STILL TICKING: (top to bottom, l. to r.) Lancaster in *Atlantic City*, 1980, and in 1951; Douglas in *Greedy*, 1994, and in 1952; Brando in *Christopher Columbus: The Discovery*, 1992, and in 1951; Heston in *Treasure Island*, 1990, and in 1955; and Peck in *Old Gringo*, 1989, and in 1955

Like his screen soul mate, Burt Lancaster, Douglas' intensity has provided fodder for impressionists: the strangled speech, the burning eyes. He's an Ike-age Jimmy Cagney, buzzing with street energy, but not cocksure, not sure at all.

Lancaster, conversely, uses doubt as a flaw in an old knight's armor, especially in his greatest later role, the fading small-time hoodlum in 1980's *Atlantic City*. His ghostly cameo in 1989's *Field of Dreams*—as a country doctor who missed a chance at baseball stardom—also bristles with intelligent regret.

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DIGITAL IMAGING BY CARLOS LEMA

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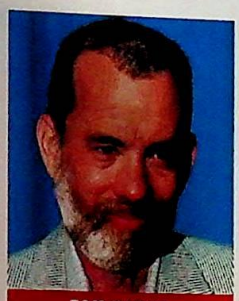

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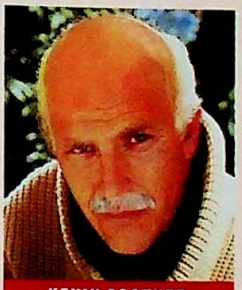

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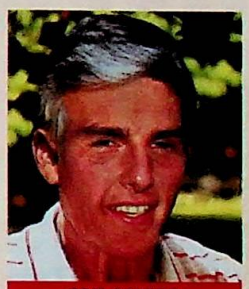

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Prime Ag

The mature ease with which Kirk Douglas domin
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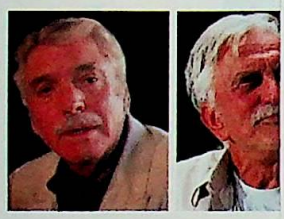

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Compare Lancaster's consistency with Gregory Peck's remarkable late-inning transformation in 1989's *Old Gringo*. Always handsome, always a star, Peck also always seemed a little too good to be true. Yet his Ambrose Bierce in *Gringo*, an eccentric writer plunging into the Mexican Revolution, has a weather-beaten sexiness that's positively touching.

Even Charlton Heston has gone a little funky. His Long John Silver in the 1990 made-for-cable version of *Treasure Island* was more unwashed than Peck's Old Gringo, and his cameo as Schwarzenegger's boss in *True Lies* is a ripe parody of his own hard-ass Republicanism.

Some he-men of the '50s have found new life as comedians. Lloyd Bridges is a bigger star now than ever, thanks to *Airplane!* and *Hot Shots!* Douglas and Lancaster teamed up for the dopey slapstick of 1986's *Tough Guys*. Even Brando, the patron saint of angsty '50s macho, played for laughs in Andrew Bergman's 1990 shaggy-don story, *The Freshman* (his Torquemada in 1992's *Christopher Columbus: The Discovery*, on the other hand, is funny for all the wrong reasons).

Playing for pratfalls is not quite what Kirk Douglas is up to in *Greedy*. The shenanigans are left to the supporting cast, a caucus of TV smirkers led by *SNL*'s Phil Hartman (I'm sorry, I don't get it, the man has never made me laugh). Cartoons all. Douglas, on the other hand, gives us a portrait of a shrewd old egomaniac who delights in his caginess yet who realizes, with only slight bitterness, that he has driven away his family. Nothing heavy, mind you, just enough to weight the froth and make it seem like a real movie. And he does this without breaking a sweat. Let's face it: If Douglas is going this strong—if even Gregory Peck and Charlton Heston can loosen up—how bad can old age be? *Greedy:* **B–**

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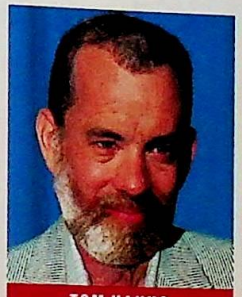

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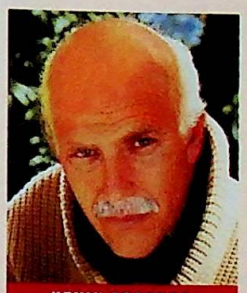

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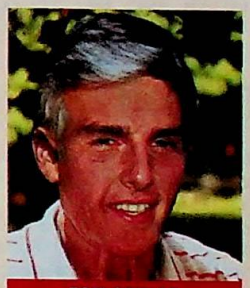

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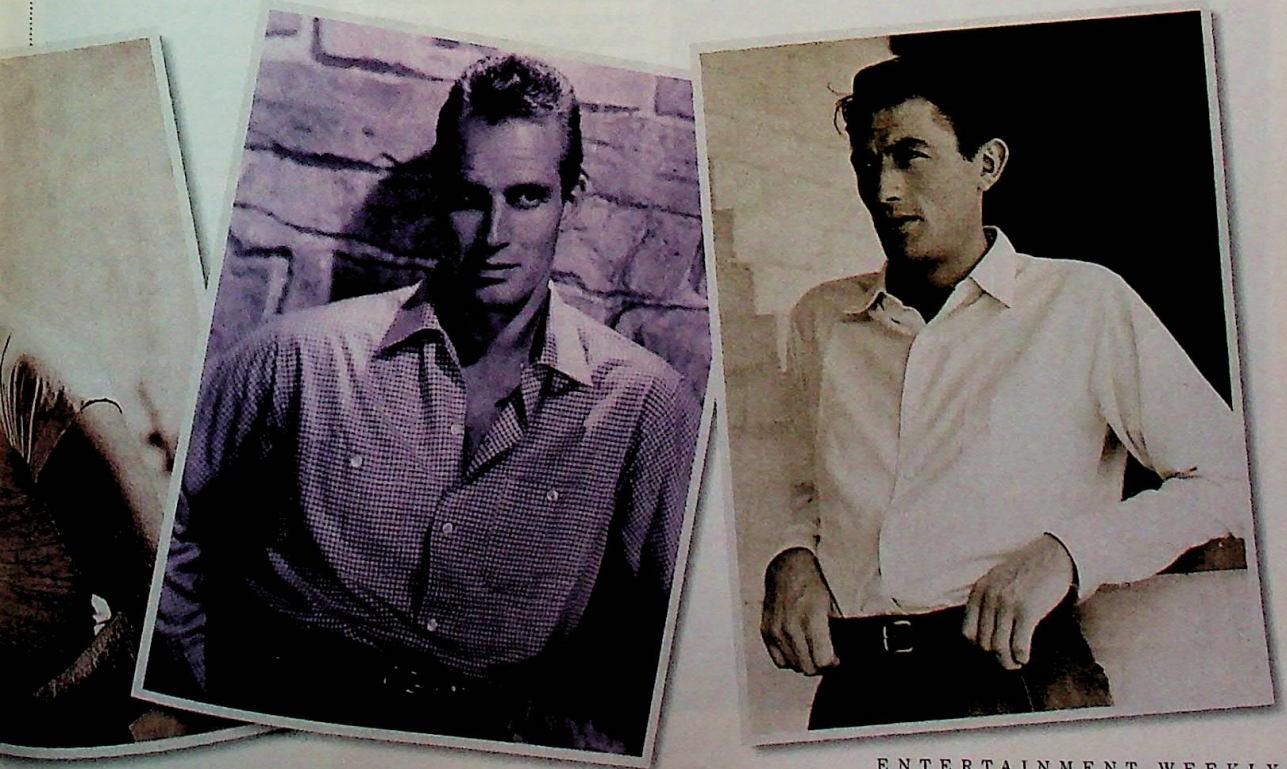

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THE WEEK

RECENT MOVIES

EVERETT COLLECTION

***SERIAL* FLAKE:** Turner courts trouble as *Mom*

SERIAL MOM Kathleen Turner, Ricki Lake *(1994, HBO, R, priced for rental)* John Waters' amusing melding of Douglas Sirk melodrama with *America's Most Wanted* documentary stylings resonates more on video than in theaters, and it's not just a case of diminished expectations being rewarded tenfold. This story of an ultra-efficient matriarch who kills off anyone who disturbs her family or aesthetic sense is quintessentially TV-friendly. And there's a martini dryness to Waters' sick sense of humor that's perfectly embodied in Turner's performance. **B+** —*Glenn Kenny*

8 SECONDS Luke Perry, Cynthia Geary *(1994, New Line, PG-13, priced for rental)* Portraying the real rodeo champ Lane Frost, Perry looks right at home atop a bucking bull. But away from the arena, he's hog-tied by a blah script. Schematically charting Frost's steady rise to the top of the circuit, the film has little drama until about halfway through, when fame starts taking its toll on this cowboy's marriage. Director John G. Avildsen (*Rocky, The Karate Kid*) handles the hard times with relative restraint, and that's a shame—the movie could have used a good kick to get it going. **C+** —*Michael Sauter*

D2: THE MIGHTY DUCKS Emilio Estevez, Michael Tucker *(1994, Walt Disney, G, $19.99)* The title, of course, is a clever takeoff on the *Terminator 2* nickname. Okay, so it's not *that* clever, but it beats the rest of this uninspired sequel, in which Estevez coaches his kiddie hockey upstarts to glory at the Junior Goodwill Games in L.A. The first *Ducks* scored with tried-and-true clichés that nevertheless seemed new to peewee moviegoers. *D2* employs the same clichés, only on a bigger scale. Next to this, *The Bad News Bears Go to Japan* looks like *The Pride of the Yankees*. **C–** —*MS*

PCU Jeremy Piven, David Spade *(1994, FoxVideo, PG-13, for rental only)* It probably sounded like a cash cow during the pitch meeting—an *Animal House* for the politically hypersensitive '90s. And *PCU* starts out funny enough: A naive prospective student visits an issues-charged campus and meets fast-talking, charismatic slacker leader Droz (Piven). But Piven's high-IQ–Bluto shtick wears thin after the first half hour, and all that's left is the rank aftertaste of flat keg beer. Instead of satire, *PCU* peddles a hackneyed palette of feminists, vegetarians, and ecowhiners. **C+** —*Chris Nashawaty*

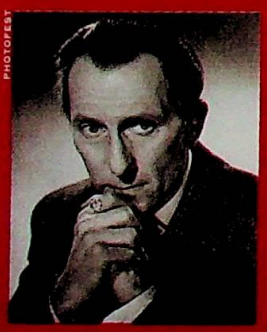
DARK ANGEL: THE ASCENT Daniel Markel, Angela Featherstone *(1994, Paramount, R, priced for rental)* Finally, a goofball horror cheapie that actually works, thanks to Featherstone's droll performance as an adorable demon from Hell who decides to come up and see how those damned souls she torments get that way. You've never seen a girl rip out a man's heart with such aplomb before, if that sort of thing floats your boat. **B–** —*GK*

STREETS OF RAGE Mimi Lesseos, Oliver Page *(1994, Monarch, unrated, priced for rental)* Real martial-arts champ Lesseos plays a former

LEGACY

THE SCARE MASTER

ELEGANT, EVER SO English, with piercing blue eyes and Grinch-like cheekbones, Peter Cushing was, from the '50s on, the actor horror directors called when they needed a cold, clinical type. He died of cancer at 81 on Aug. 11, leaving behind a vaultful of more than 80 films, most scary. Three of his best: ◆ **HAMLET** *(1948, Paramount)*. Before he struck graveyard-flick pay dirt, Cushing was a member of Laurence Olivier's Old Vic theatrical troupe. Here, he takes a droll, foppish turn as the courtier Osric. **A** ◆ **THE HORROR OF DRACULA** *(1958, Warner)*. In one of his first fright films, he makes stake-brandishing Van Helsing a thoroughly compelling compulsive. **A–** ◆ **STAR WARS** *(1977, FoxVideo)*. He exudes urbane menace as Grand Moff Tarkin, especially when he lets the rebels escape and deadpans, "I'm taking an awful risk, Vader. This had better work." **A** —*Steve Daly*



PHOTOFEST

FEAR FACE: Cushing in 1960

COMING UP

Due in stores the weeks of Sept. 1–14:

CASSETTES

◆ **THE CROW** *(1994, Miramax, R)* The late Brandon Lee stars as a rocker who returns from the dead to avenge his and his fiancée's murders.

◆ **THREESOME** *(1994, Columbia TriStar, R)* Comedy about a love triangle among college roommates, starring Lara Flynn Boyle, Stephen Baldwin, and Josh Charles.

◆ **MOTHER'S BOYS** *(1994, Miramax, R)* In this thriller, Jamie Lee Curtis plays a mother trying to reclaim the family she abandoned.

◆ **THE YOUNG AMERICANS** *(1994, LIVE, R)* Scotland Yard enlists an L.A. cop (Harvey Keitel) to crack a drug ring.

LASERDISC

◆ **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID** *(1969, FoxVideo, PG)* Wide-screen 25th-anniversary edition of the Oscar-winning film, includes interviews with the filmmakers.

HOW-TO VIDEO OF THE WEEK

Cherub Us the Wrong Way

Opening to Angels (Lightworks), a spiritual instruction tape, teaches viewers to get in touch with their "playful" guardian angels through meditation and New Age music.

TITLE OF THE WEEK

Knock on Wood

Anticipating Tim Burton's upcoming biopic of the cross-dressing director of *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, A*Vision is releasing a documentary called *Ed Wood...Look Back in Angora.*

special forces commando–turned–aspiring reporter, though her new career doesn't mean that she still can't kick hoodlum butt no matter how short and tight her skirts may be. While researching a story on L.A.'s street kids, she crosses paths with the leader of a child-prostitution ring (Page), whose bad-guy posturing—right down to his sinister Brit accent—is pure textbook. But give credit to Lesseos (who produced and cowrote) for a sensitive shower scene and some fighting sequences that go a long way toward proving she's the sexiest head-butter in B movies. **C** —*CN*

NEW EDEN Stephen Baldwin, Lisa Bonet *(1994, MCA/Universal, R, priced for rental)* Gorgeous, razor-sharp cinematography is about the only thing this lukewarm *Road Warrior* wannabe has going for it, and that's not enough. As the dweeby engineer who changes his ways to lead a band of losers in a battle against mohawked "sand pirates," the ever-smirky Baldwin doesn't even look like he's taking his role seriously, while Bonet's waif routine is getting real tired. **C-** —*GK*

FOREIGN

BLUE Juliette Binoche, Benoit Regent *(1994, Touchstone, R, priced for rental)* The first of Krzysztof Kieslowski's tricolor trilogy (inspired by the colors of the French flag), *Blue* explores the *liberté* that results when the young widow (Binoche) of a famous composer tries to start her life from scratch. It's refreshing to see an art-house movie these days that's not scared to be *arty*, but the pleasures of meditative pacing, pellucid camerawork, and elliptical story lines can turn to somnolence. If you're in the right blue mood, the movie may seem like a kindred spirit. If you're in the wrong mood, you may laugh yourself silly. **B-** —*TB*

MADE-FOR-TV

MIRACLES AND OTHER WONDERS *(1992, MPI, five tapes, $19.98 each)* A trucker whose CB has broken somehow receives a radio SOS from a stranded heart-attack victim and rescues the man—who in turn ends up saving the trucker's life 12 years later. A Houston child's leukemia suddenly disappears, while at the same time his portrait of Jesus begins to weep. Coincidence? Miracles? Ersatz LIFE magazine cover stories? Compelling *Unsolved Mysteries* rip-off? You decide. **B-** —*Susan Chumsky*

LASERDISC

BOB ROBERTS Tim Robbins, Gore Vidal *(1992, Pioneer, R, $69.95)* Writer-director-star Tim Robbins' pseudo-documentary on the rise of a billionaire right-wing folk singer (Bob Dylan meets Ross Perot) was probably a brave gesture in the age of Rush Limbaugh, but it's not very good. Despite the clever premise and some sensational acting, *Bob Roberts* is less a movie than an extended lecture. This disc version's supplements are similarly a mixed bag. On the one hand, it has some deleted scenes and the 1986 *Saturday Night Live* sketch in which Robbins introduced Roberts. On the other, Robbins' second-audio-channel commentary offers little beyond the usual so-and-so-did-a-heck-of-a-job platitudes. Apparently, making the movie left him with little else to say. **B-** —*Steve Simels*

TOP VIDEOS

PUP, PUP, AND AWAY

SCORE A RARE VIDEO double play for *Beethoven's 2nd*. The kiddie canine comedy is top dog of both the rental and sales charts in its first week on tape, unseating both No. 1 mainstays, *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* in the rentals column and *The Return of Jafar* on the sales side. The Charles Grodin slavering–Saint Bernard sequel, which lists for $24.98, finished well ahead of the week's two other big debuts, *My Girl 2* (No. 15) and *Intersection* (No. 16).

With the success of *Beethoven's 2nd*, it should come as no surprise if a generation of children grows up to the strains of a very different Beethoven's Fifth.

TOP 10 TAPE RENTALS

LAST CHART			WEEKS ON CHART
1	—	**BEETHOVEN'S 2ND** Charles Grodin, *MCA/Universal*	1
2	2	**GRUMPY OLD MEN** Walter Matthau, *Warner*	6
3	3	**ON DEADLY GROUND** Steven Seagal, *Warner*	4
4	1	**ACE VENTURA: PET DETECTIVE** Jim Carrey, *Warner*	9
5	4	**THE GETAWAY** Alec Baldwin, *MCA/Universal*	9
6	5	**TOMBSTONE** Kurt Russell, *Hollywood*	8
7	17	**MAJOR LEAGUE II** Charlie Sheen, *Warner*	2
8	6	**SISTER ACT 2** Whoopi Goldberg, *Touchstone*	5
9	7	**THE PELICAN BRIEF** Julia Roberts, *Warner*	9
10	8	**PHILADELPHIA** Tom Hanks, *Columbia TriStar*	7

TAPE SALES

1	—	**BEETHOVEN'S 2ND** Charles Grodin, *MCA/Universal, $24.98*	1
2	1	**THE RETURN OF JAFAR** Animated, *Walt Disney, $22.99*	13
3	2	**ACE VENTURA: PET DETECTIVE** Jim Carrey, *Warner, $24.96*	9
4	3	**ALADDIN** Animated, *Walt Disney, $24.99*	46
5	4	**THE FOX AND THE HOUND** Animated, *Walt Disney, $24.99*	24
6	6	**BATMAN: THE MASK OF THE PHANTASM** Animated, *Warner, $19.96*	16
7	5	**WE'RE BACK! A DINOSAUR'S STORY** Animated, *MCA/Universal, $24.98*	20
8	8	**PINOCCHIO** Animated, *Walt Disney, $24.99*	73
9	7	**MRS. DOUBTFIRE** Robin Williams, *FoxVideo, $19.98*	16
10	9	**THE FUGITIVE** Harrison Ford, *Warner, $24.96*	23

FITNESS SALES

	2 WKS. AGO		
1	1	**STEP REEBOK: THE POWER WORKOUT** *PolyGram, $19.95*	15
2	3	**ABS OF STEEL 2000 WITH TAMILEE WEBB** *A*Vision, $14.95*	35
3	2	**JANE FONDA'S YOGA EXERCISE WORKOUT** *A*Vision, $19.98*	25
4	4	**ARMS & ABS OF STEEL WITH TAMILEE WEBB** *A*Vision, $9.95*	49
5	13	**KATHY SMITH'S AEROBOX WORKOUT** *A*Vision, $19.95*	15
6	10	**ABS OF STEEL WITH TAMILEE WEBB** *A*Vision, $9.95*	121
7	9	**CINDY CRAWFORD: THE NEXT CHALLENGE** *GoodTimes, $19.99*	41
8	8	**ABS OF STEEL 2 WITH TAMILEE WEBB** *A*Vision, $9.95*	119
9	14	**DENISE AUSTIN: TRIMWALK** *Parade, $19.98*	3
10	7	**KAREN VOIGHT: ENERGY SPRINT** *ABC, $19.98*	11

SOURCE: *VIDEO BUSINESS* FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 14, 1994
FITNESS DATA: *BILLBOARD* FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 20, 1994

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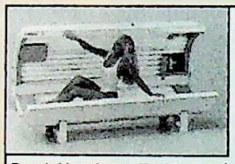

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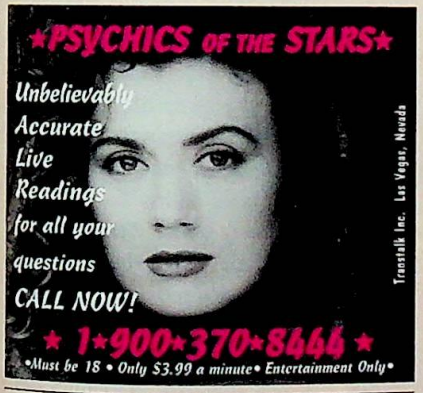

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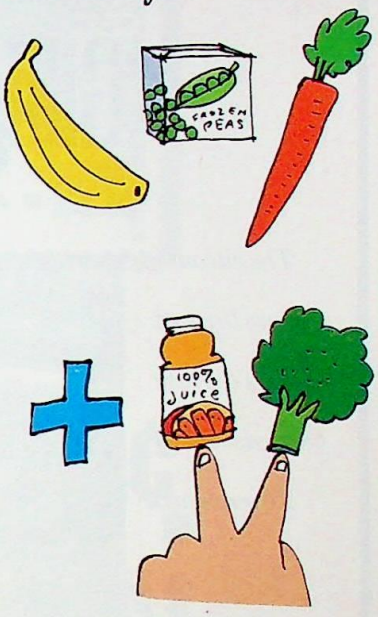

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ENCORE

'Gilligan' Walks the Plank

BY MATT BIRKBECK

The sitcom's stars learned they'd really been cast adrift 27 years ago

EVERETT COLLECTION

LOST AT CBS: The network cut the line on the *Gilligan* crew, (clockwise from left) Johnson, Wells, Schafer, Backus, Hale, Denver, and Louise, after three seasons

WHEN *Gilligan's Island* debuted in 1964, CBS promoted the show—a comedy about seven people stranded on an uncharted Pacific island—as a "farce." The critics agreed, adding the adjectives "moronic," "stupid," and "preposterous." One disbelieving reviewer said it was "one of the worst shows that ever hit the small screen. Just too inane for words."

But not for America. "I thought it was goofy," says Russell Johnson, now 69, who played the always-steady Professor. "I had no idea when the show first went on the air that we'd have ratings. People loved the idea of being with us on the island."

Yet *Gilligan's* low-rent humor never wore well at the Tiffany Network. CBS rejected the series when it was first pitched by producer Sherwood Schwartz (who went on to develop *The Brady Bunch*). Schwartz finally won out, thanks to fine-tuning and the showbiz pedigree of his cast. Bob Denver, who played the bumbling, inept Gilligan, had spent four years on the *Dobie Gillis* show. Jim Backus (Thurston Howell III) was best known as the voice of Mr. Magoo. Natalie Schafer (the vacuous Lovey Howell), Alan Hale Jr. (the Skipper), and Johnson were veteran performers, while Tina Louise (the voluptuous Ginger) was a rising actress. Only Dawn Wells (Mary Ann) was unknown.

By Christmas 1965, *Gilligan* was America's favorite show. Nevertheless, says Johnson, "I don't think [CBS was] too thrilled with us." The Professor, as usual, was correct. When CBS presented its fall 1967 schedule to chairman William Paley, he was shocked to see that *Gunsmoke*, his and wife Babe's favorite show, wasn't included. Obeying Paley's orders to save *Gunsmoke*, programmers bumped the still-popular *Gilligan* off the schedule. After three seasons and 98 episodes, the final show aired Sept. 4, 1967.

The indirect result of the Paleys' whim was that *Gilligan* went on to become one of the great syndicated hits of the '70s, '80s, and '90s, spawning two Saturday-morning cartoon series, three NBC TV movies (the first, 1978's *Rescue From Gilligan's Island*, finally returned the castaways to civilization), and talk of a feature film. Denver, Wells, and Johnson occasionally reunite at *Gilligan* cruises throughout the country (Louise, the only other surviving member of the cast, was never a fan of the show and doesn't take part). "It's absolutely amazing—it's crossed three generations," says Johnson. "It's as alive today as it ever was." ◆

TIME CAPSULE

Sept. 4, 1967

BOBBIE GENTRY topped the charts with **"Ode to Billie Joe,"** while Elliot Arnold's ***A Night of Watching*** was No. 1 on the fiction list. ***The Andy Griffith Show*** charmed TV viewers, and Rex Harrison talked to the animals as ***Dr. Dolittle***.

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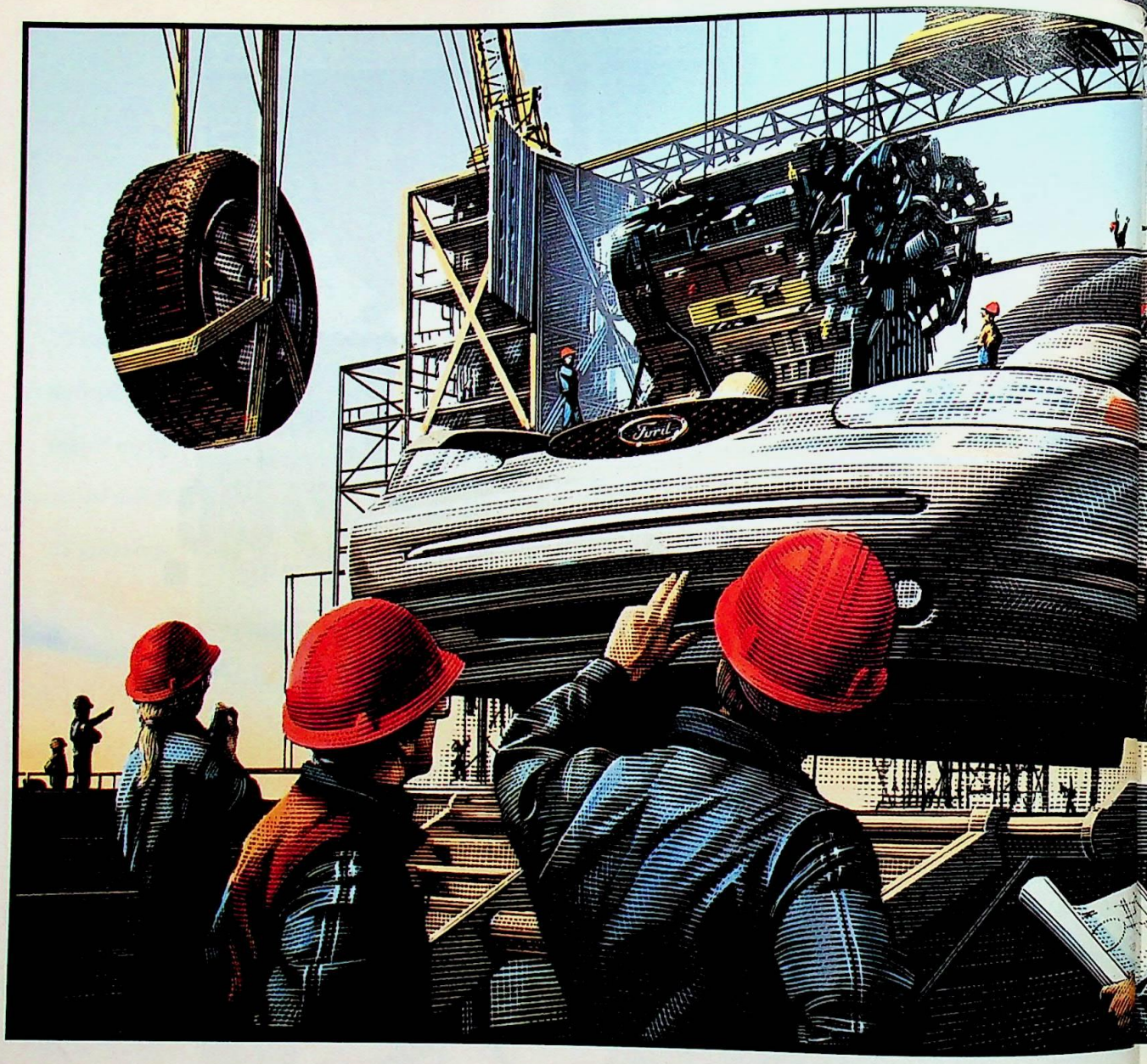

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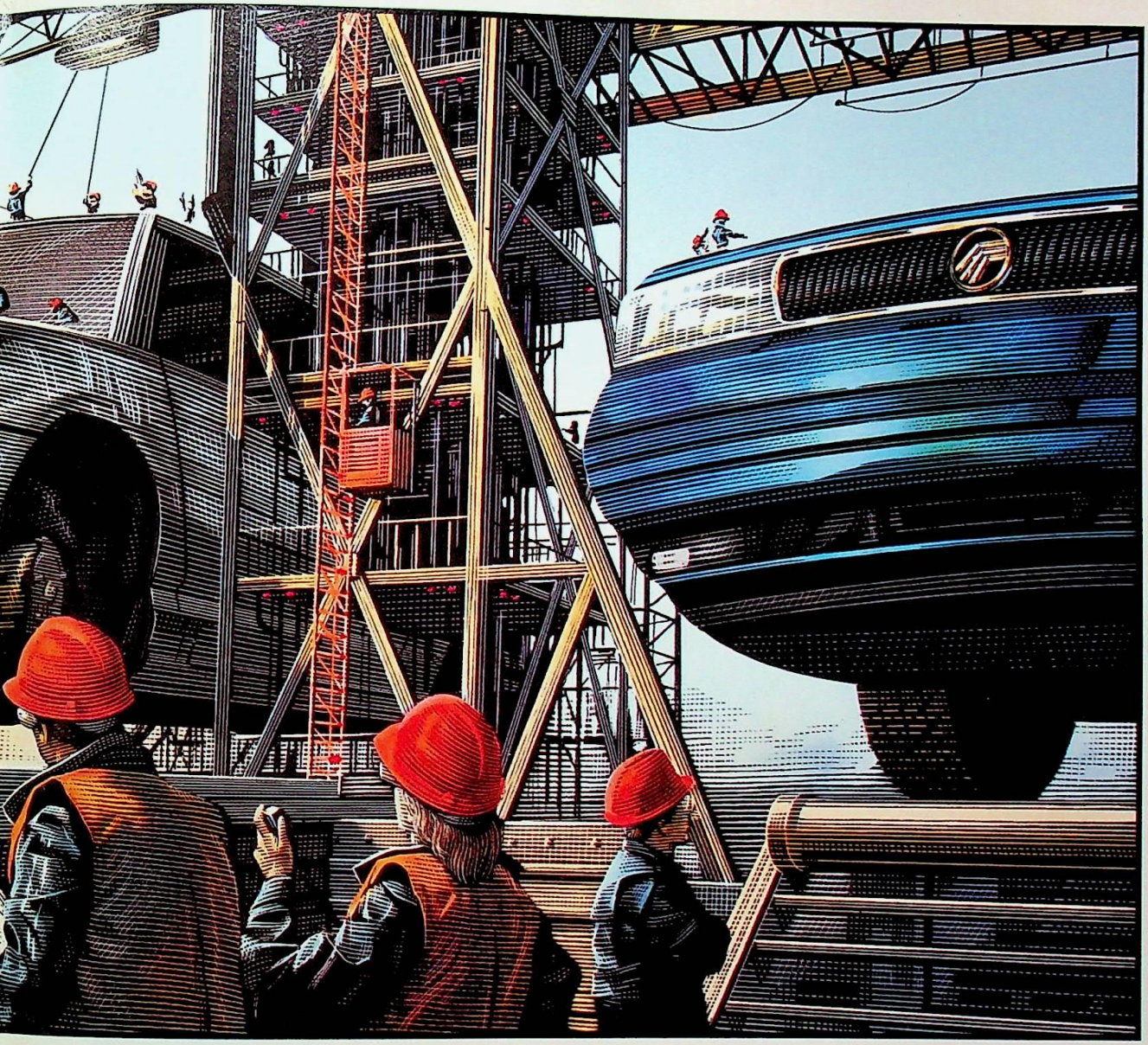

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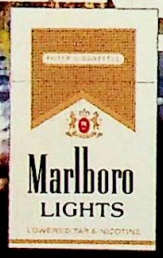

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